Catharine Maitland from Stuart Maitland

October 1831

THE

SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

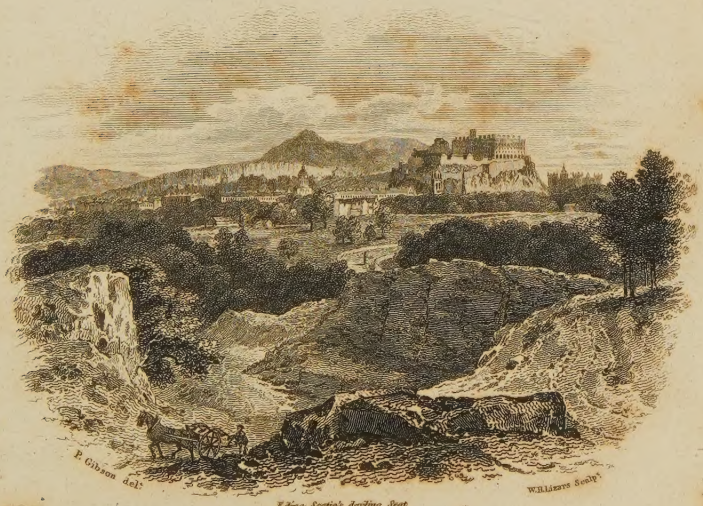
ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

R. A. SMITH.

VOL. III



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EDINBURGH

Published & Sold by ROBT. PURDIE *at his Music & Musical Instrument Warehouse N° 70 Princes Street.*

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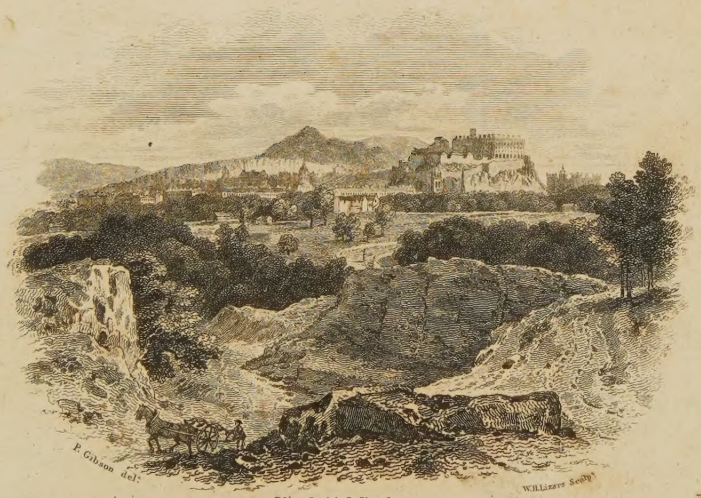

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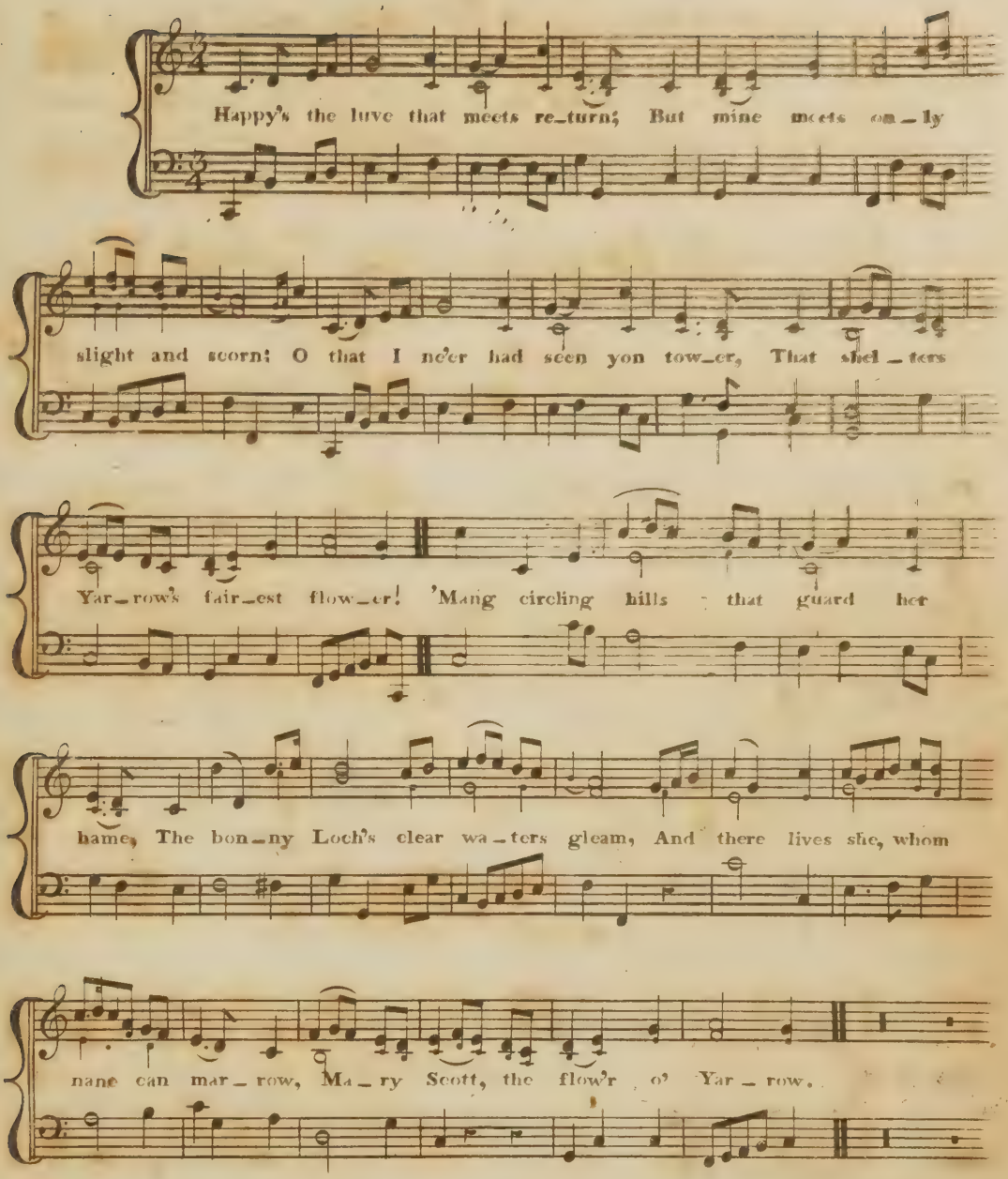
MARY SCOTT.

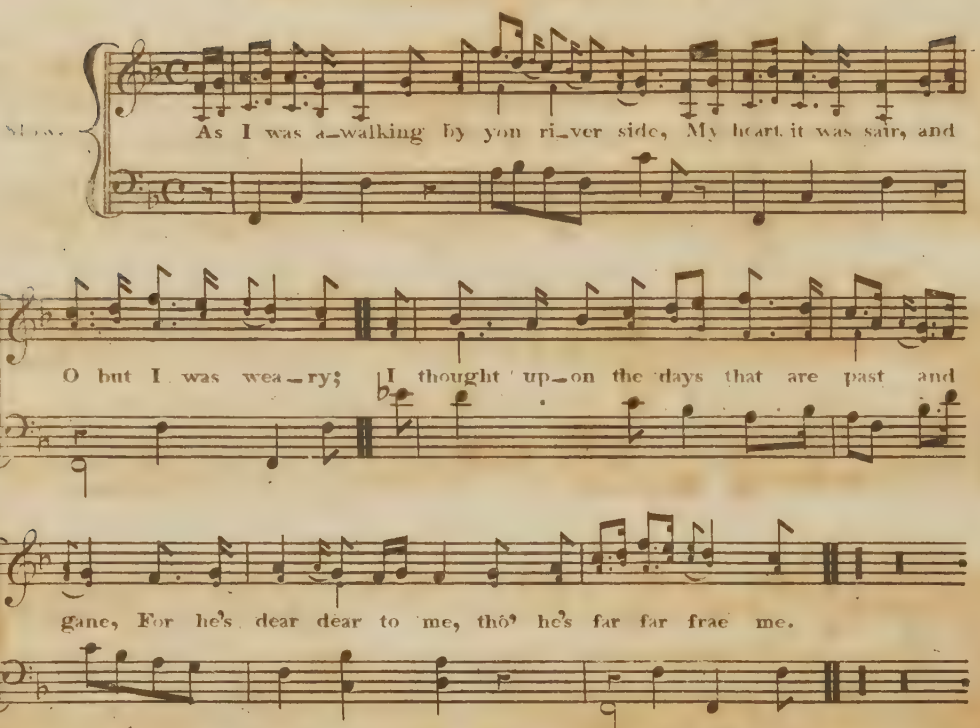

Happy's the luve that meets re_turn; But mine meets on_ly
slight and scorn: O that I ne'er had seen yon tow_er, That shel_ters
Yar_row's fair_est flow_er! 'Mang circling hills that guard her
hame, The bon_ny Loch's clear wa_ters gleam, And there lives she, whom
nane can mar_row, Ma_ry Scott, the flow'r o' Yar_row.

When tender pity fills her ee,
The dewy bloom's less fair to see;
But when she smiles, the beaming light
Is morning breaking thro' the night.
There is a charm, there is a spell,
And nane e'er had it but her sel';
It's cast owre me, in dool and sorrow,
For Mary Scott, the flower o' Yarrow.

She's heard my vows; but a's in vain;
Her luve I never can obtain;
She kens my truth, she sees my tears,
But nae hope my anguish cheers.
Tho' sad's my fate, I'll ne'r complain;
Wha luves her ne'er can luve again:
Oh! where's the man that e'er could marrow
Mary Scott, the flower o' Yarrow.

Engraved by Walker & Anderson, Edin.r

HE'S DEAR DEAR TO ME.

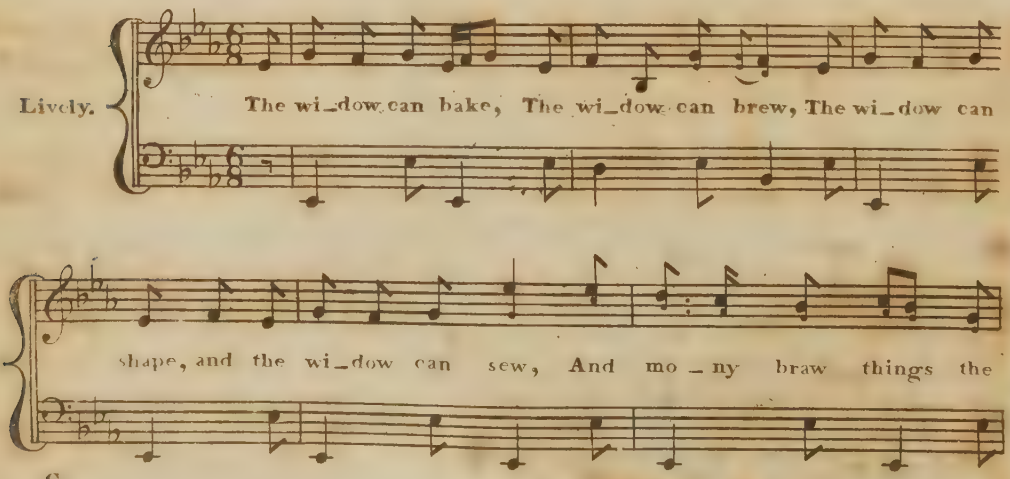

Slow.
As I was a-walking by yon ri-ver side, My heart it was sair, and
O but I was wea-ry; I thought up-on the days that are past and
gane, For he's dear dear to me, thô' he's far far frae me.

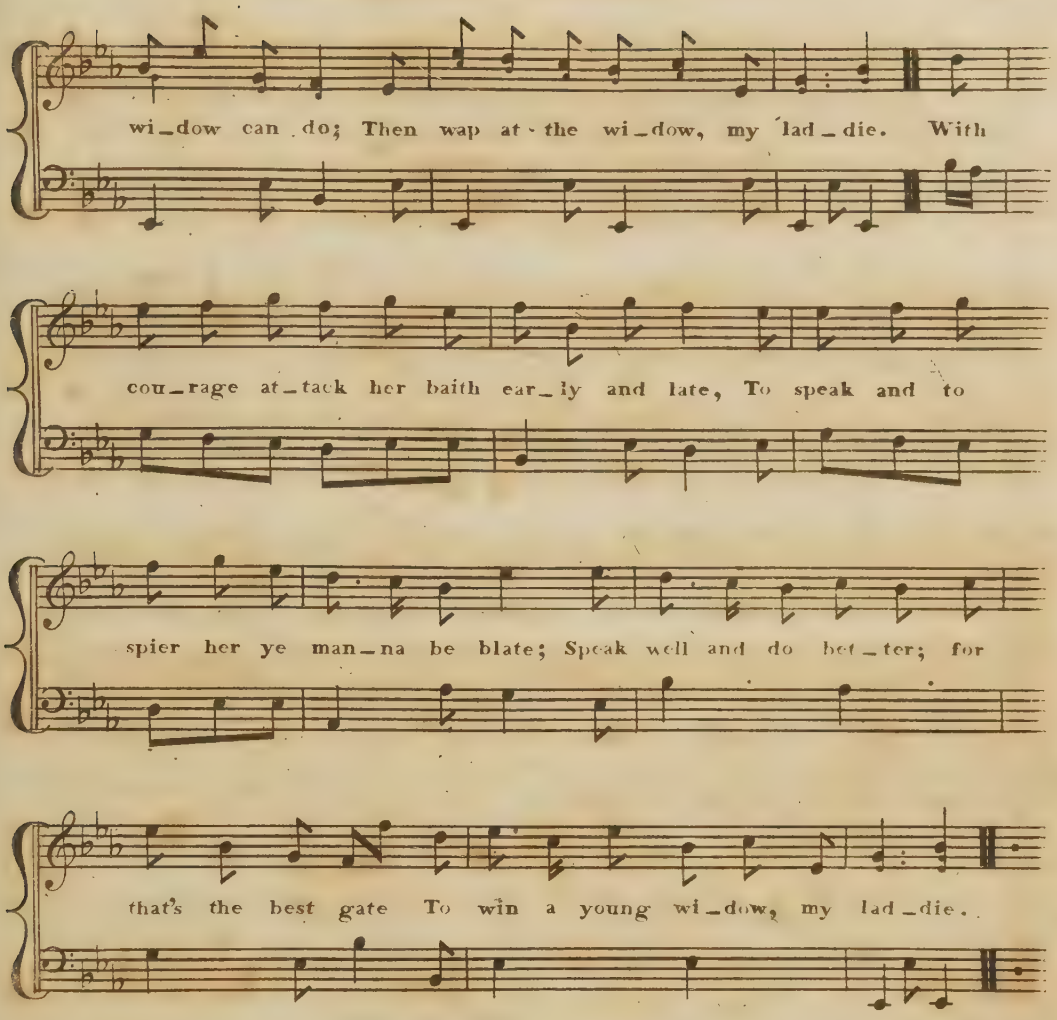
I've been in the lowlands where they shear the sheep,
An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather;
I ken a bonny laddie that lo'es me weel,
But he's far far awa that I lo'e far better.

But I'll write a letter, an' send it to him,
An' tell him he's dearer to me than ony,
An' that I've ay been sorry, sin' he gaed awa',
Tho' he's far far awa', yet he's dear dear to me.

If winter were past, an' the simmer come in,
When daisies an' roses spring sae fresh an' bonny,
Then I will change my silks for a plaiden coat,
An' awa' to the lad that is dear dear to me.

THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

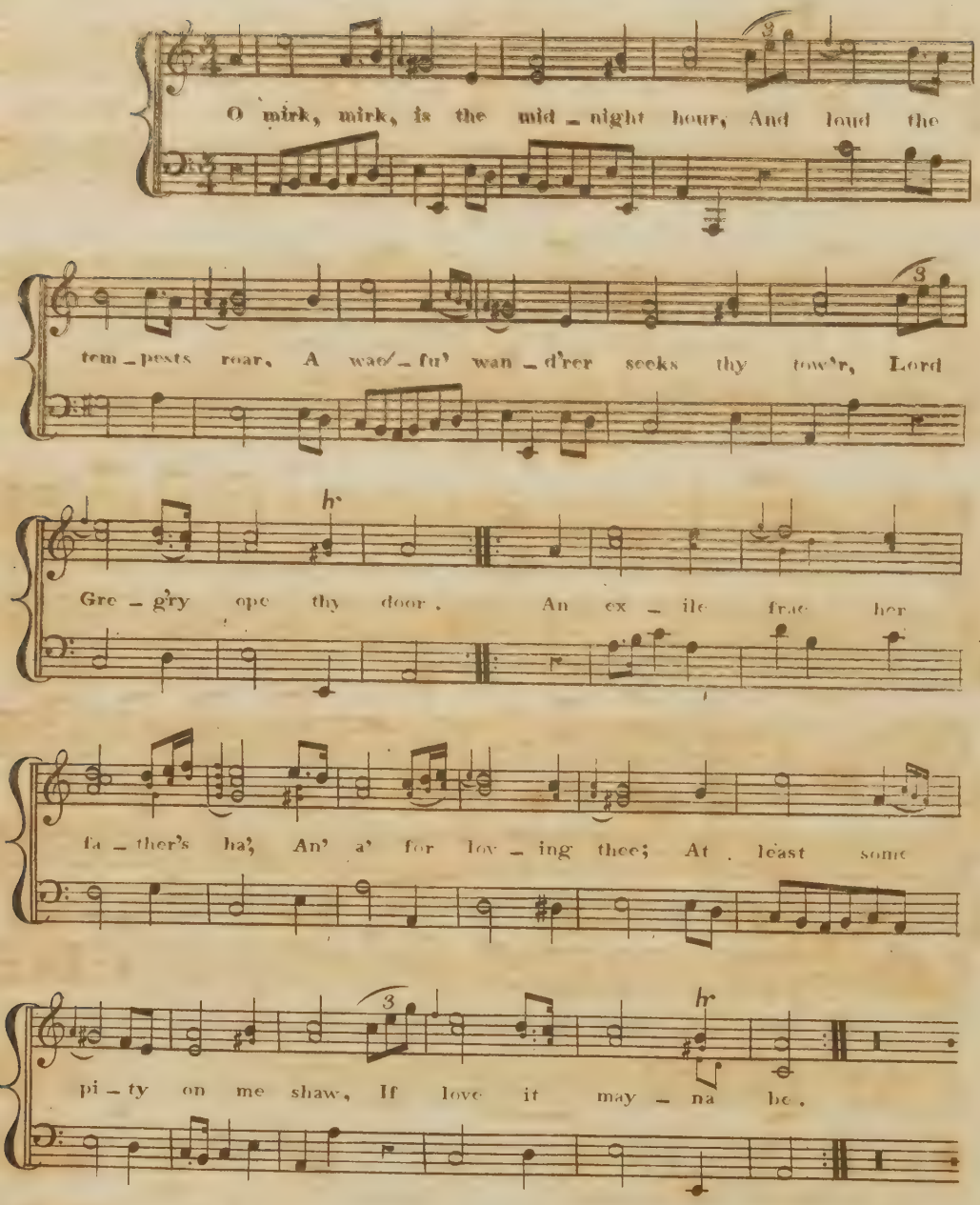



wi_dow can do; Then wap at the wi_dow, my lad_die. With
cou_rage at_tack her baith ear_ly and late, To speak and to
spier her ye man_na be blate; Speak well and do bet_ter; for
that's the best gate To win a young wi_dow, my lad_die.

The widow she's youthfu', and nane can compare
Wi' her that I ken; she has a good skair
Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What could you wish better your fortune to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be a'ye can plead,
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
Wi a' bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

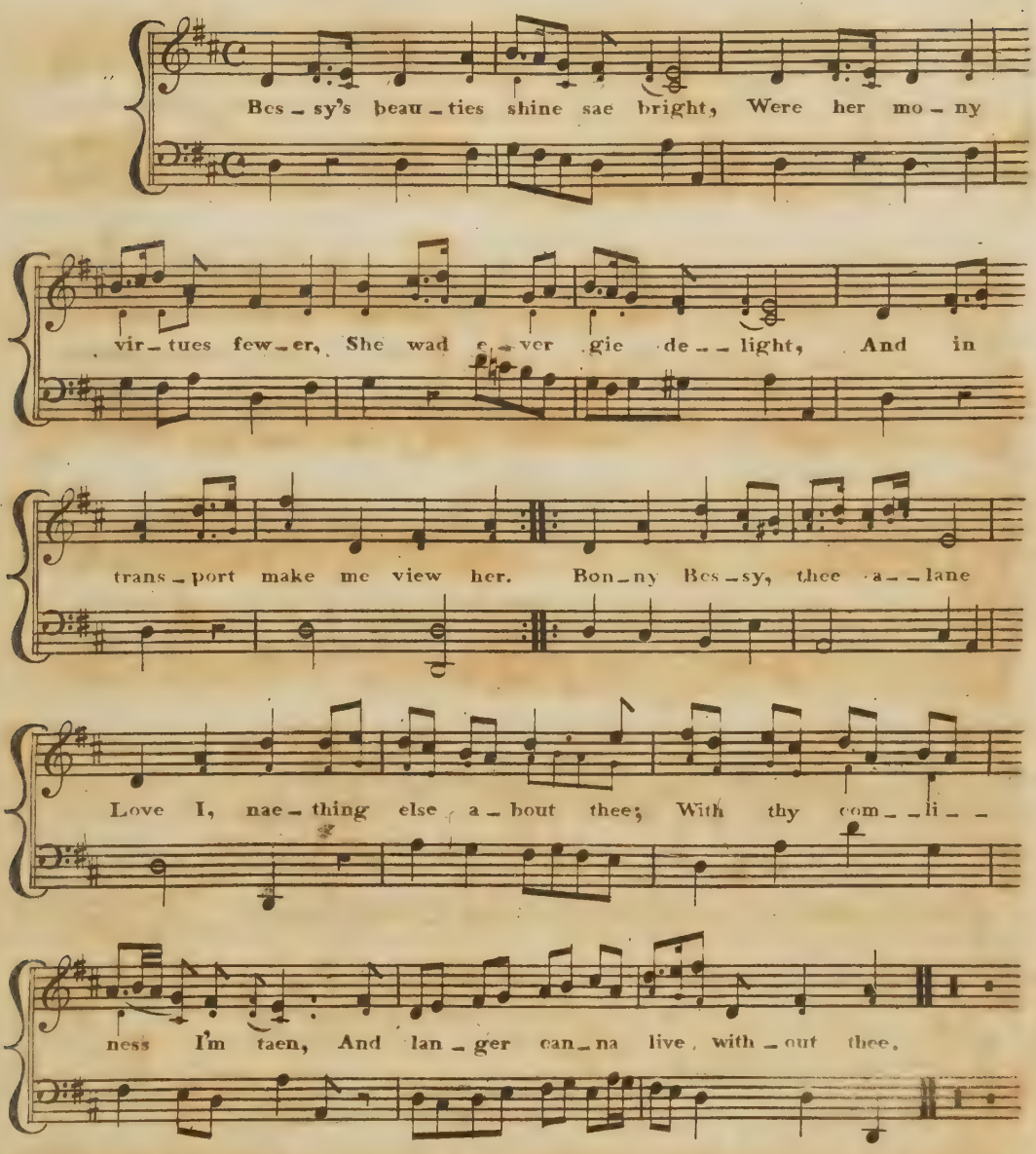
LORD GREGORY.


O mirk, mirk, is the mid-night hour, And loud the
tem-pests roar, A wae-fu' wan-d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord
Gre-g'ry ope thy door. An ex-ile frae her
fa-ther's ha', An' a' for lov-ing thee; At least some
pi-ty on me shaw, If love it may-na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irvine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied.
How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou would'st for ay be mine,
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dart of Heav'n, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrongs to Heav'n and me.

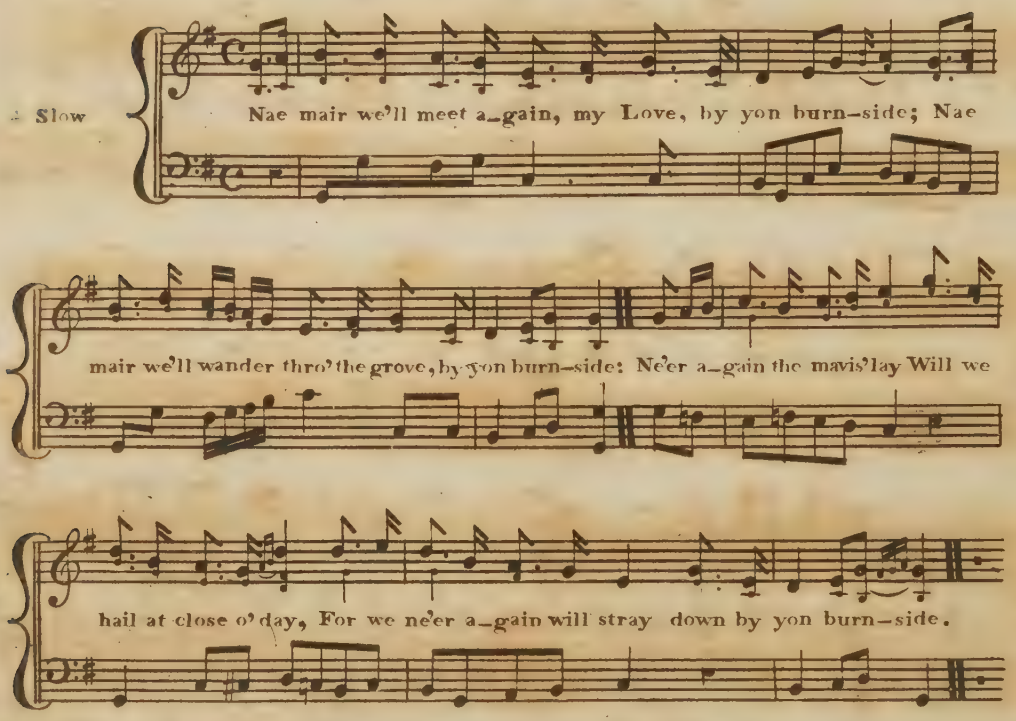
BESSY'S BEAUTIES SHINE SAE BRIGHT.


Bes_sy's beau_ties shine sae bright, Were her mo_ny
vir_tues few_er, She wad e_ver gie de_light, And in
trans_port make me view her. Bon_ny Bes_sy, thee a_lane
Love I, nae_thing else a_bout thee; With thy com_li_
ness I'm taen, And lan_ger can_na live with_out thee.

Bessy's heart is warm and true,
Busy working ay I find her;
At making haggis, saps, or broo,
There's no ane, that I ken, dings her.
My dear Bessy, when the roses
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
The guid sense thy mind discloses,
Will keep love from growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
Yet her face and soul discovers
Those enchanting sweets in plenty
Maun entice a thousand lovers.
'Tis not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and easy,
That gives happiness uncommon;
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

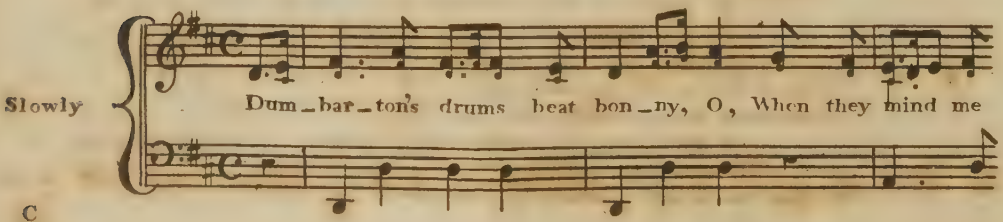
NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET AGAIN, MY LOVE.

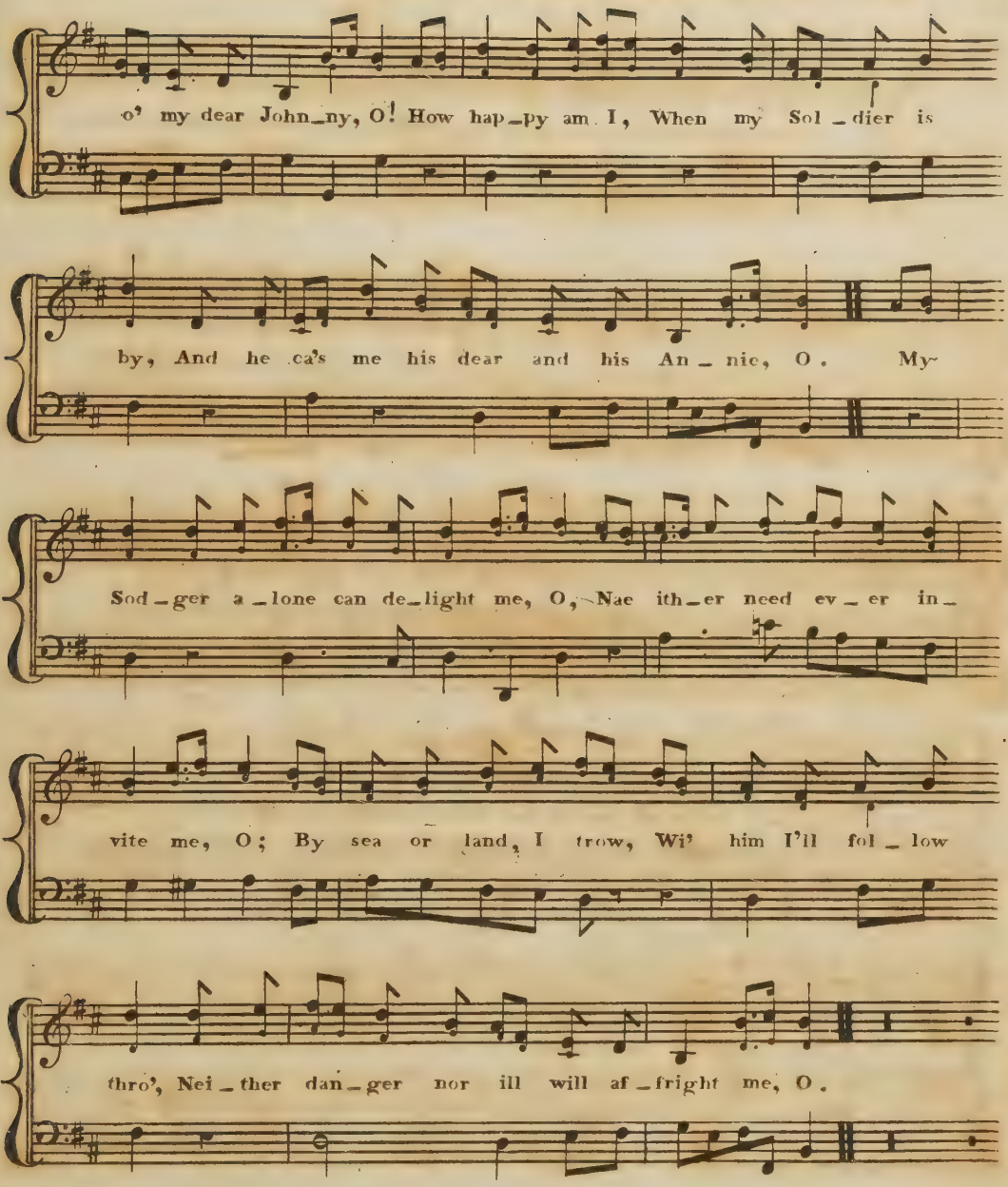

Slow
Nae mair we'll meet a-gain, my Love, by yon burn-side; Nae
mair we'll wander thro' the grove, by yon burn-side: Ne'er a-gain the mavis' lay Will we
hail at close o' day, For we ne'er a-gain will stray down by yon burn-side.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood, on yon burn-side,
O'er haunts which we sae aft hae trod, by yon burn-side;
Still the walk wi' me thoult share,
Tho' thy foot can never mair
Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn-side.

Now far remov'd frae ev'ry care, 'boon yon burn-side,
Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'boon yon burn-side;
And, if angels pity know,
Sure the tear for me will flow,
Who must linger here below, down by yon burn-side.

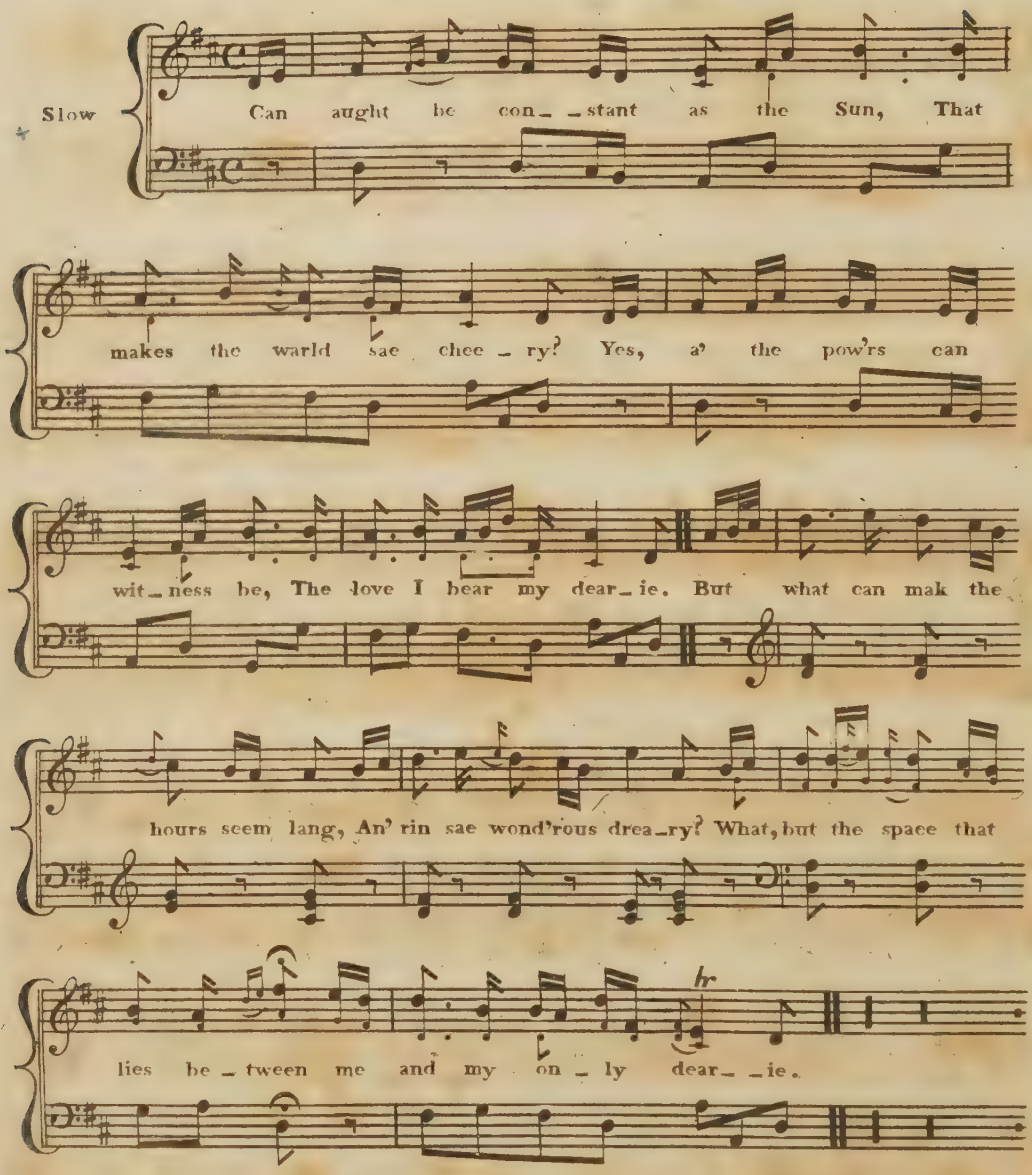
DUMBARTON'S DRUMS BEAT BONNIE O.




o' my dear John_ny, O! How hap_py am I, When my Sol_dier is
by, And he ca's me his dear and his An_nie, O. My-
Sod_ger a_lone can de_light me, O, Nae ith_er need ev_er in_
vite me, O; By sea or land, I trow, Wi' him I'll fol_low
thro', Nei_ther dan_ger nor ill will af_fright me, O.

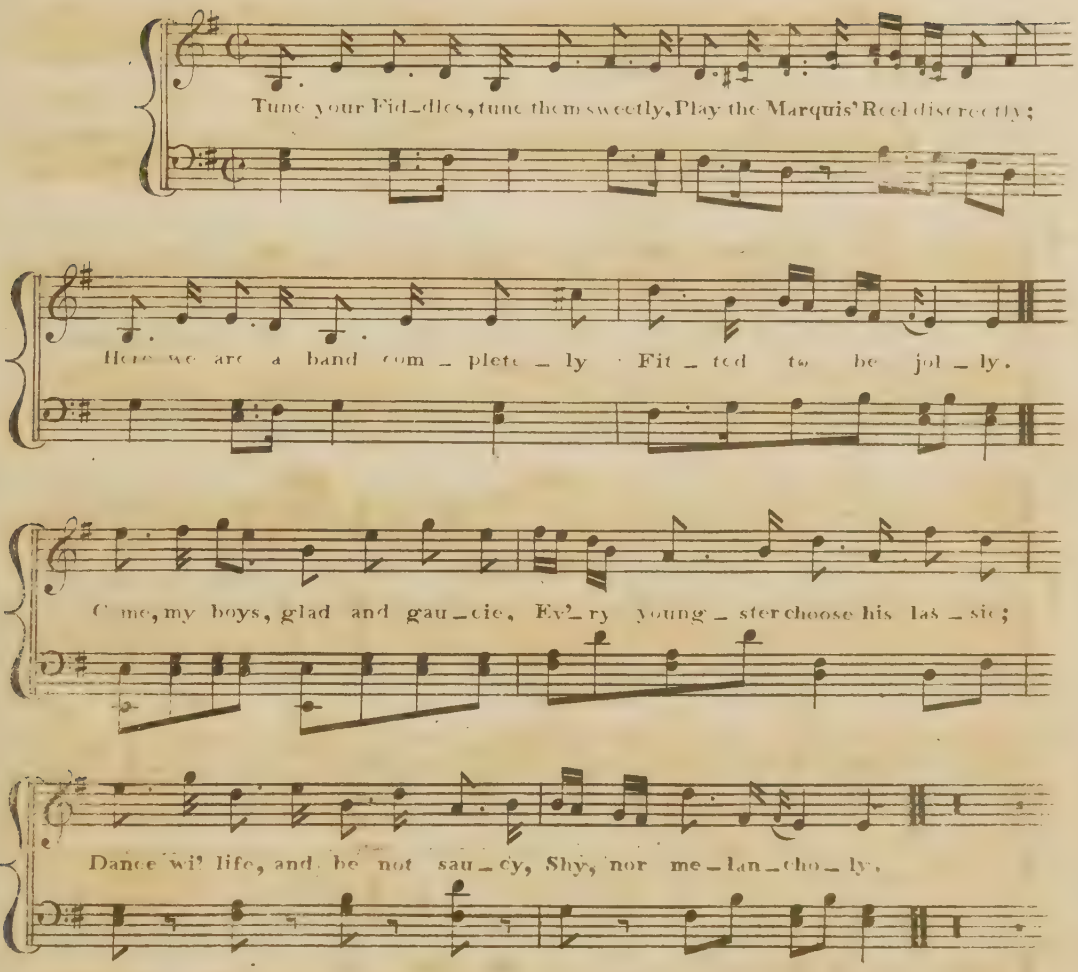
A Soldier has honor and bravery, O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O;
He minds no other thing,
But his true love and his king,
And all other care wad be slavery, O.
Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O,
Farewell a' my friends and my Daddie, O;
I must stay nae mair at home,
But follow wi' the drum,
And whenever it beats I'll be ready, O.

CAN AUGHT BE CONSTANT AS THE SUN.


Slow
Can aught be con_ _stant as the Sun, That
makes the warld sae chee_ry? Yes, a' the pow'rs can
wit_ness be, The love I bear my dear_ie. But what can mak the
hours seem lang, An' rin sae wond'rous drea_ry? What, but the space that
lies be_tween me and my on_ly dear_ _ie.

Than fare ye weel, wha saw me aft,
Sae blythe, baith late an' early!
An' fareweel scenes o' former joys
That cherish life sae rarely!
I'll hail Lochaber's valleys green,
Where mony a rill meanders;
I'll hail wi' joy its birken bowers,
For there my Mary wanders.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

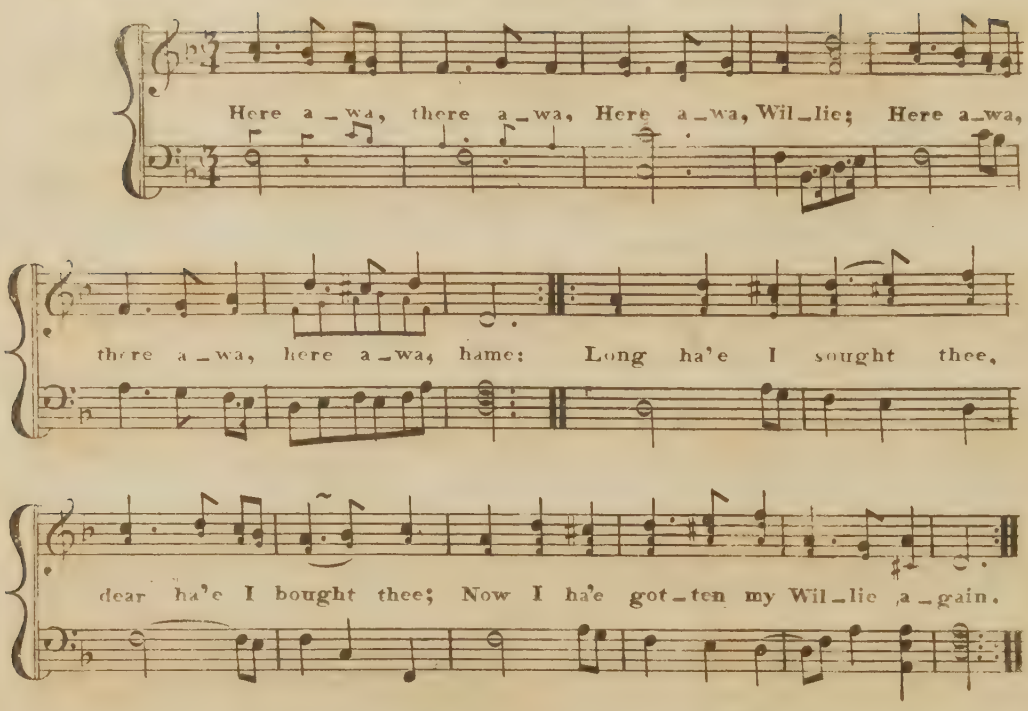

Tune your Fid-dles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly;
Here we are a band com-plete-ly Fit-ted to be jol-ly.
Come, my boys, glad and gau-cie, Ev'-ry young-ster choose his las-sie;
Dance wi' life, and be not sau-cy, Shy, nor me-lan-cho-ly.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumly faces;
Look about, and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted!
We'll extol our noble master,
Sprung from many a brave ancestor;
Heaven preserve him from disaster!
So we pray in duty.
We'll extol, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
In refin'd and worthy measure;
Merit, gain him choicest treasure
From the Royal Donor.
Famous may he be in story,
Full of days and full of glory;
To the grave, when old and hoary,
May he go with honour.
Famous may, &c.

Gordons join our hearty praises,
Honest, tho' in homely phrases;
Love our chearful spirits raises,
Lofty as the lark is;
Echoes waft our wishes daily
Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
Sound o'er every hill and valley,
Blessings on our Marquis,
Echoes waft, &c.

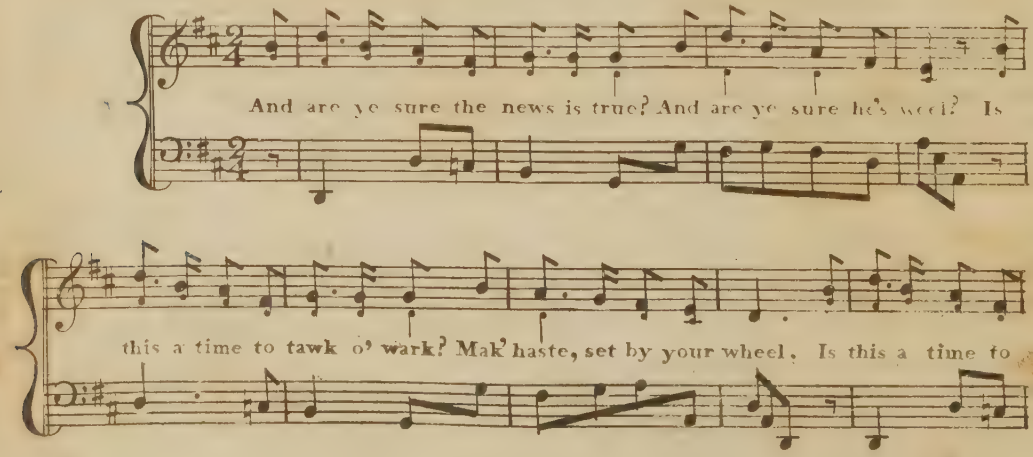
HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

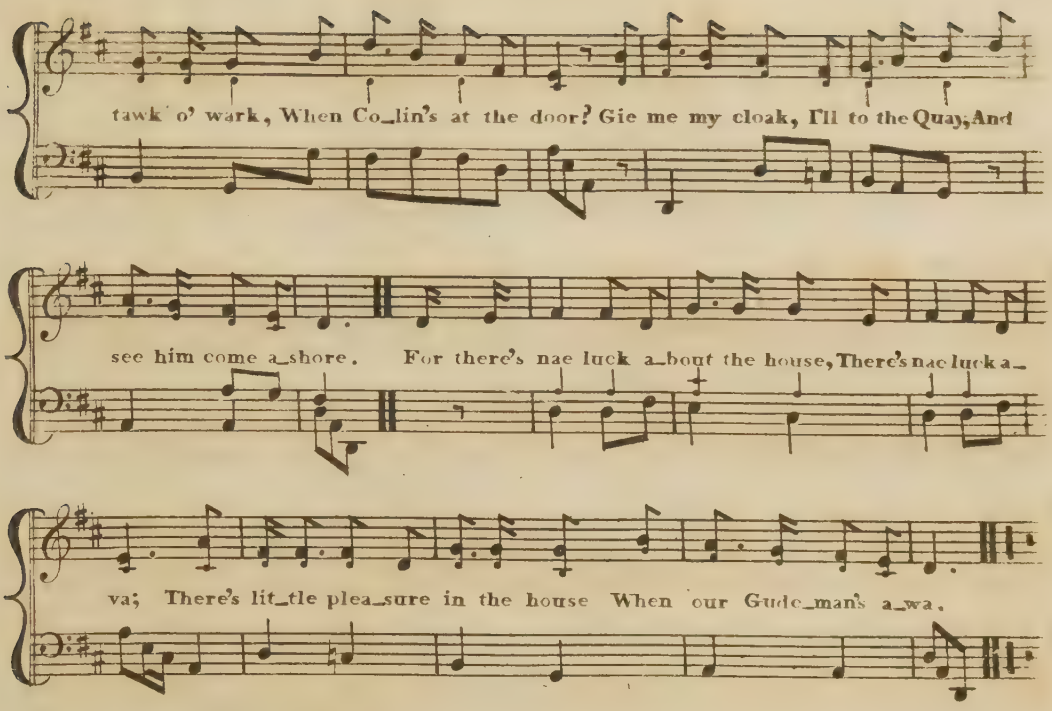

Here a_wa, there a_wa, Here a_wa, Wil_lie; Here a_wa,
there a_wa, here a_wa, hame: Long ha'e I sought thee,
dear ha'e I bought thee; Now I ha'e got_ten my Wil_lie a_gain.

Thro' the lang muir I ha'e follow'd my Willie;
Thro' the lang muir I ha'e follow'd him hame:
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame:
Come, Love, believe me, naithing can grieve me;
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.


And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is
this a time to tawk o' wark? Mak' haste, set by your wheel. Is this a time to


tawk o' wark, When Co_lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the Quay, And
see him come a_shore. For there's nae luck a_bout the house, There's nae luck a_
va; There's lit_tle plea_sure in the house When our Gude_man's a_wa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain Gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.

There are twa hens upo' the bauk,
'S been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
It's a' for love of my Gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.

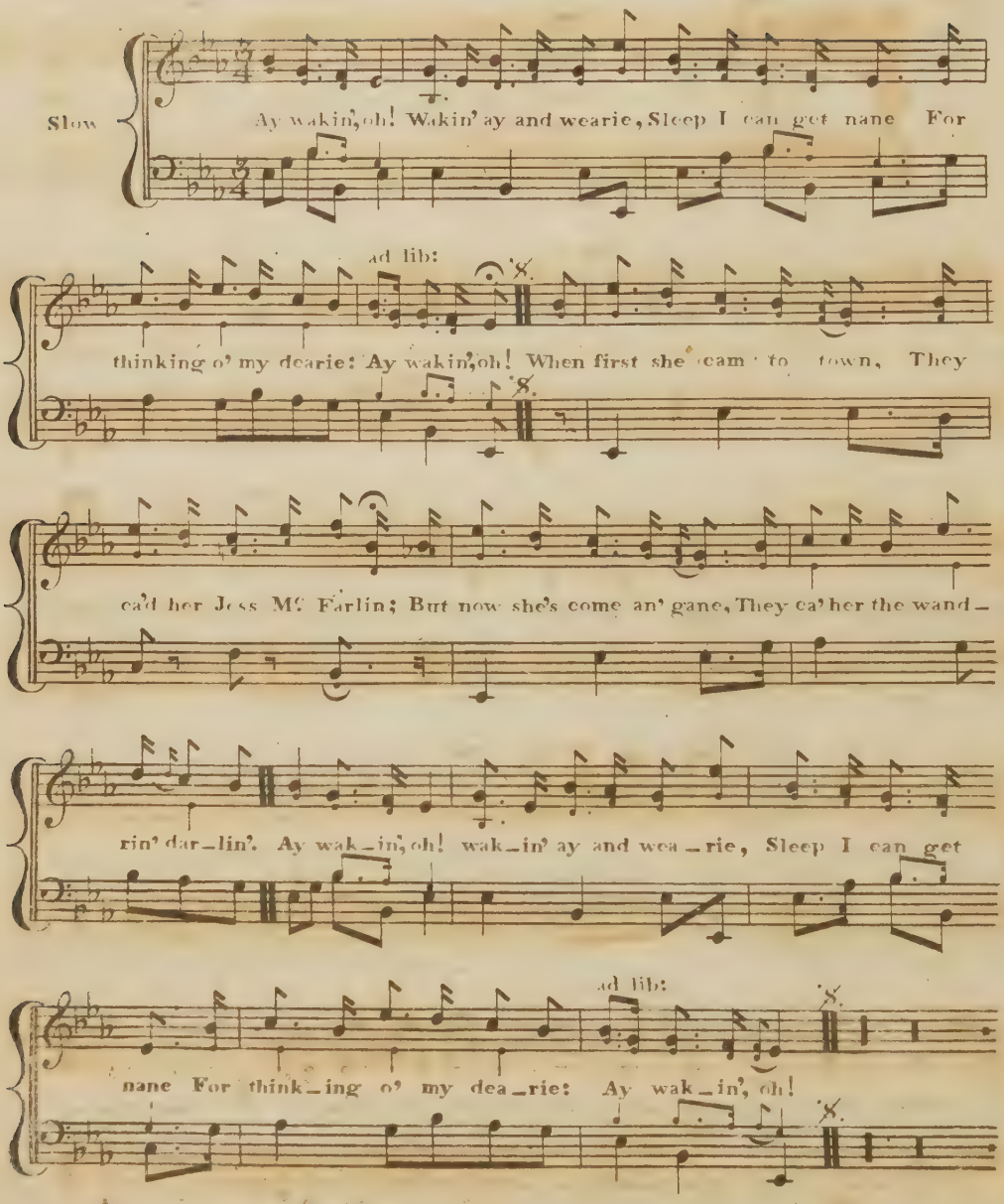
O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-satin gown,
For I maun tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain Gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought -
In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn bye, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought -
In troth I'm like to greet.

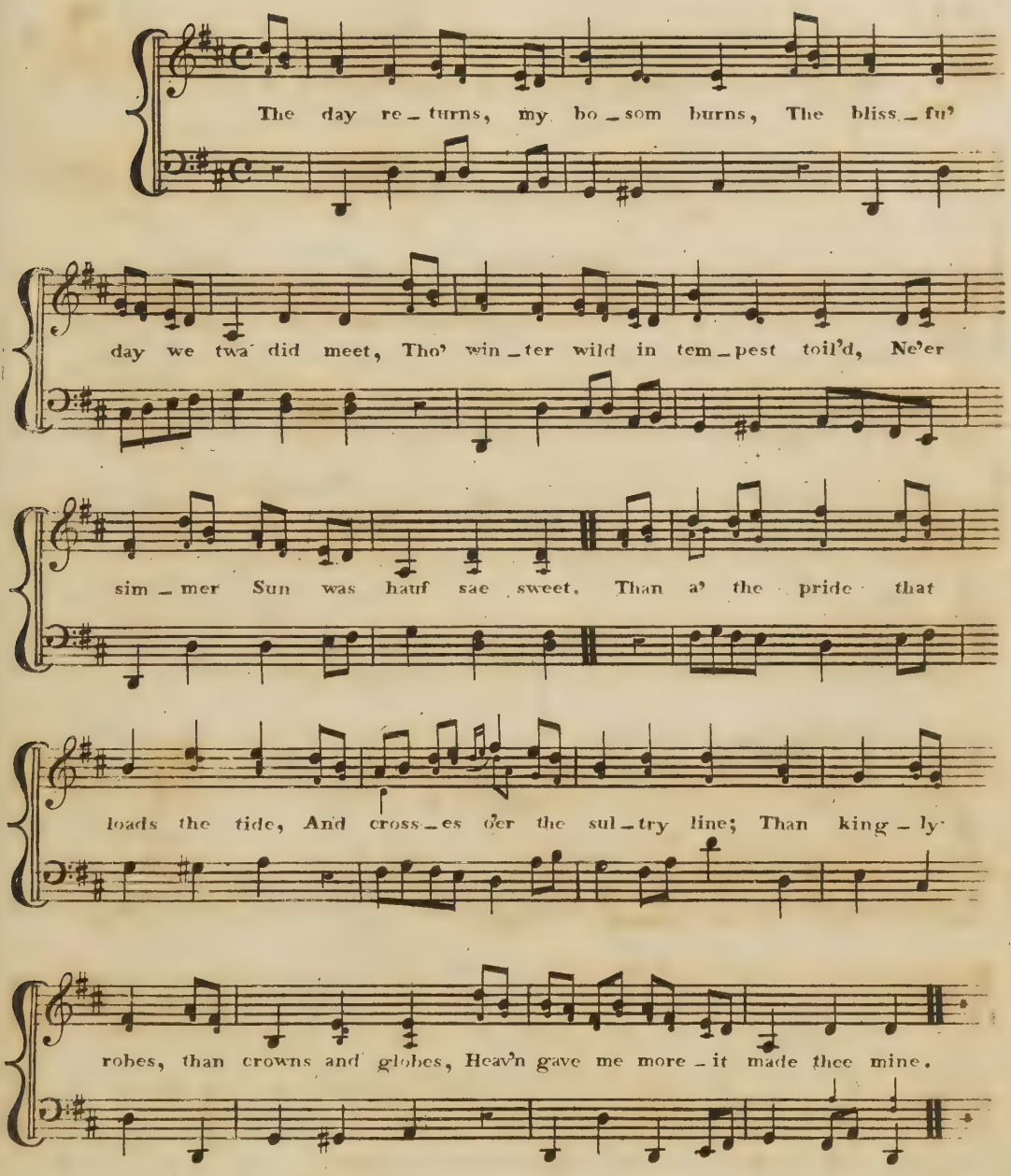
AY WAKIN, OH!


Slow
Ay wakin, oh! Wakin' ay and wearie, Sleep I can get nane For
ad lib:
thinking o' my dearie: Ay wakin, oh! When first she cam' to town, They
ca'd her Jess Mc Farlin; But now she's come an' gane, They ca' her the wand–
rin' dar–lin'. Ay wak–in', oh! wak–in' ay and wea–rie, Sleep I can get
ad lib:
nane For think–ing o' my dea–rie: Ay wak–in', oh!

Her Daddie loes her weel,
Her Minnie loes her better;
I loe the lass mysel,
But, waes me! I canna get her,
Ay wakin, oh! &c.

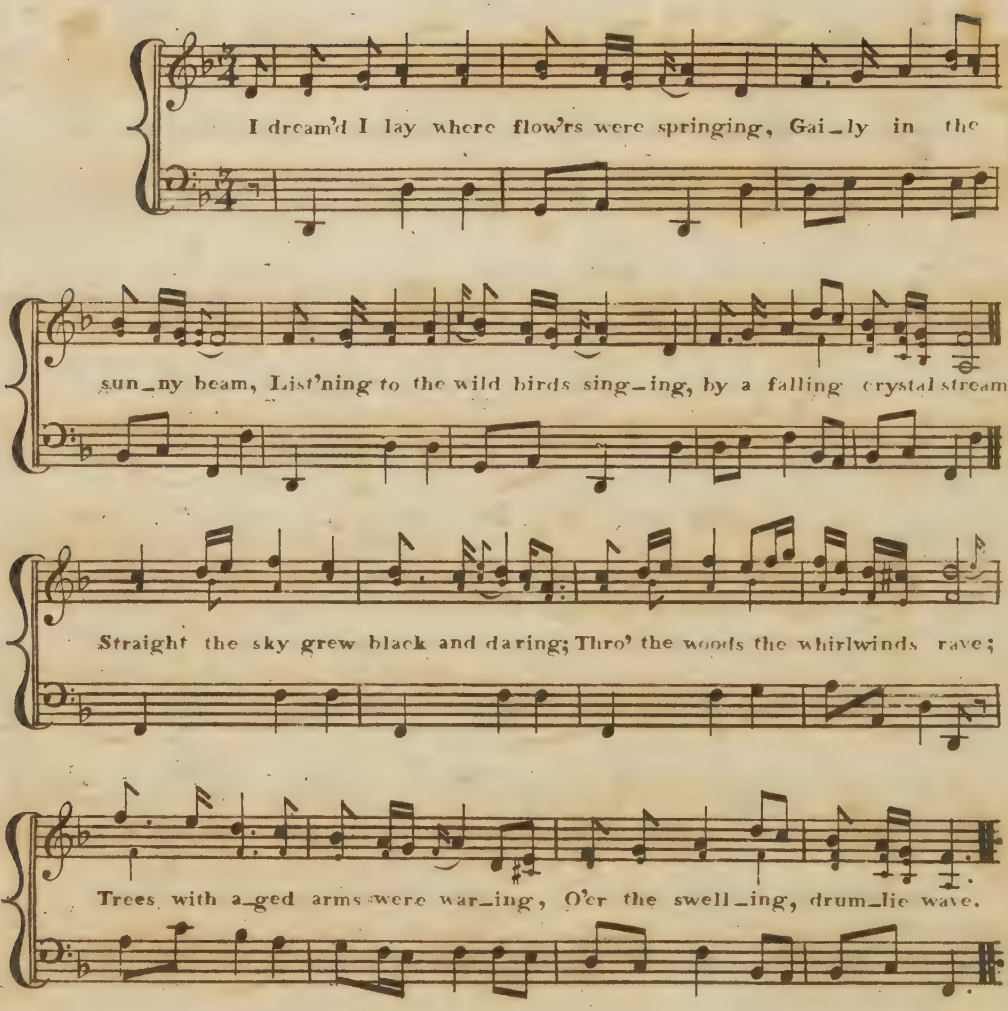
Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping;
I think upo' her scorn,
And bleer my een wi' greeting.
Ay wakin, oh! &c.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie,
Rest I canna get
For thinking o' my Dearie.
Ay wakin, oh! &c.


The day re_turns, my bo_som burns, The bliss_fu'
day we twa did meet, Tho' win_ter wild in tem_pest toil'd, Ne'er
sim_mer Sun was hauf sae sweet, Than a' the pride that
loads the tide, And cross_es o'er the sul_try line; Than king_ly
robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more_it made thee mine.

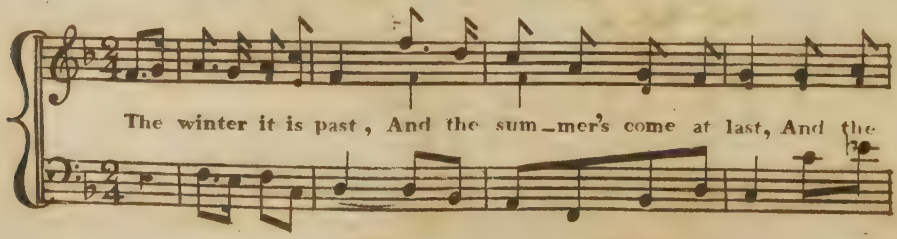
While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The Iron hand that breaks our band.
It wrecks my bless_it breaks my heart.

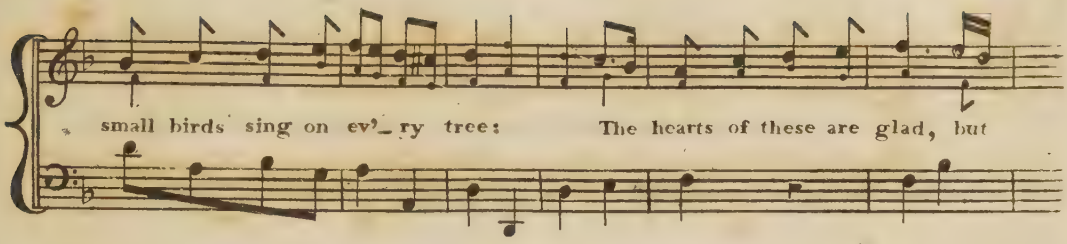
THE DREAM.


I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gai_ly in the
sun_ny beam, List'ning to the wild birds sing_ing, by a falling crystal stream.
Straight the sky grew black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with a_ged arms were war_ing, O'er the swell_ing, drum_lie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning;
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests, storming,
A, my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

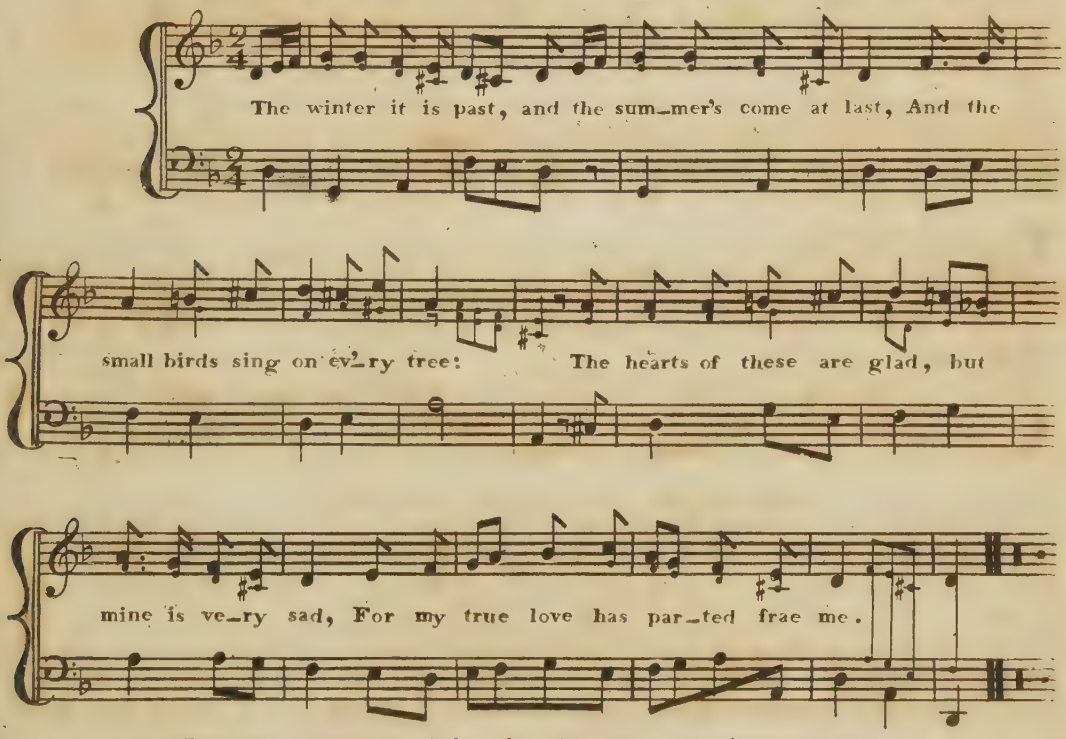
THE WINTER IT IS PAST.





THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

Old Set.

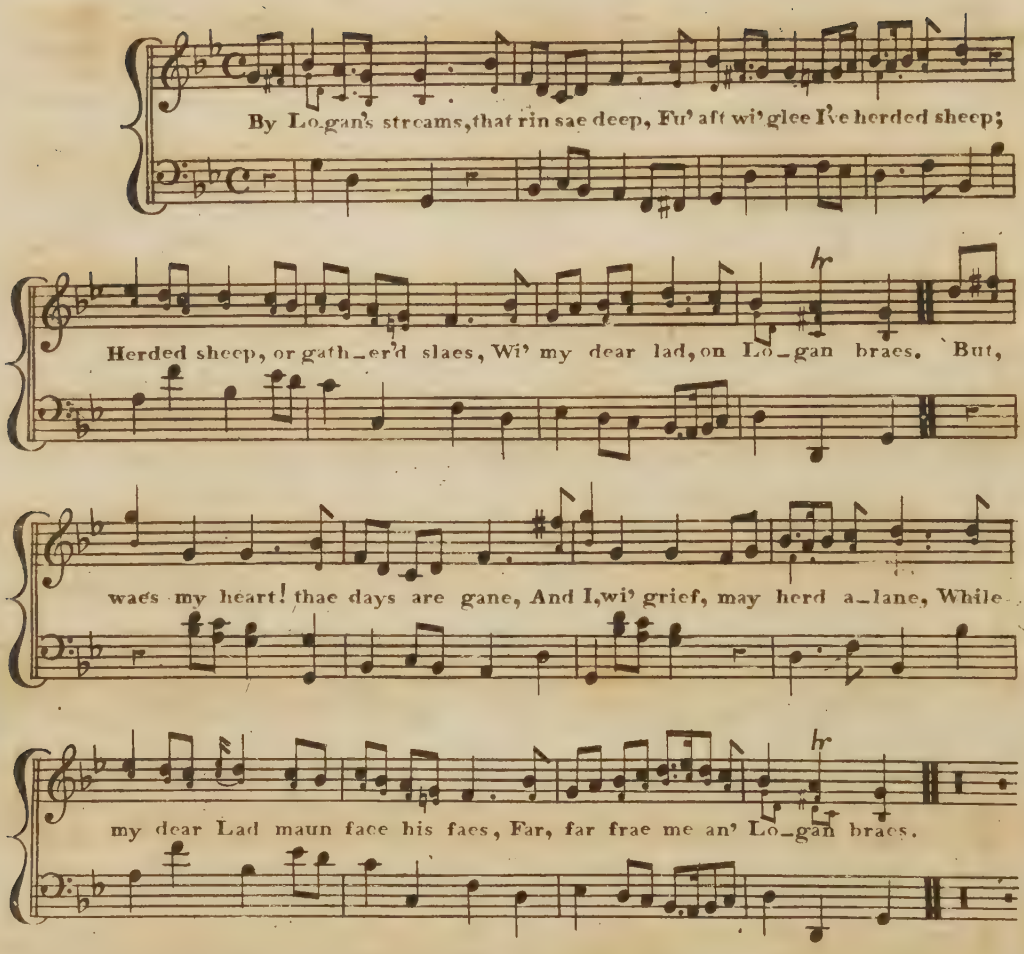

The winter it is past, and the sum_mer's come at last, And the
small birds sing on ev'_ry tree: The hearts of these are glad, but
mine is ve_ry sad, For my true love has par_ted frae me.

The rose upon the brier, by the water runnin clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,
Forever so constant and true;
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

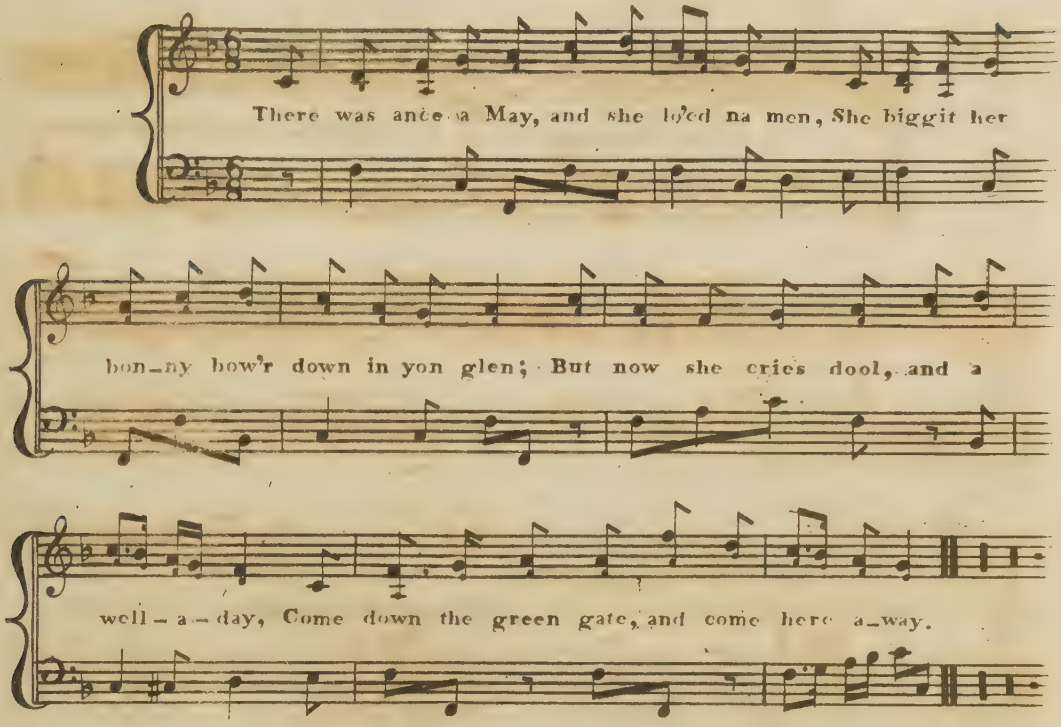
All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

LOGAN BRAES.


By Lo-gan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep, or gath-er'd slaes, Wi' my dear lad, on Lo-gan braes. But,
waes my heart! thae days are gane, And I, wi' grief, may herd a-lane, While
my dear Lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me an' Lo-gan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preaching meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I danner out, or sit alane,
Sit alane, beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O! cou'd I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, an' my ain!
Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.


There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men, She biggit her
bon-ny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool, and a
well-a-day, Come down the green gate, and come here a-way.

When bonny young Johnny cam o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra' things:
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sic a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were-na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like o' me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was-na for Johnny:
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill e'e:
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

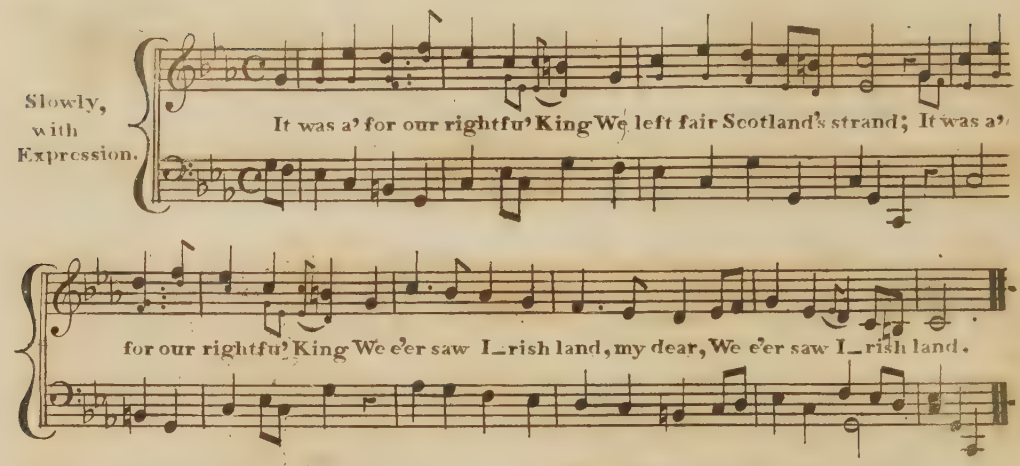
His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee,
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain e'en, an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new,
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upo' the corn-bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his e'e,
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And, wow, gin I were but young for thee!

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.


Slowly, with Expression.
It was a' for our rightfu' King We left fair Scotland's strand; It was a'
for our rightfu' King We e'er saw Irish land, my dear, We e'er saw Irish land.

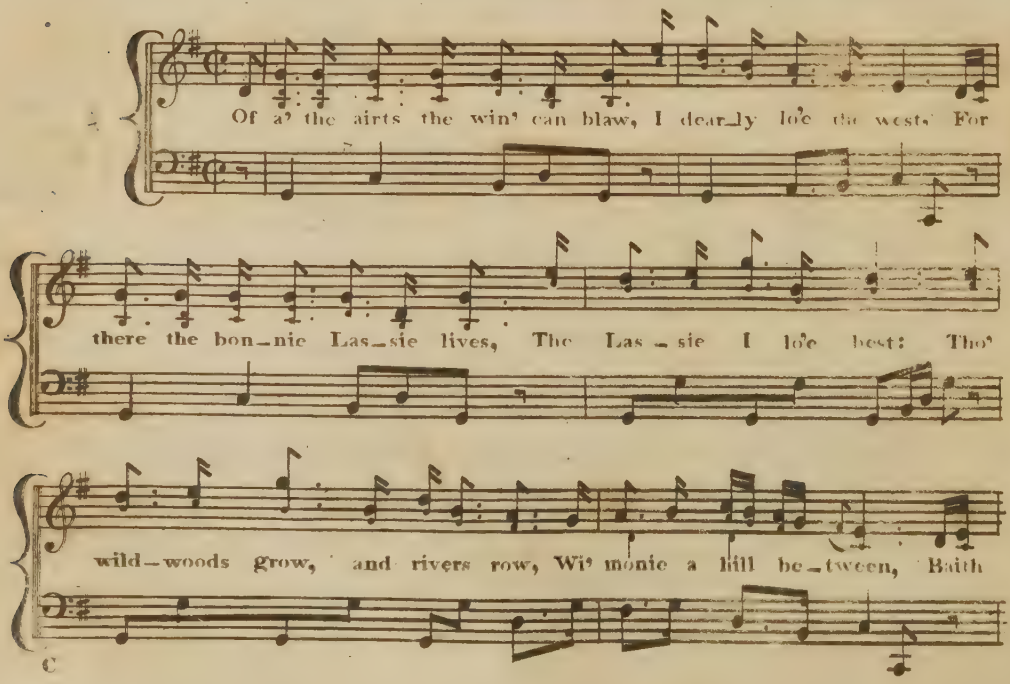
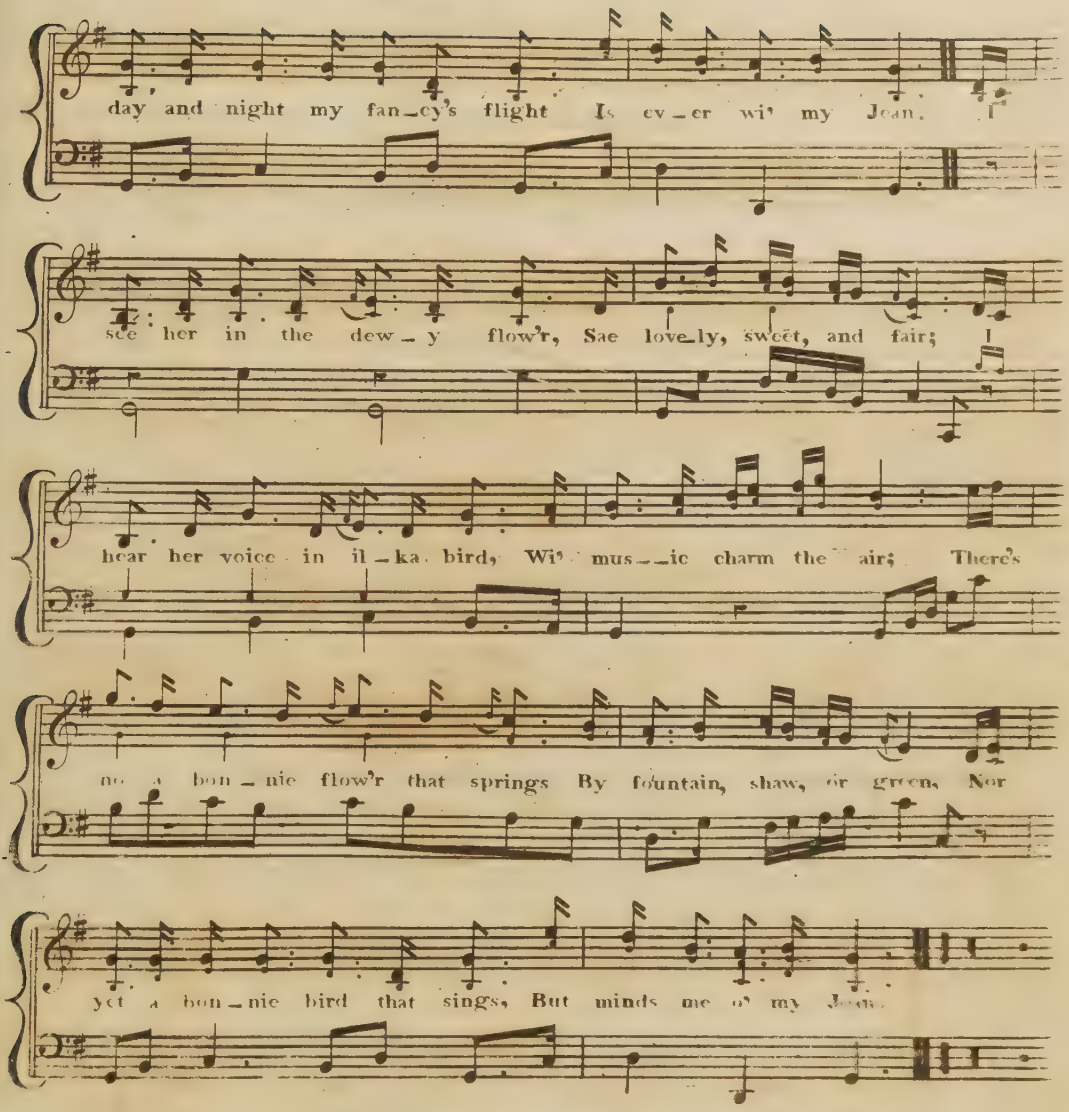
Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main,
My Dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
All on the Irish shore,
And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore,
My Dear,
Adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My Dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' are boun' to sleep,
I think on them wha're far awa,
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My Dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

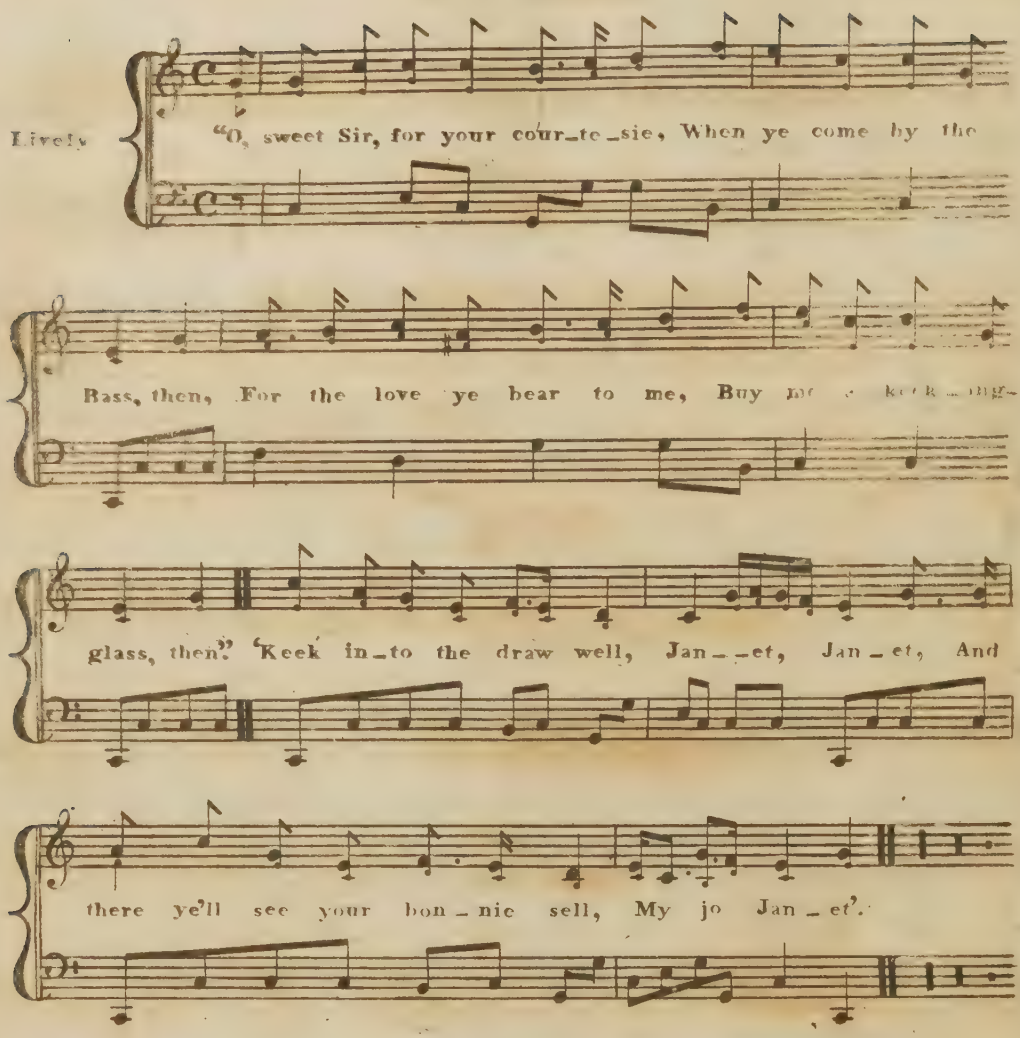
OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.


Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west: For
there the bon-nie Las-sie lives, The Las-sie I lo'e best: Tho'
wild-woods grow, and rivers row, Wi' monie a hill be-tween, Baith

day and night my fan_cy's flight Is ev_er wi' my Jean. I
see her in the dew_y flow'r, Sae love_ly, sweet, and fair; I
hear her voice in il_ka bird, Wi' mus_ic charm the air; There's
no a bon_nie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw, or green, Nor
yet a bon_nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin' win's, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me,
That's ay sae neat an' clean:
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, wha wae to part,
That day she gade awa!
The pow'rs aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

MY JO JANET.


Lively
"O, sweet Sir, for your cour_te_sie, When ye come by the
Bass, then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a kee_king-
glass, then." 'Keek in_to the draw well, Jan_et, Jan_et, And
there ye'll see your bon_nie sell, My jo Jan_et'.

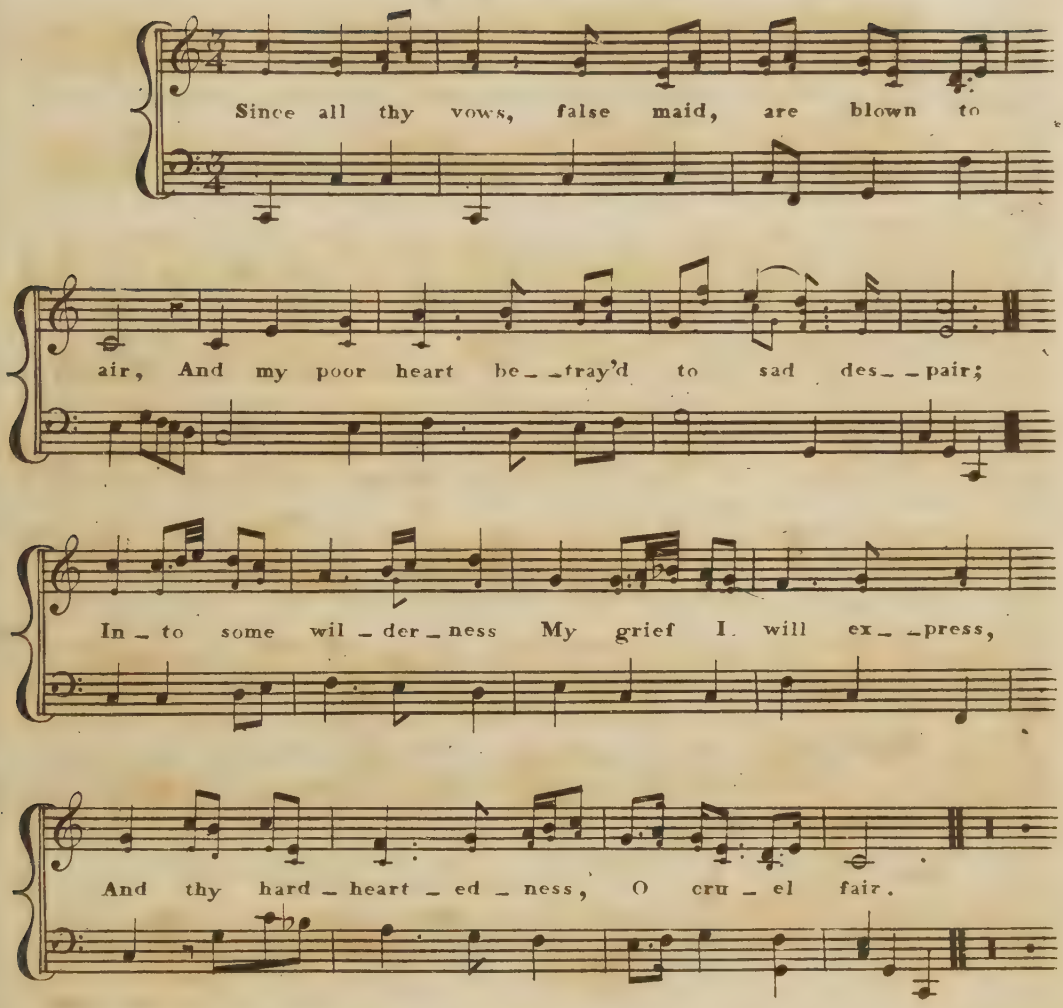
"Keeking in the draw well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in? then
Syne a' my kin will say and swear
I drown'd mysell for sin, then".
'Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet'.

"Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a pair of sheen, then".
'Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
A pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet'.

"But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be tawking".
'Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their faults will no be seen,
My jo Janet'.

"Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse, then".
'Pace upo' your spinning_wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinning_wheel,
My jo Janet'.

CROMLET'S LILT.


Since all thy vows, false maid, are blown to
air, And my poor heart be_ _tray'd to sad des_ _pair;
In_ to some wil_der_ness My grief I will ex_ _press,
And thy hard_heart_ed_ness, O cru_el fair.

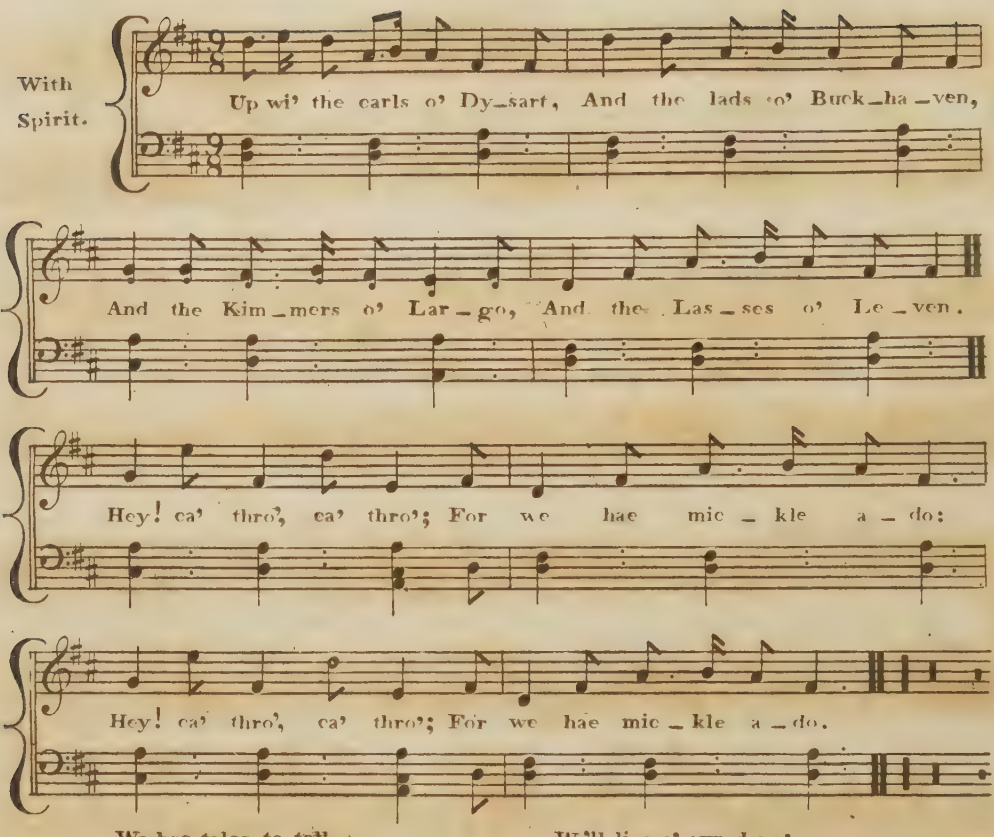
Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat;
I'll drink the spring;
Cold earth shall be my seat:
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me;
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequie.
The courteous red-breast, he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

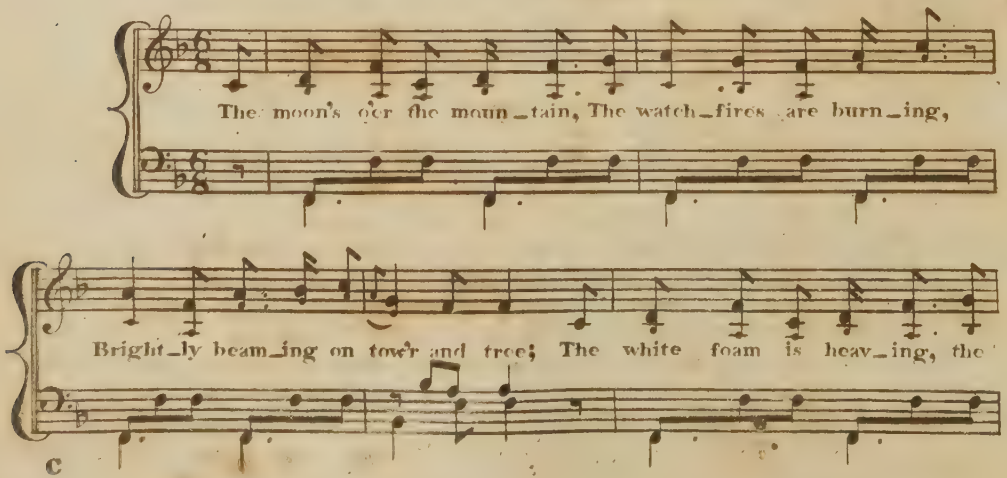
HEY! CA' THRO'.

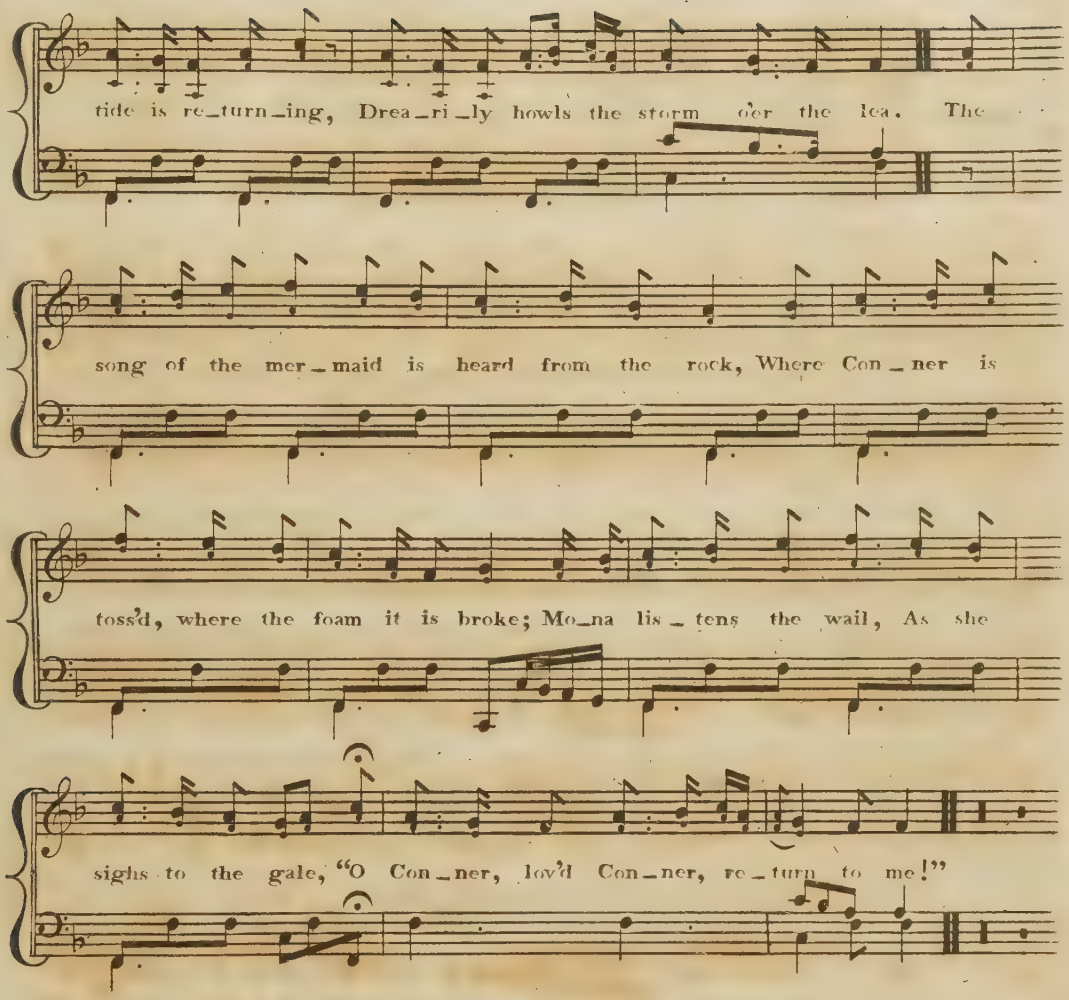

With Spirit.
Up wi' the earls o' Dy_sart, And the lads o' Buck_ha_ven,
And the Kim_mers o' Lar_go, And the Las_ses o' Le_ven.
Hey! ca' thro', ca' thro'; For we hae mic_kle a_do:
Hey! ca' thro', ca' thro'; For we hae mic_kle a_do.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.
Hey! ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days;
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey! ca' thro', &c.

THE MOON'S O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

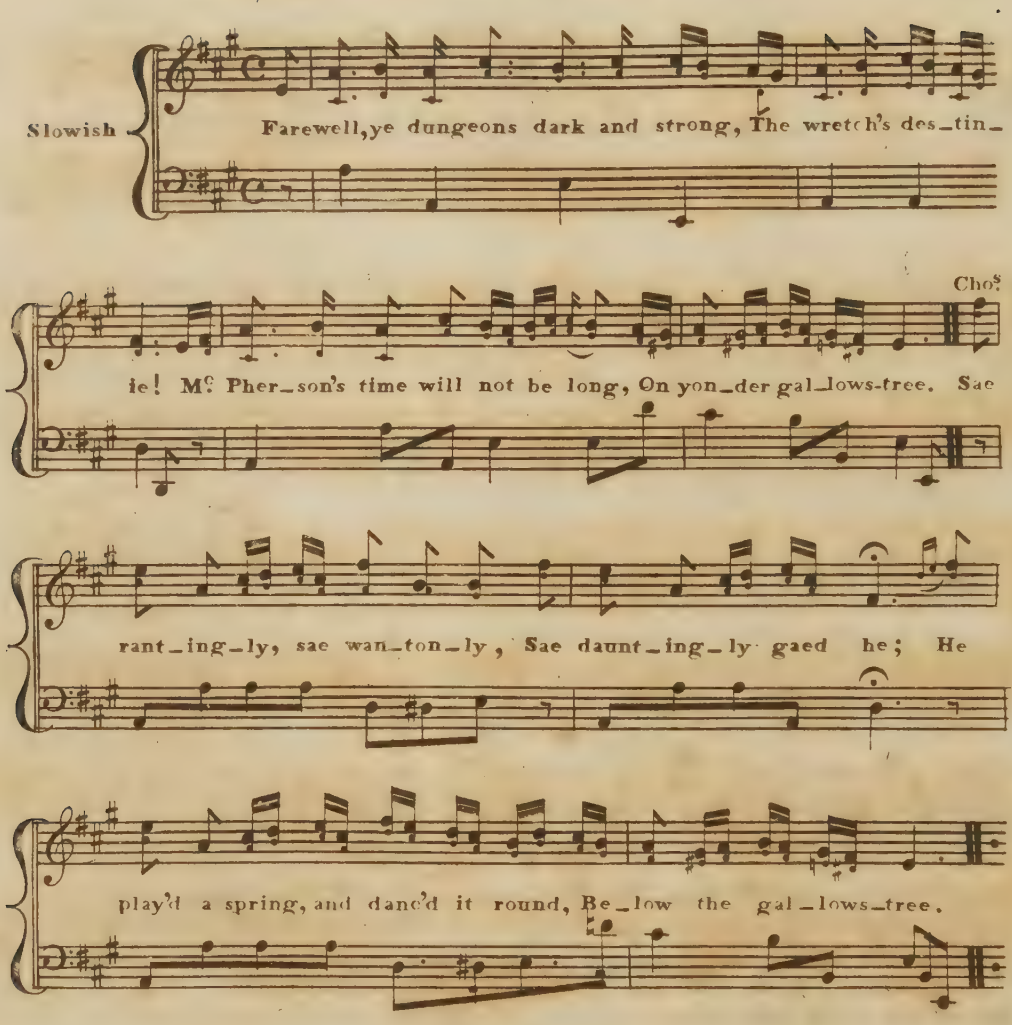



tide is re_turn_ing, Drea_ri_ly howls the storm o'er the lea. The
song of the mer_maid is heard from the rock, Where Con_ner is
toss'd, where the foam it is broke; Mo_na lis_tens the wail, As she
sighs to the gale, "O Con_ner, lov'd Con_ner, re_turn to me!"

But ne'er shall young Conner return on the billow,
Lovely maiden, he's in the sea,
He ne'er shall awake from his green sea=weed pillow,
Fairest Mora, to come to thee.
From the dark hill of Ullin she views from afar,
His fleeting form vanish with morning's bright star,
And, in sad'ning despair,
Gives her sighs to the air,
"O Conner, lov'd Conner, return to me!"

The hall of thy Conner is dark now, and dreary,
Sad it echoes to minstrelsy:
The tempest is hush'd, and the morning is cheery,
Lovely Mora, it smiles to thee.
But ne'er to the eye of the maid comes delight;
She hails not the morning, but flies from its light;
O'er the wide wat'ry waste
Still a ling'ring look casts,
And sighs, "O my Conner, return to me!"

M.ACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.


Slowish
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des_tin_
Cho.
ie! Mc. Pher_son's time will not be long, On yon_der gal_lows-tree. Sae
rant_ing_ly, sae wan_ton_ly, Sae daunt_ing_ly gaed he; He
play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Be_low the gal_lows_tree.

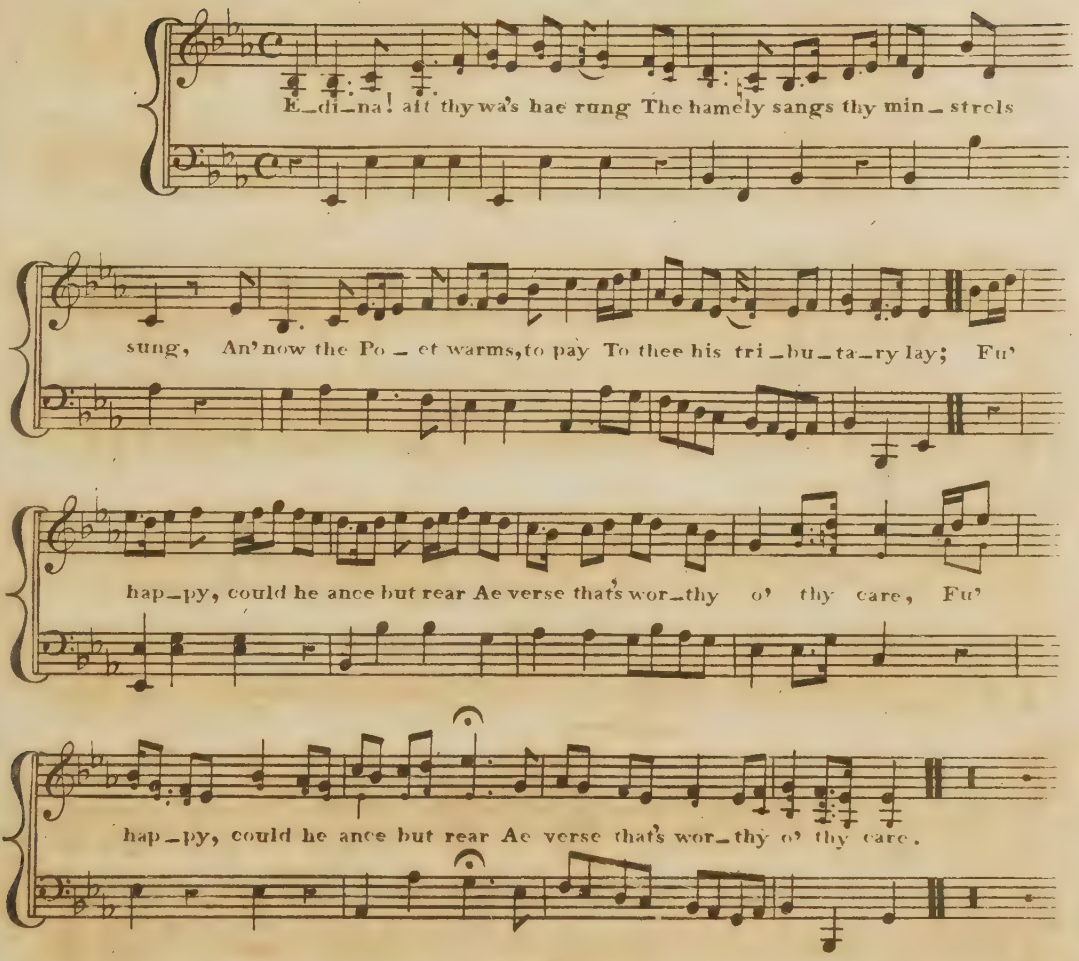
O what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now, farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

THE FLOWERS O' EDINBURGH.


E_di_na! aft thy wa's hae rung The hamely sangs thy min_strels
sung, An' now the Po_et warms, to pay To thee his tri_bu_ta_ry lay; Fu'
hap_py, could he ance but rear Ae verse that's wor_thy o' thy care, Fu'
hap_py, could he ance but rear Ae verse that's wor_thy o' thy care.

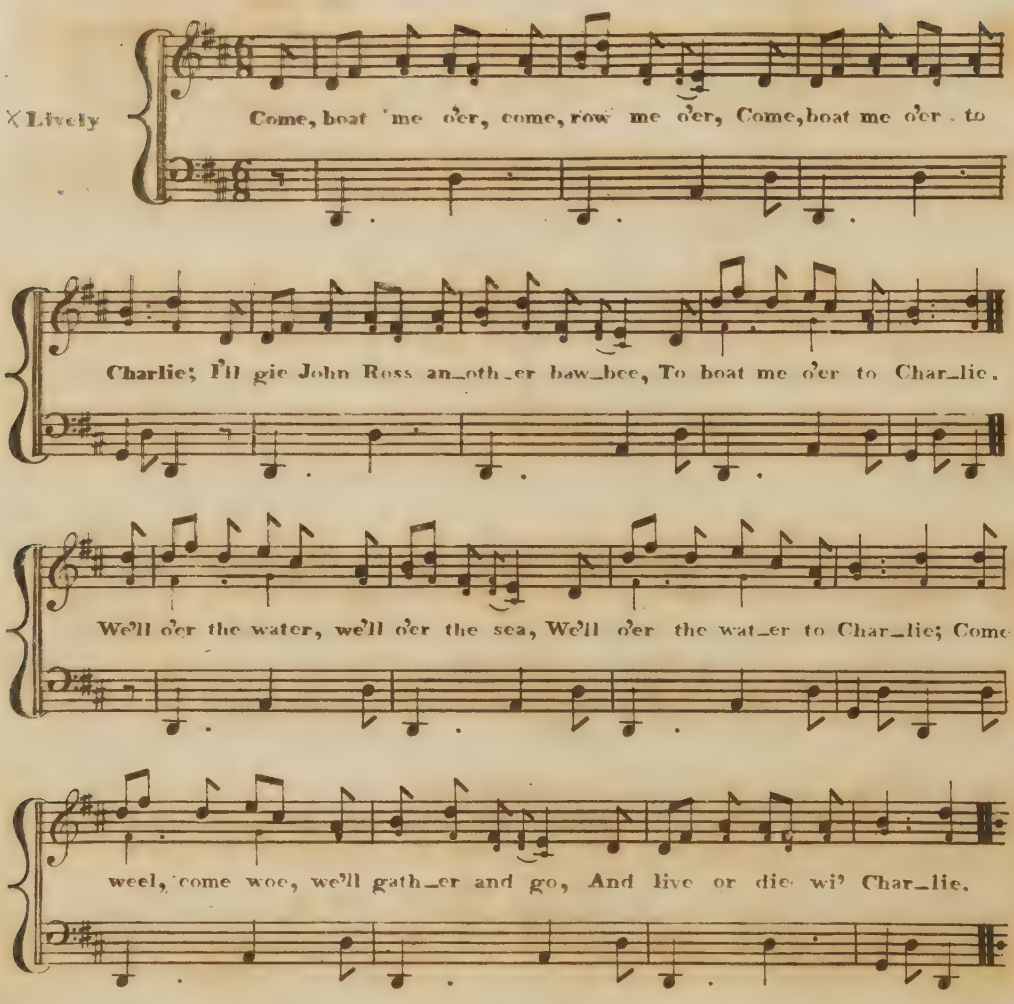
O leeze me on thy bonny Dames,
A spotless list o' dearest names,
Whase peerless charms, ance on a day,
First gart me tune the rustic lay;
Lang kent for wit an' beauty rare,
Are famed Edina's daughters fair.

Sweet maids! whan simmer decks the green,
Leave ye the dinsome busy scene,
An' to the sylvan meadows stray,
As e'enin' skirts the lee-lang day;
Or trace the vale romantic, sweet,
Whare health an' her St Bernard meet.

Nor are thy Sons less dear to Fame,
Or far afield, or here at hame;
Alike their glory's kent afar,
Or in the senate, or in war.
O may they never bare the steel,
Save for their King an' Country's weal!

Edina! may'st thou never tine
The name o' worth, which now is thine.
Lang may thy Sons the wreath retain,
The wreath which merit maks their ain;
O, lang may modest worth adorn
Thy Daughters, fair as simmer morn.

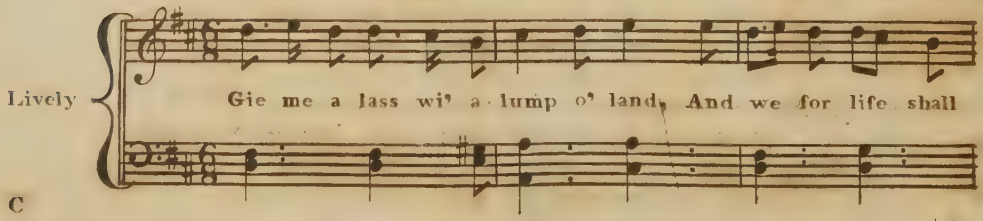
O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.


Lively
Come, boat me o'er, come, row me o'er, Come, boat me o'er to
Charlie; I'll gie John Ross an_oth_er baw_bee, To boat me o'er to Char_lie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea, We'll o'er the wat_er to Char_lie; Come
weel, come woe, we'll gath_er and go, And live or die wi' Char_lie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him:
But O, to see auld nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him.
We'll o'er, &c.

I swear and vow, by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early!
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er, &c.

GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.



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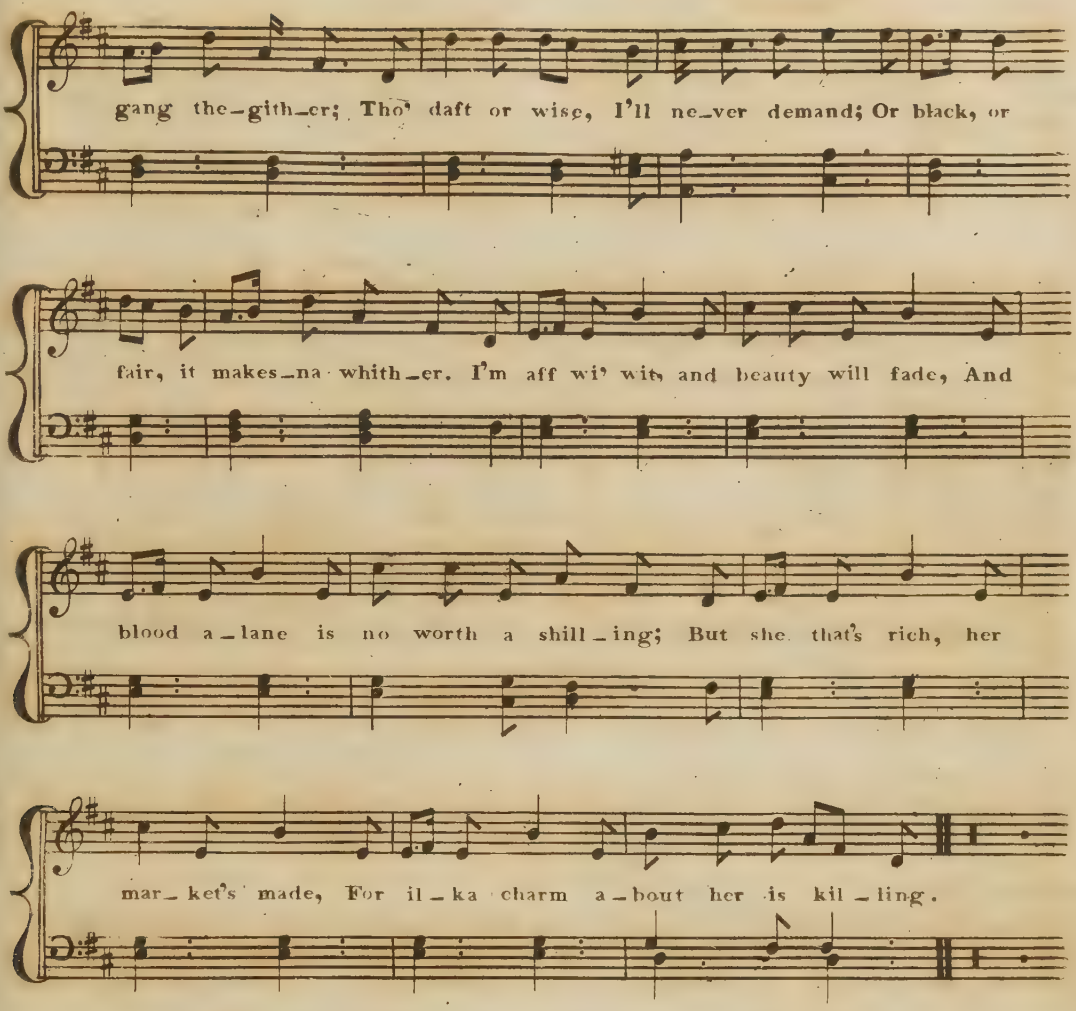
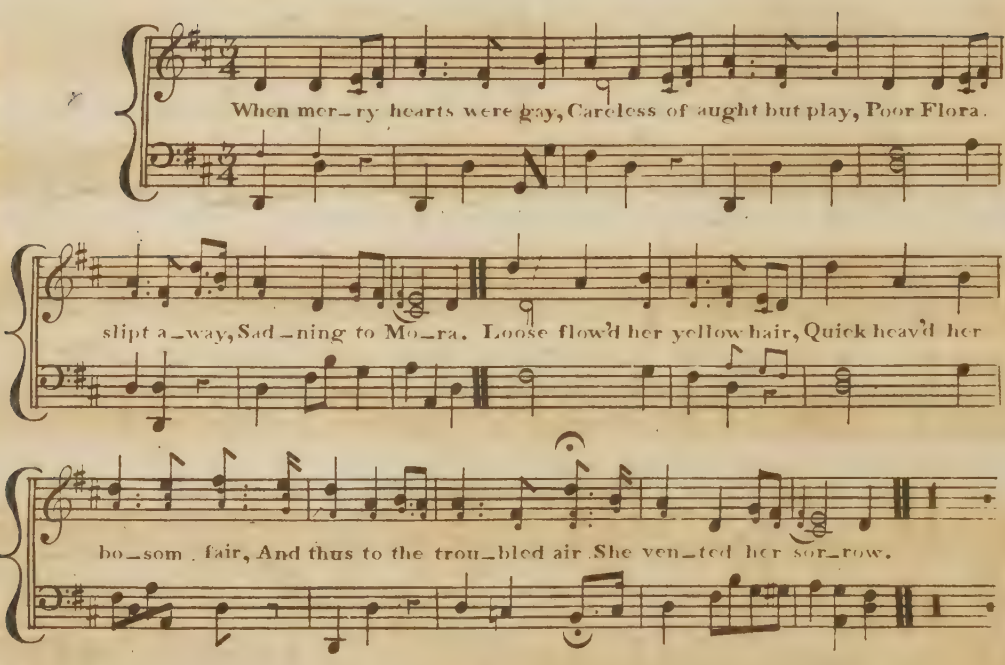

gang the-gith-er; Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne-ver demand; Or black, or
fair, it makes-na whith-er. I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And
blood a-lane is no worth a shill-ing; But she that's rich, her
mar-ket's made, For il-ka charm a-bout her is kil-ling.

Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
For beauty, and wit, and virtue, in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows;
And naething can match our modern sparks,
But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

DONALD AND FLORA.


When mer_ry hearts were gay, Careless of aught but play, Poor Flora.
slipt a_way, Sad_ning to Mo_ra. Loose flow'd her yellow hair, Quick heav'd her
bo_som fair, And thus to the trou_bled air She ven_ted her sor_row.

"Loud howls the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary waste;
Haste 'thee, O Donald haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since, in a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
Say, is he still sincere,
To his lov'd Flora?—
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turn'd to stone—
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless, in Mora!

"Come, then, oh come away!
Donald, no longer stay—
Where can my rover stray
From his dear Flora.—
Ah! sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me—
O heaven! is not yonder he,
Bounding in Mora!"

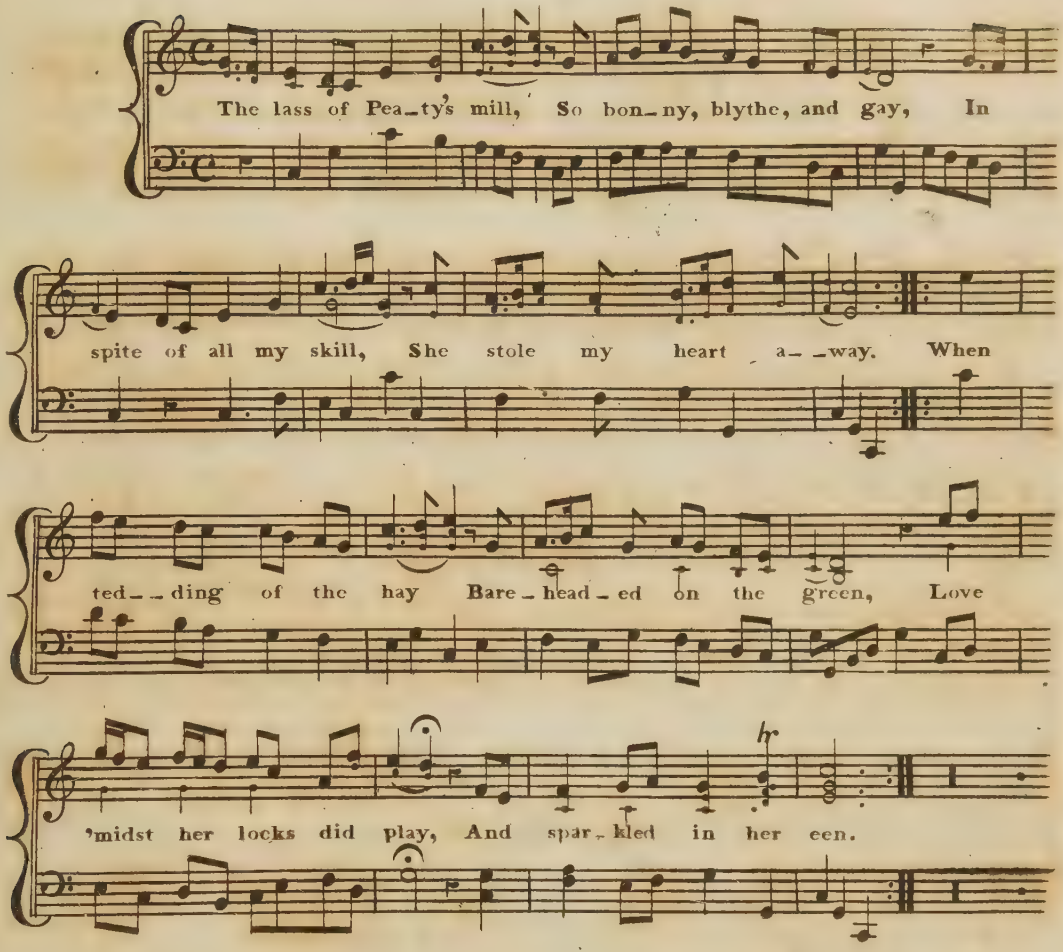
'Never, O wretched fair!'
Sigh'd the sad messenger;
'Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low!
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

'Well fought our valiant slain,
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train,
From British glory.
But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory!
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell, far from Mora.

'Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
Donald expiring said,
Give it to yon dear maid,
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell,
Donald thus bravely fell,
And, in his last farewell,
He thought on his Flora!

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sighed out, "Poor Flora!
Ah Donald! ah well a day!"
Was all the fond heart could say,
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

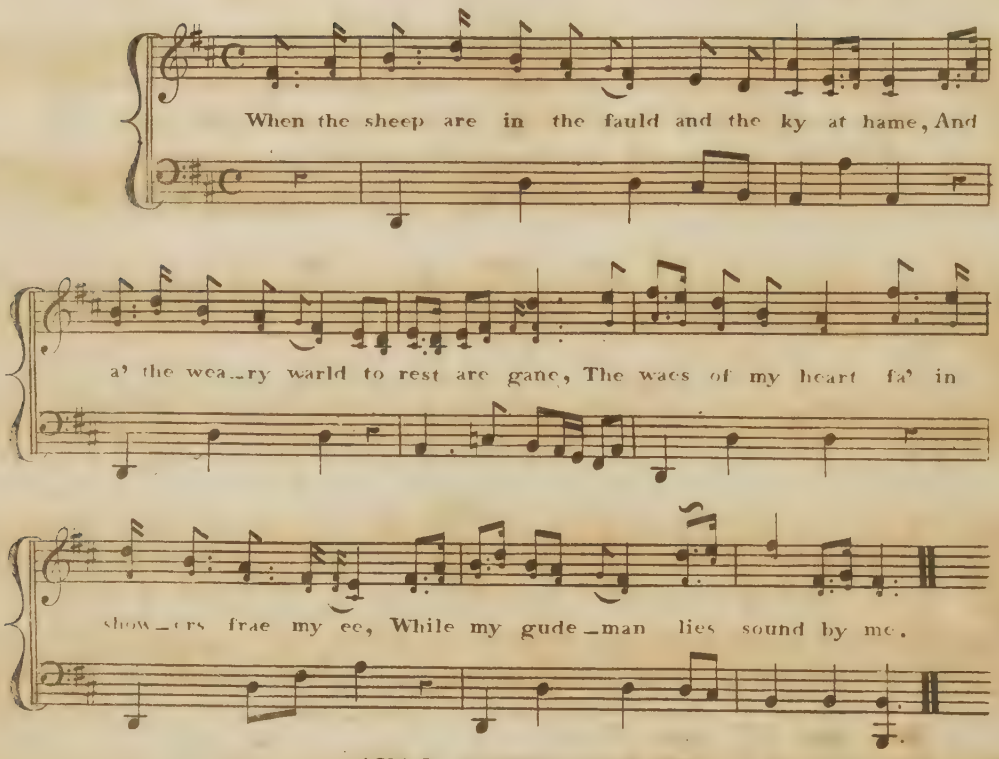
THE LASS OF PEATY'S MILL.


The lass of Pea_ty's mill, So bon_ny, blythe, and gay, In
spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a_ _way. When
ted_ _ding of the hay Bare_head_ed on the green, Love
'midst her locks did play, And spar_kled in her een.

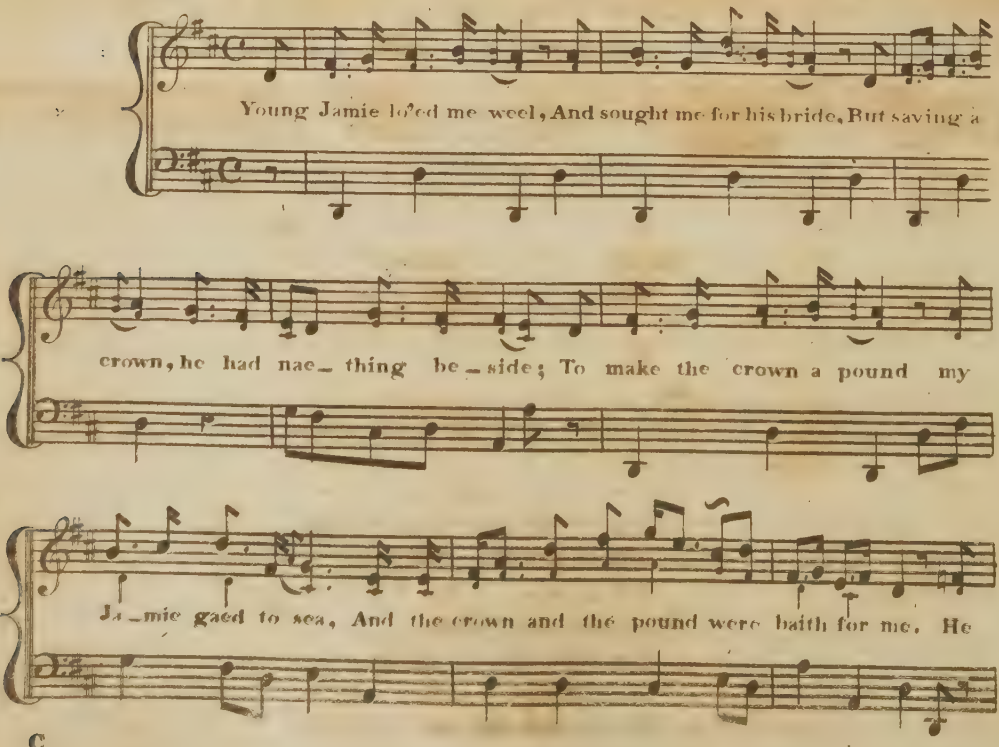
Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

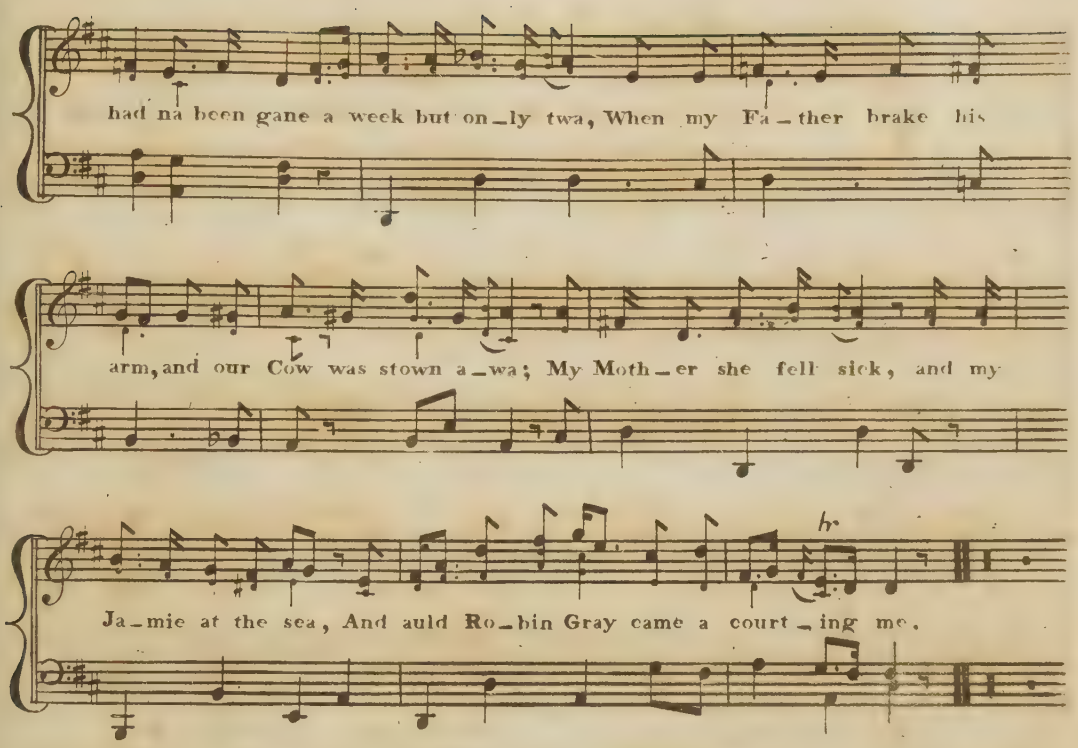
O! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peaty's mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY. Old Set.


When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame, And
a' the wea_ry warld to rest are gane, The waes of my heart fa' in
show_ers frae my ee, While my gude_man lies sound by me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY. Modern Set.


Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But saving a
crown, he had nae_ thing be_side; To make the crown a pound my
Ja_mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He

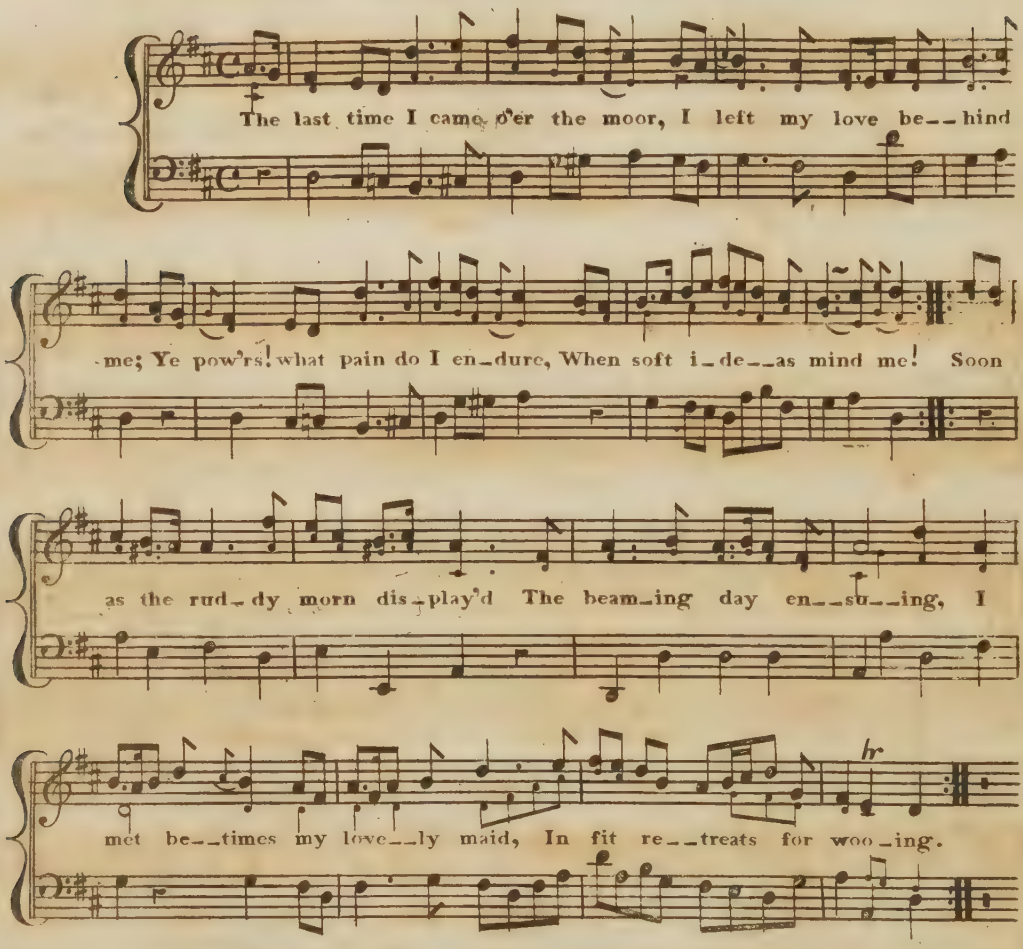

had na been gane a week but on-ly twa, When my Fa-ther brake his
arm, and our Cow was stown a-wa; My Moth-er she fell sick, and my
Ja-mie at the sea, And auld Ro-bin Gray came a court-ing me.

My Father coudna work, and my Mother coudna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!
My heart it said, na; I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck! why didna Jenny die?
Oh! why was I spared to cry, waes me!

My Father urged me sair; my Mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith for I coudna think it he,
Till he said I'm come hame for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say, waes me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

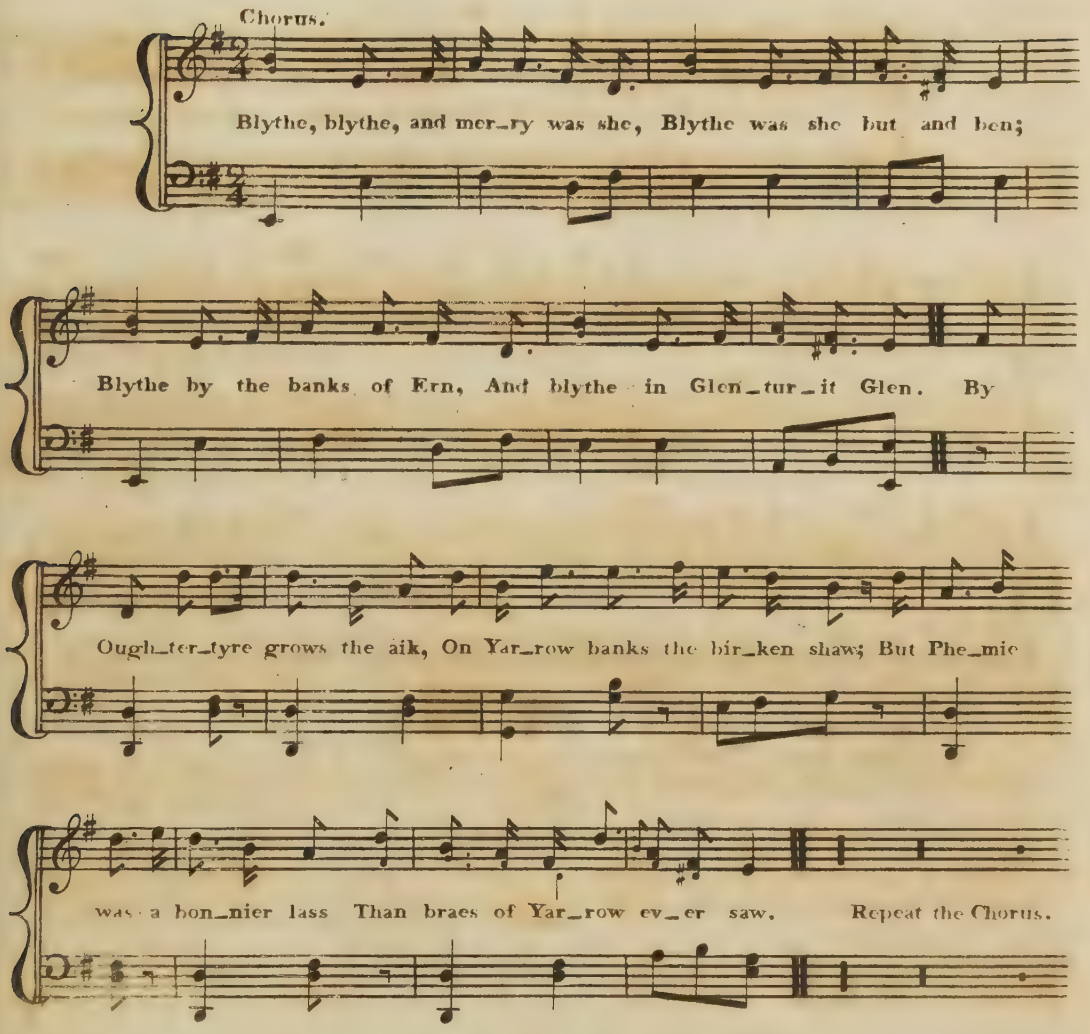
THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.


The last time I came o'er the moor, I left my love be--hind
me; Ye pow'rs! what pain do I en-dure, When soft i-de--as mind me! Soon
as the rud-dy morn dis-play'd The beam-ing day en--su--ing, I
hr
met be--times my love--ly maid, In fit re--treats for woo-ing.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center:
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

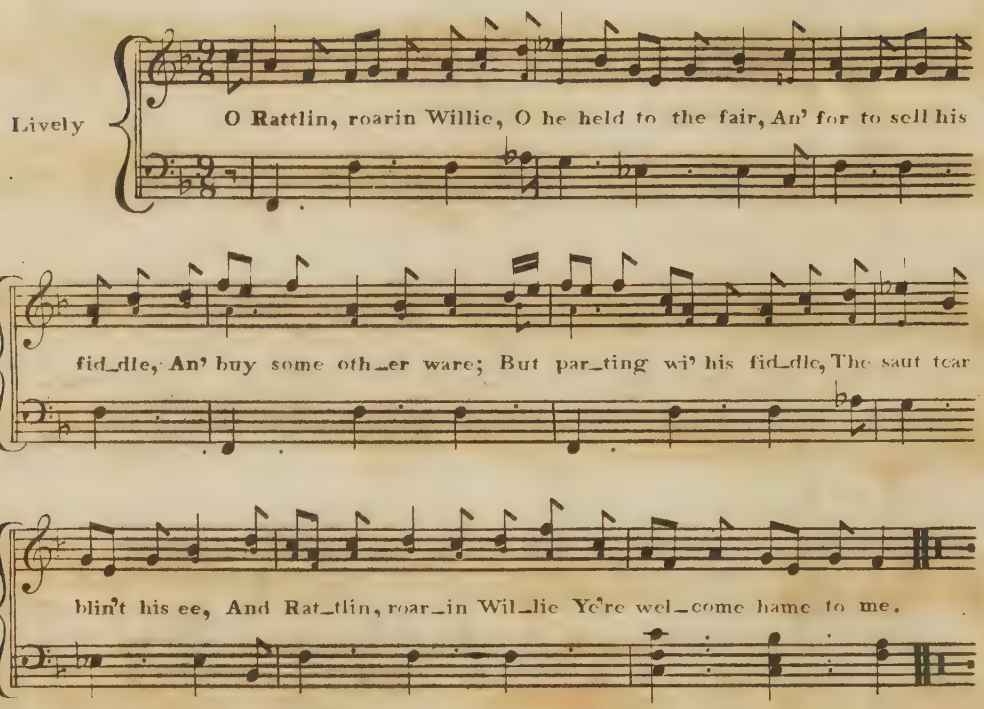

Chorus.
Blythe, blythe, and mer_ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen_tur_it Glen. By
Ough_ter_tyre grows the aik, On Yar_row banks the bir_ken shaw; But Phe_mie
was a bon_nier lass Than braes of Yar_row ev_er saw. Repeat the Chorus.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smiles were like a Simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

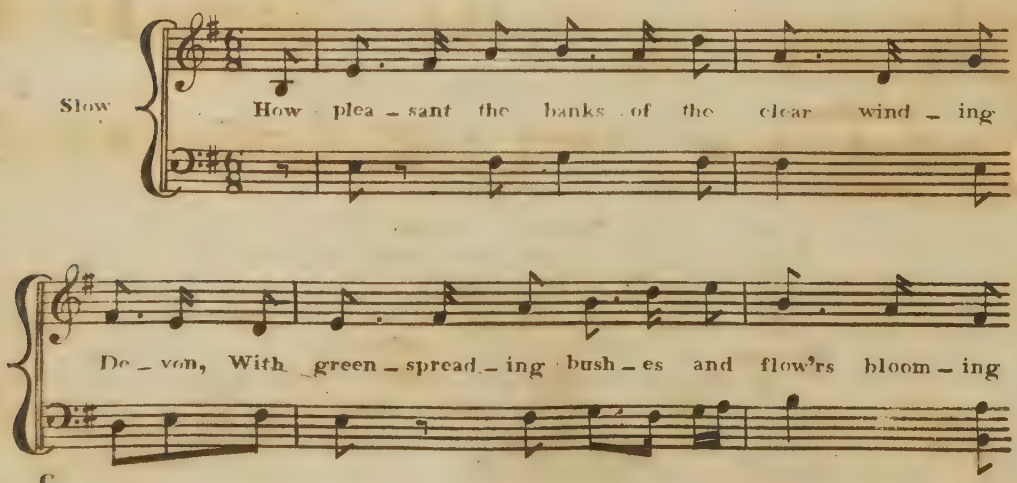
RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.


Lively
O Rattlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair, An' for to sell his
fid_dle, An' buy some oth_er ware; But par_ting wi' his fid_dle, The saut tear
blin't his ee, And Rat_tlin, roar_in Wil_lie Ye're wel_come hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine:
"If I should sell my fiddle,
The warld would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had."

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Was sittin at yon boord-en';
Sittin at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.



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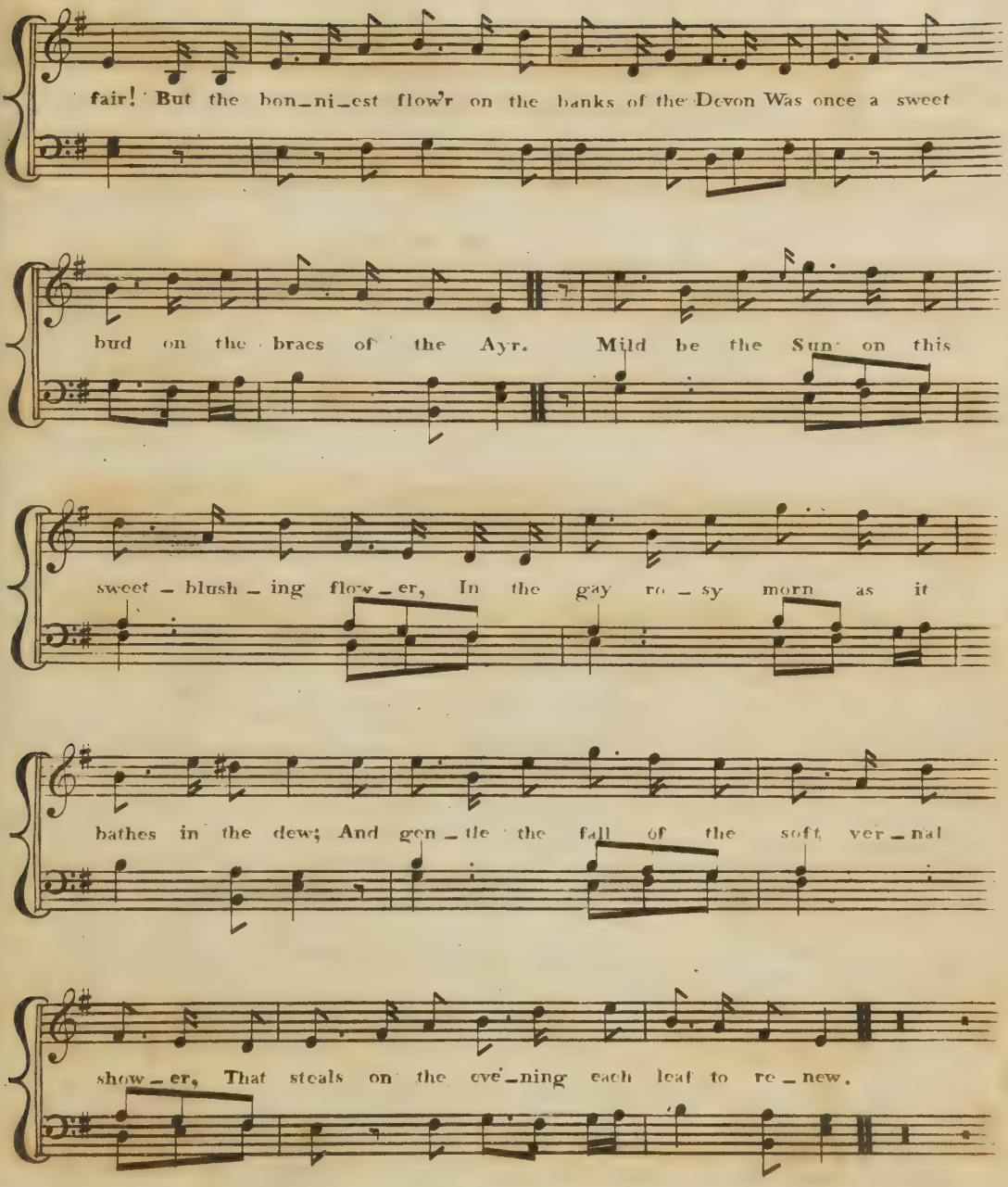
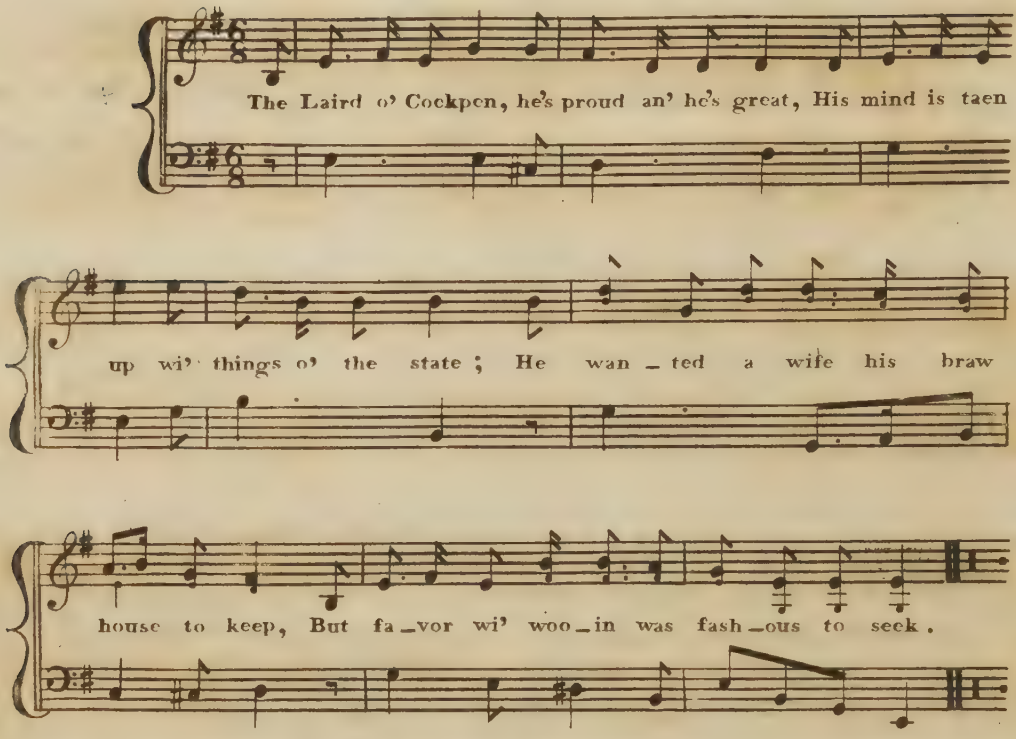

fair! But the bon_ni_est flow'r on the banks of the Devon Was once a sweet
bud on the braes of the Ayr. Mild be the Sun on this
sweet_blush_ing flow_er, In the gay ro_sy morn as it
bathes in the dew; And gen_tle the fall of the soft ver_nal
show_er, That steals on the eve_ning each leaf to re_new.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes!
With chill, hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizest
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.


The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great, His mind is taen
up wi' things o' the state; He wan_ted a wife his braw
house to keep, But fa_vor wi' woo_in was fash_ous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a Lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well,
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha Lee,
A pennyless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-poutherd, and as guid as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword and cock't hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that.

He took the grey mear, an' rade cannily,
An' rapt at the yett o' Claverse-ha Lee:
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedilie ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin the elder-flower wine,
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She pat aff her aprin, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

An' when she cam ben, he boued fu' low,
An' what was his errand, he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird, when the Ladye said, na,
An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turned awa.

Dumfunder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mear; he rode cannily,
And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

THE CYPRESS WREATH. Same Air.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lievly glow the lily's light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;

The May-flower and the eglantine,
May shade a brow less sad than mine!
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

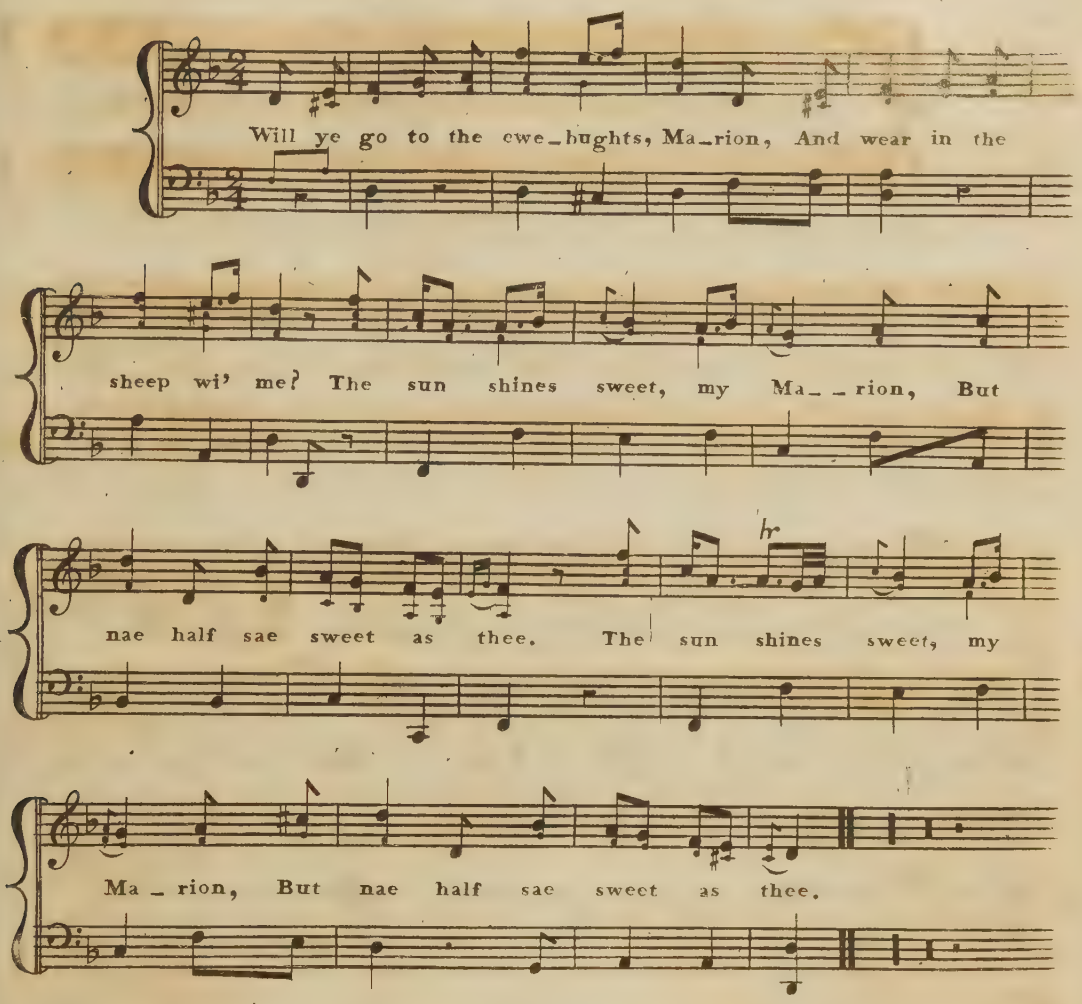
Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due:

The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her boasted roses bought so dear;
Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue,
With heath and hare-bell dipt in dew.

On favor'd Erin's crest be seen,
The flower she loves of emerald green;
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE BUGHTS MARION.


Will ye go to the ewe_bughts, Ma_rion, And wear in the
sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma_ _rion, But
nae half sae sweet as thee. The sun shines sweet, my
Ma_rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry my Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown;
And vow! but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green,
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES.

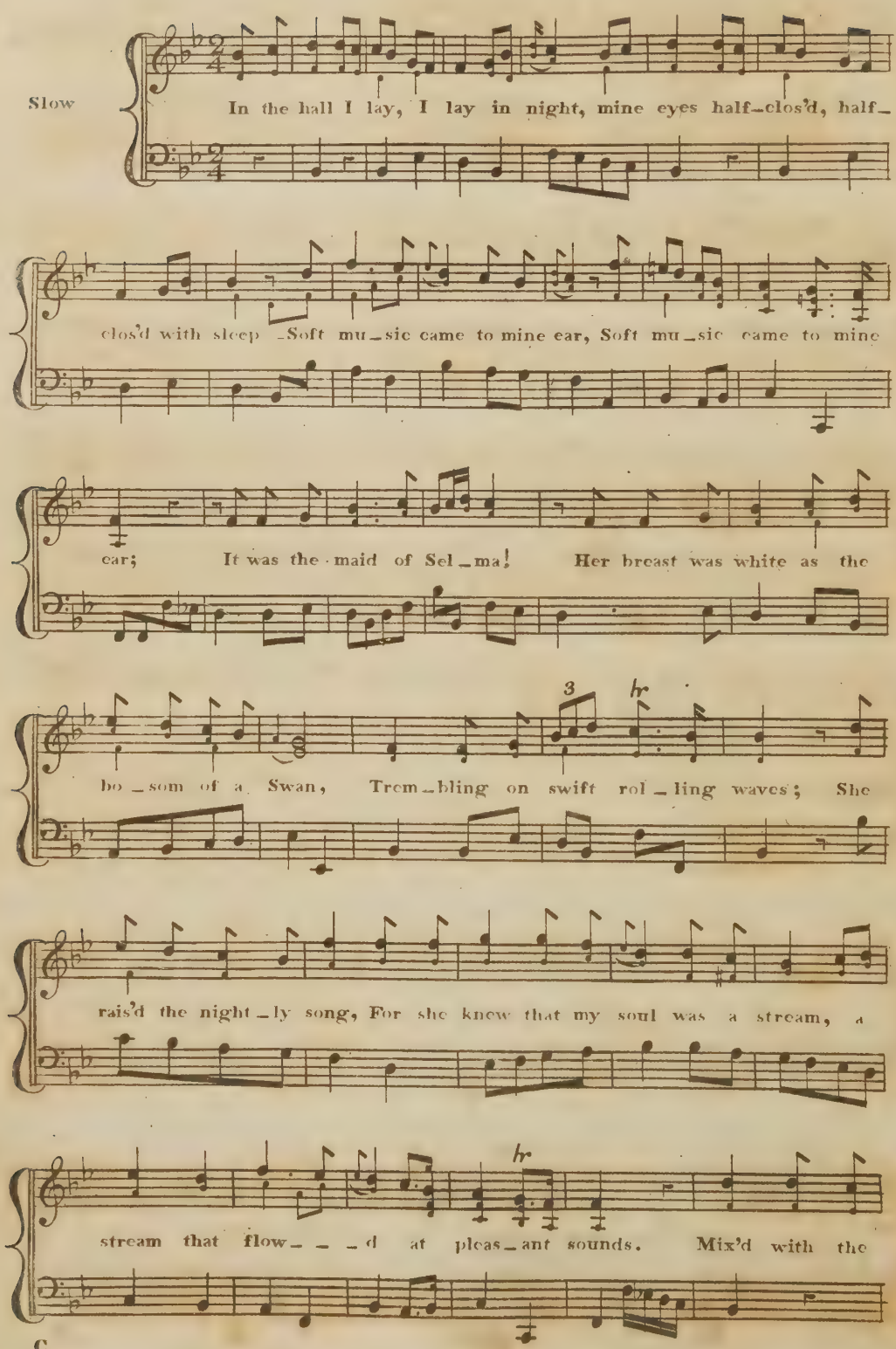
Same Air.

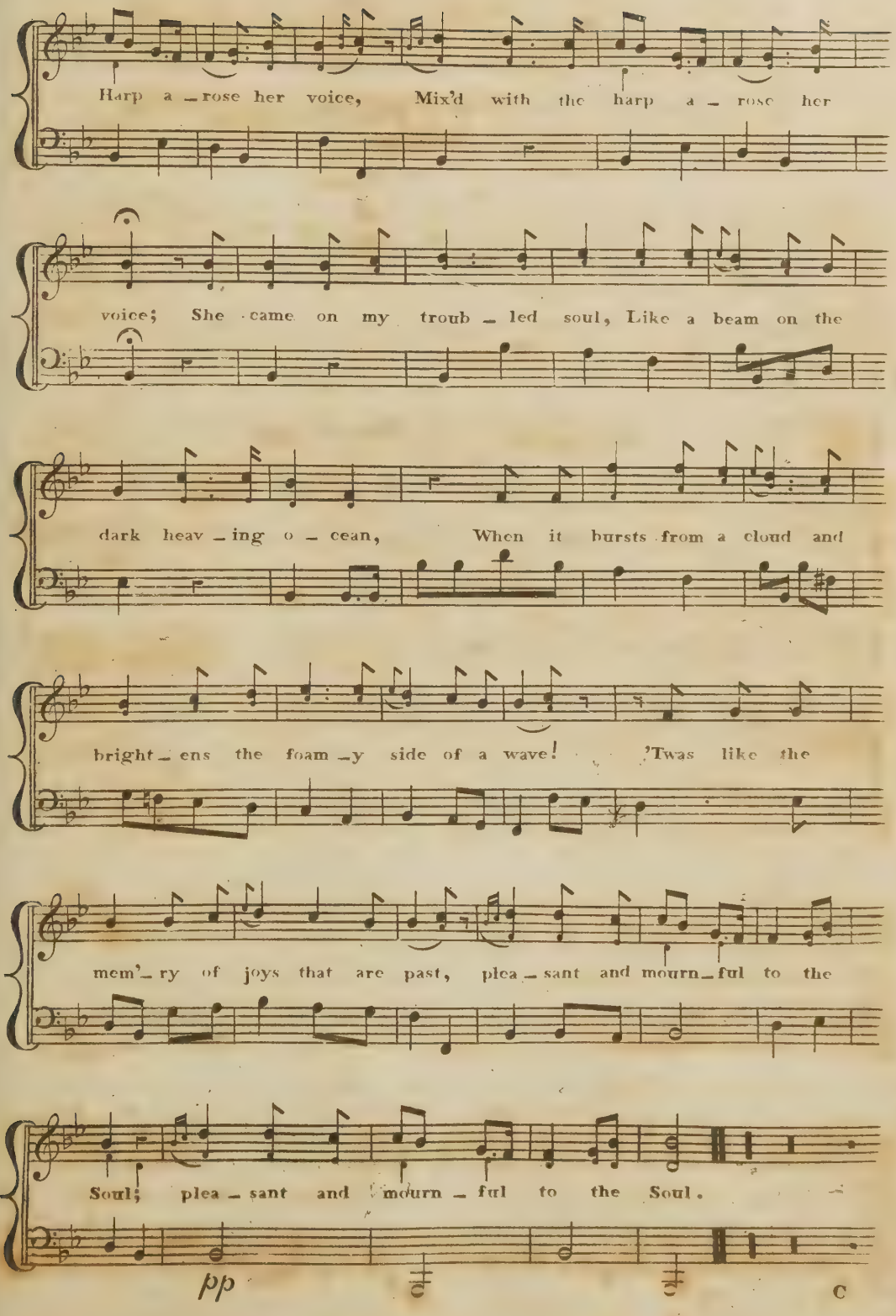
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

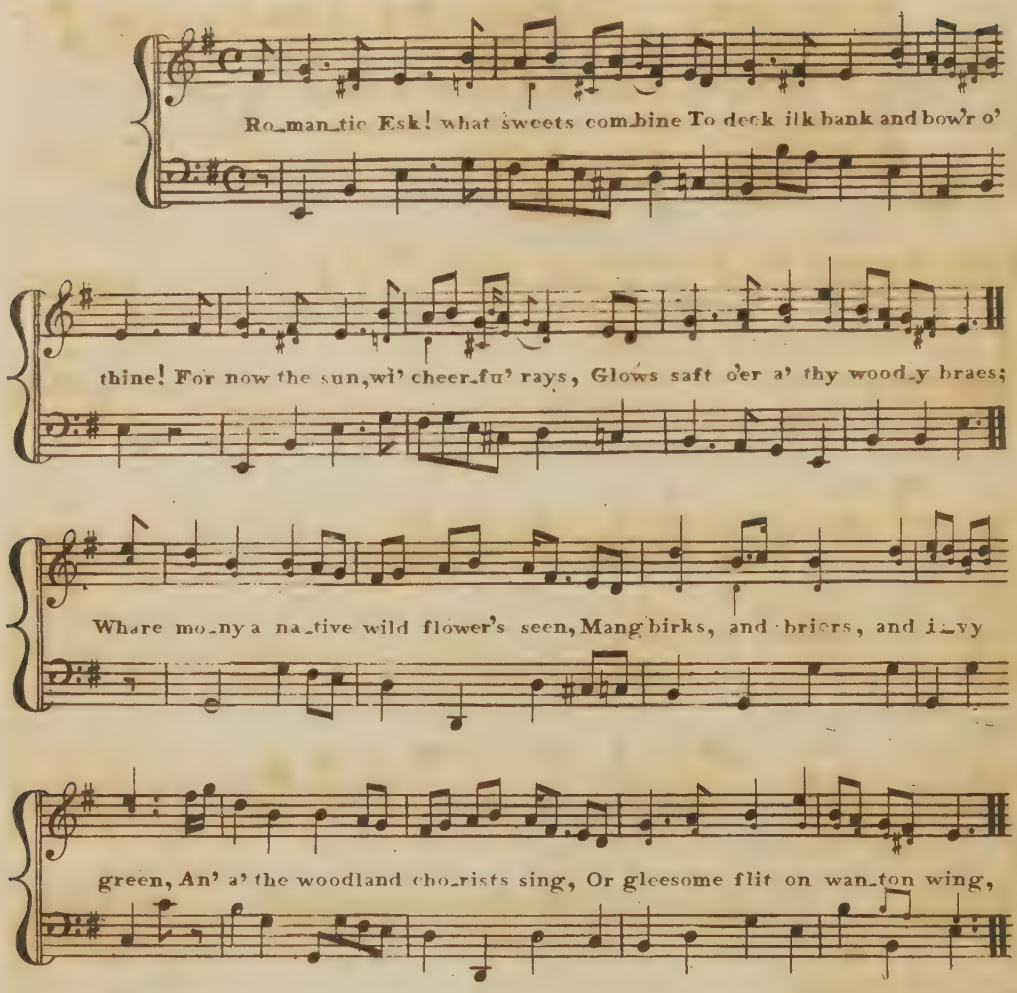
O plight me your faith, my Mary!
And plight me your lily white hand
O plight me your faith, my Mary!
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

THE MAID OF SELMA.


Slow
In the hall I lay, I lay in night, mine eyes half-clos'd, half-
clos'd with sleep -Soft mu-sic came to mine ear, Soft mu-sic came to mine
ear; It was the maid of Sel-ma! Her breast was white as the
3
hr
bo-som of a Swan, Trem-bling on swift rol-ling waves; She
rais'd the night-ly song, For she knew that my soul was a stream, a
hr
stream that flow- - -d at pleas-ant sounds. Mix'd with the


Harp a - rose her voice, Mix'd with the harp a - rose her
voice; She came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam on the
dark heav - ing o - cean, When it bursts from a cloud and
bright - ens the foam - y side of a wave! 'Twas like the
mem' - ry of joys that are past, plea - sant and mourn - ful to the
Soul; plea - sant and mourn - ful to the Soul.
pp

ROMANTIC ESK.

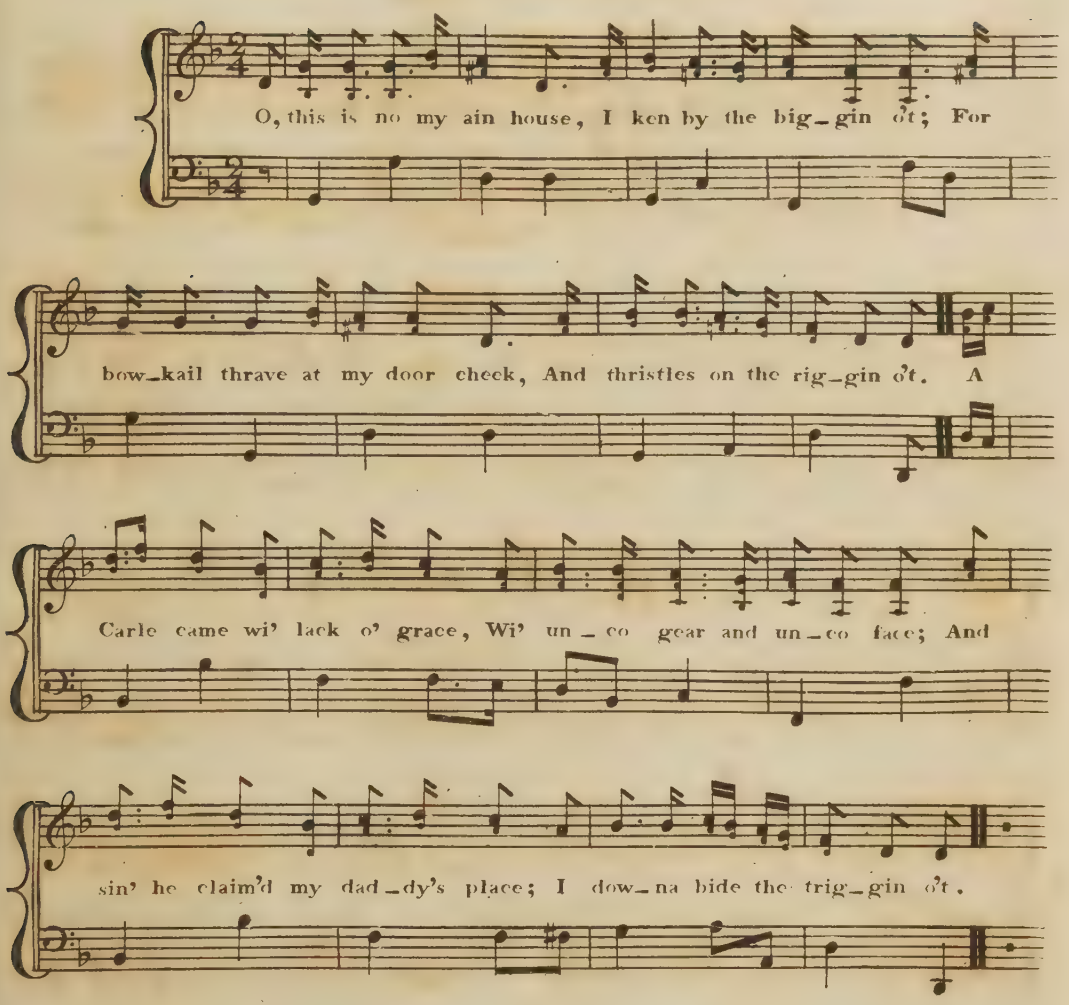

Ro_man_tic Esk! what sweets com_bine To deck ilk bank and bow'r o'
thine! For now the sun, wi' cheer_fu' rays, Glows saft o'er a' thy wood_y braes;
Where mo_ny a na_tive wild flower's seen, Mang birks, and briers, and i_vy
green, An' a' the woodland cho_rists sing, Or gleesome flit on wan_ton wing,

Save where the lintie, mournfully,
Sabs sair aneath the rowan tree,
To see her nest, an' young anes a',
By thoughtless reaver borne awa.
Return, return the mourner's care,
An' ease the bosom o' despair,
Nor cleed your little heart in steel,
For Nature bad' the lintie feel.

How fresh and fair, o' varied hue,
Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Buccleugh!
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;
An' Mavisbank, sae rural gay,
Looks bonny down the woodland brae!
But doubly fair ilk darling scene
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.

Now tent the Pentlands, westlins seen,
O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green;
Where, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes
Rin bleating round the sunny knowes.
An' mony a little siller rill
Steals gurgling down its mossy hill;
An' vernal green is ilka tree
On bonny braes o' Woodhouselee!

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.


O, this is no my ain house, I ken by the big-gin o't; For
bow-kail thrave at my door cheek, And thristles on the rig-gin o't. A
Carle came wi' lack o' grace, Wi' un-co gear and un-co face; And
sin' he claim'd my dad-dy's place; I dow-na bide the trig-gin o't.

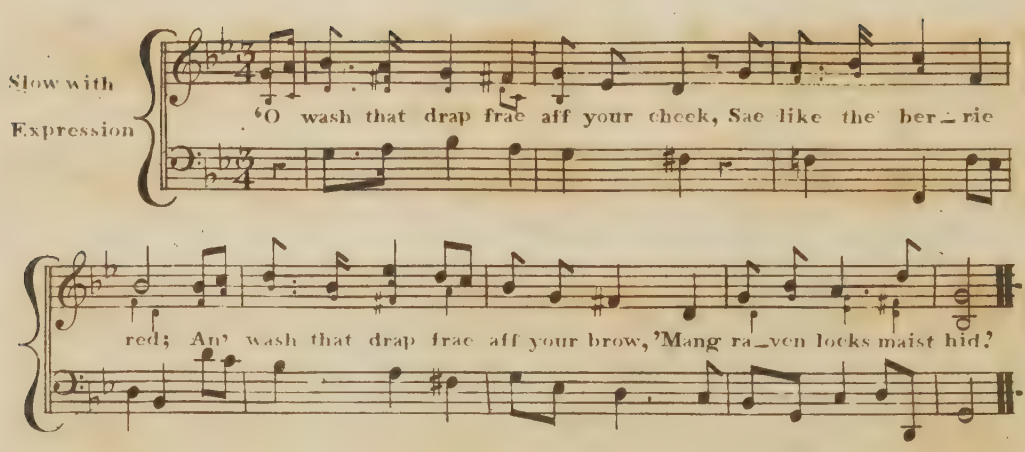
Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek;
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle-cakes the riggin o't.
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bigg'd his housie weel,
By dint o' head, and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm, and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary priggin o't.
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringing foreign goose,
To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin o't?
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

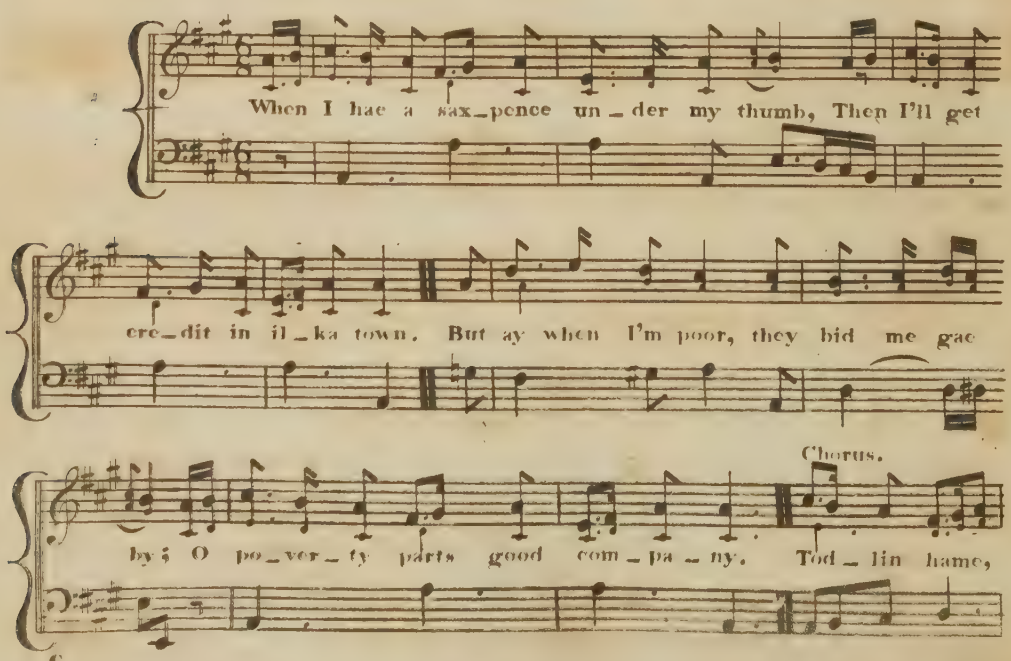
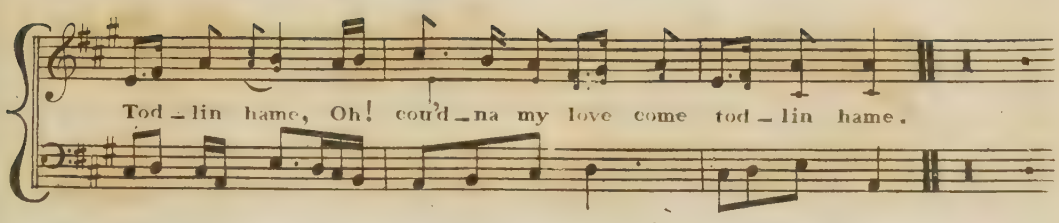
LADY KENMURE.


Slow with
Expression
'O wash that drap frae aff your cheek, Sae like the ber_rie
red; An' wash that drap frae aff your brow, 'Mang ra_ven locks maist hid.'

"I wadna wash that drap awa,
That is aneath my ee,
I wadna wash that frae my brow,
For a that earth cou'd gie.

"When mercy fled, and guilty hands
Profan'd the haly rude,
Twas a' that pity had to spare,
Twa draps o' Kenmure's blude."

TODLIN HAME.


When I hae a sax_pence un_der my thumb, Then I'll get
cre_dit in il_ka town. But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gae
Chorus.
by; O po_ver_ty parts good com_pa_ny. Tod_lin hame,

But I mind the time when things were nae sae,
Welcome I was, and ay bidden to stay —
Ah! now I am wed to a sad druken man,
And he'll no mend, do a' that I can.
Todlin hame, &c.

Be warned, ye maids, and tak my advice,
Before that ye wed be canny and nice;
Ye may hae your plagues (for wha has nae care?)
But an ill-married wife has surely far mair!
Todlin hame, &c.

Be sure your lad's guid, and keeps the kirk weel,
Frae Markets and Fairs was ne'er seen to reel;
If active, and honest, and never seen fou,
Repentance, like mine, will no fa' to you.
Todlin hame, &c.

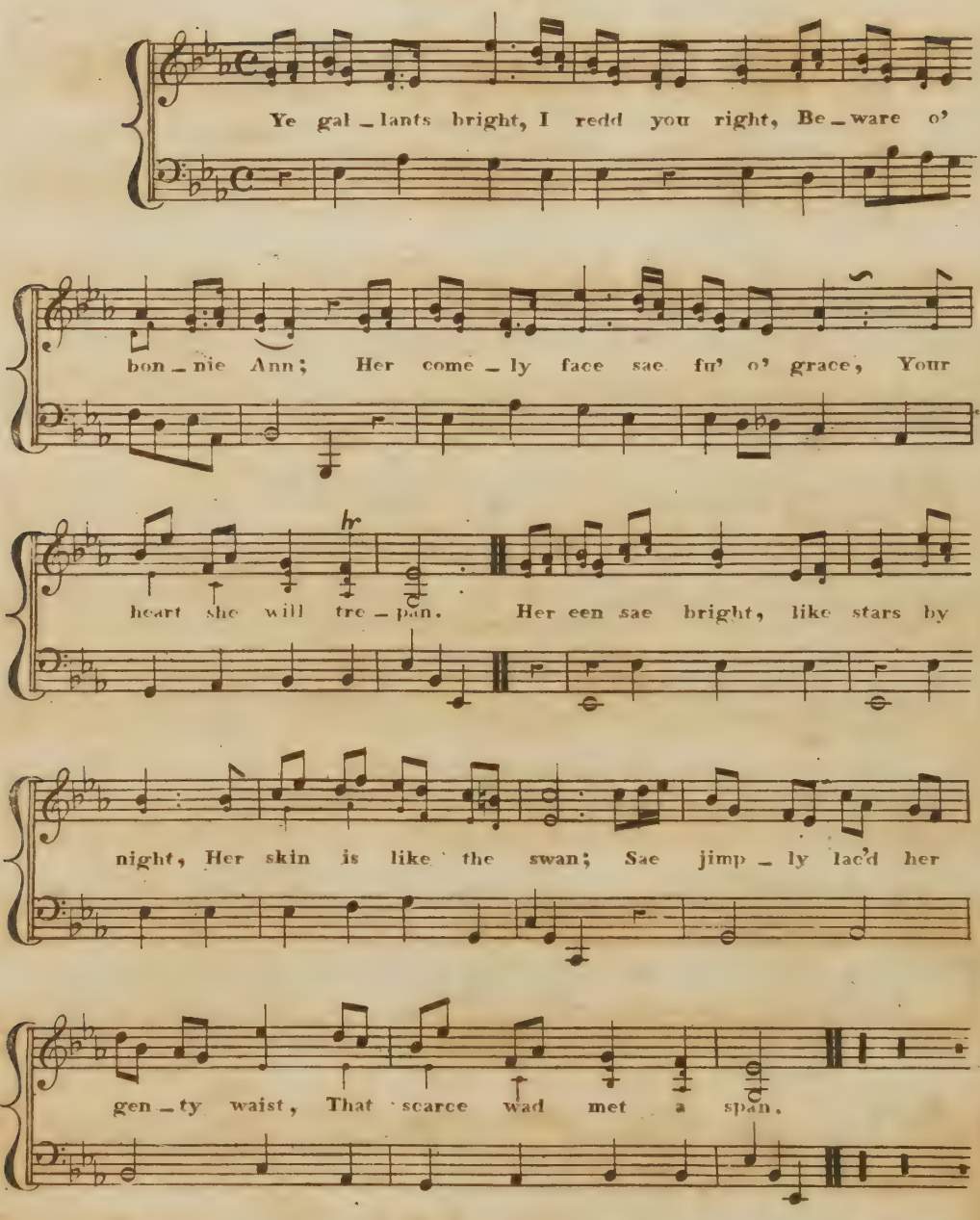
MY AIN FIRESIDE. Same Air.

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
Mang Lords, and mang Ladies, a' covered wi' braws;
At feasts made for Princes, wi' Princes I've been,
Whar the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een.
But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I ne'er spied,
As the bonny blythe blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, Heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friens o' my youth, I cordially mingle;
Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad;
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

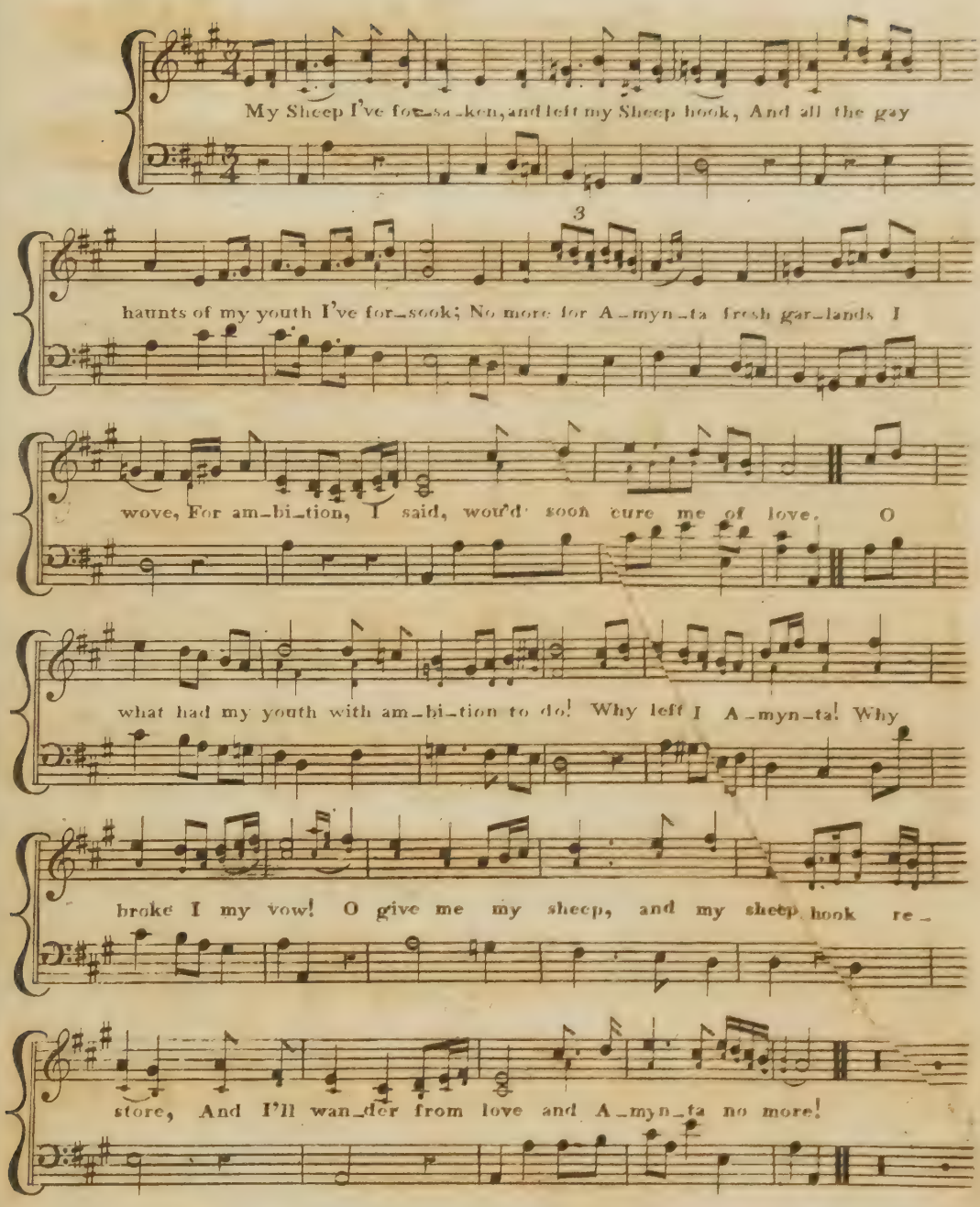
Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There's nane half sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.


Ye gal_lants bright, I redd you right, Be_ware o'
bon_nie Ann; Her come_ly face sae fu' o' grace, Your
heart she will tre_pan. Her een sae bright, like stars by
night, Her skin is like the swan; Sae jimp_ly lac'd her
gen_ty waist, That scarce wad met a span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I redd you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

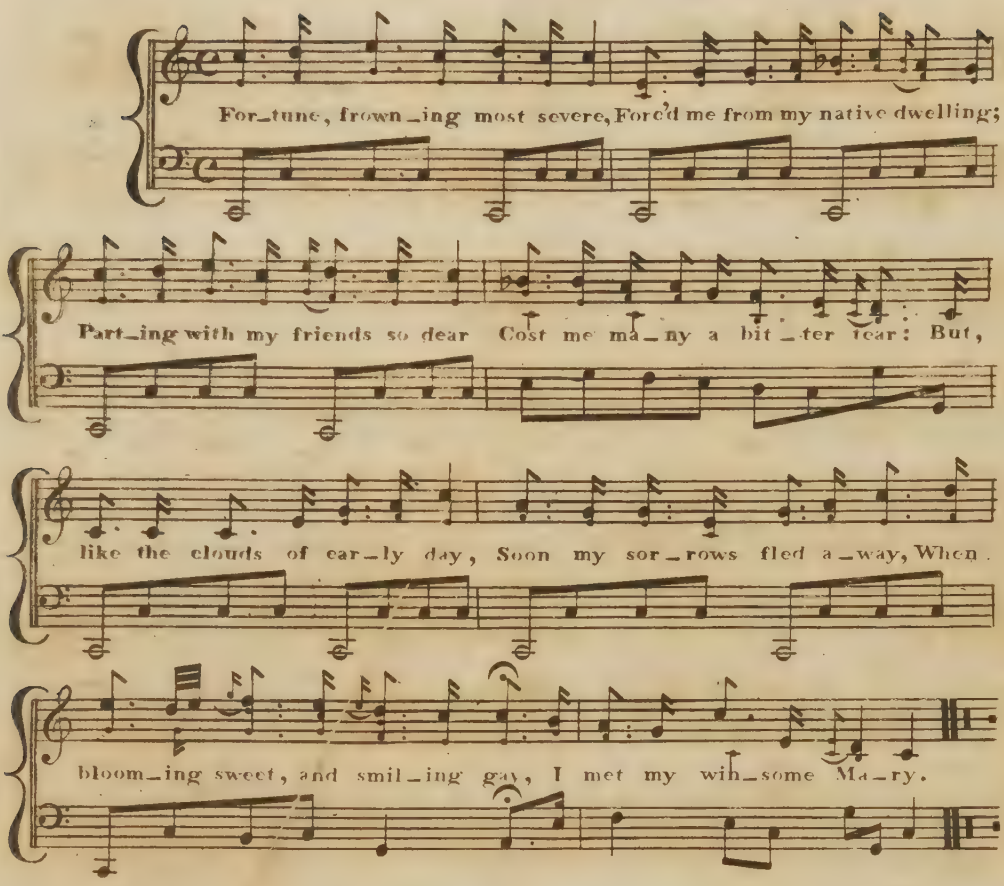
AMYNTA.


My Sheep I've for_sa_ken, and left my Sheep hook, And all the gay
3
haunts of my youth I've for_sook; No more for A_myn_ta fresh gar_lands I
wove, For am_bi_tion, I said, would soon cure me of love. O
what had my youth with am_bi_tion to do! Why left I A_myn_ta! Why
broke I my vow! O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook re_
store, And I'll wan_der from love and A_myn_ta no more!

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

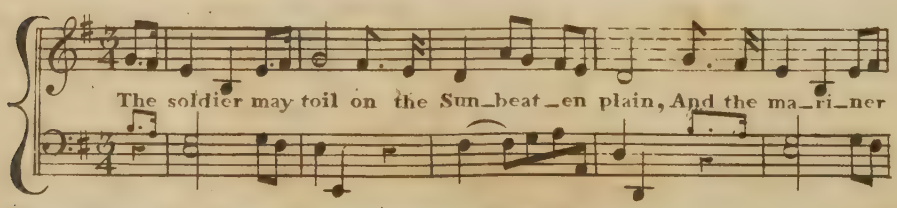
BONNIE WINSOME MARY.

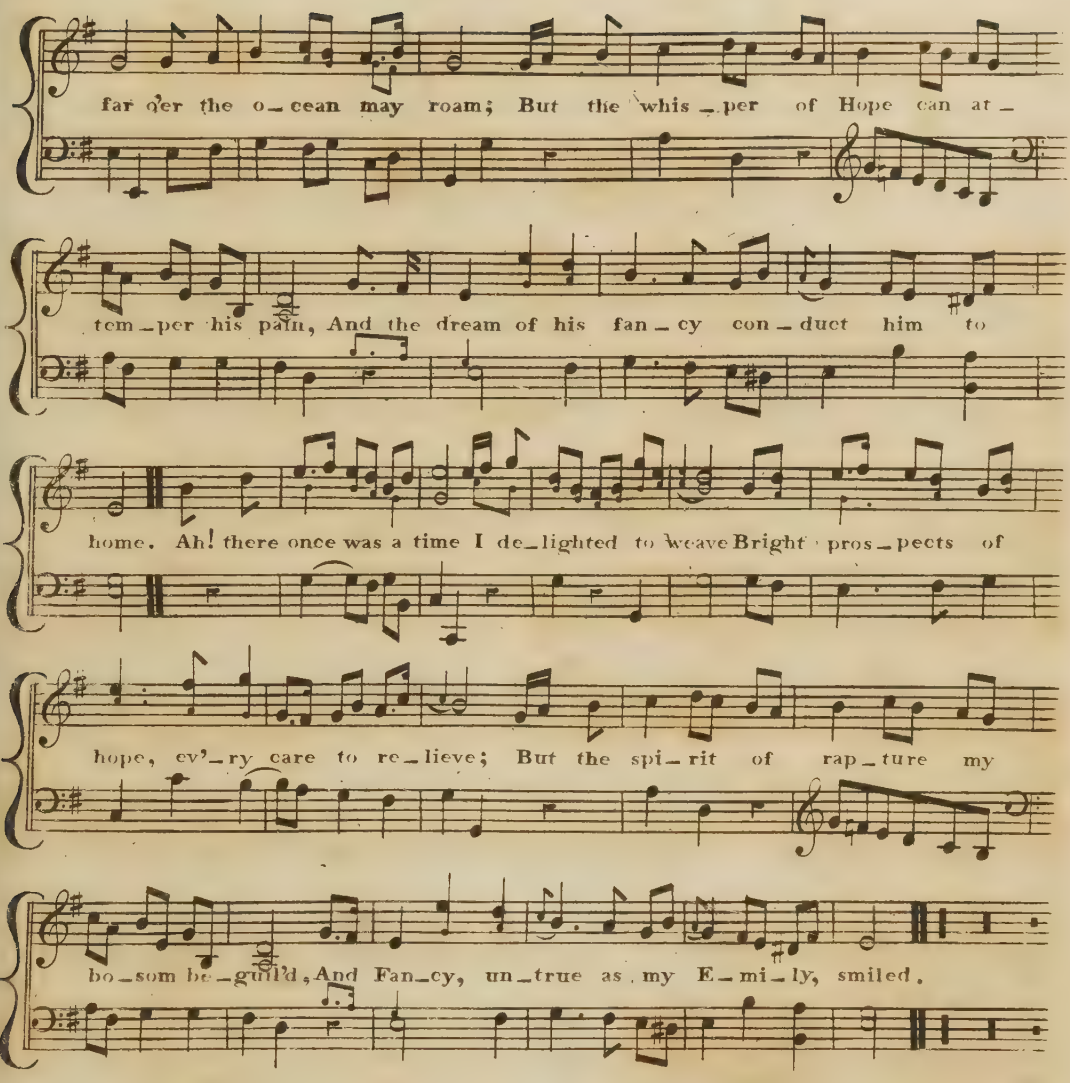

For_tune, frown_ing most severe, Forc'd me from my native dwelling;
Part_ing with my friends so dear Cost me ma_ny a bit_ter tear: But,
like the clouds of ear_ly day, Soon my sor_rows fled a_way, When
bloom_ing sweet, and smil_ing gay, I met my win_some Ma_ry.

Wha can sit wi' gloomy brow,
Blest wi' sic a charming lassie?
Native scenes, I think on you,
Yet the change I canna rue:
Wand'ring many a weary mile,
Fortune seem'd to low'r the while;
But now she's gi'en me, for the toil,
My bonnie winsome Mary.

Tho' our riches are but few,
Faithful love is aye a treasure;
Ever cheary, kind and true,
Nane but her I e'er can loe.
Hear me, a' ye Powers above!
Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!
While I live I'll constant prove
To my dear winsome Mary.

THE SOLDIER MAY TOIL.

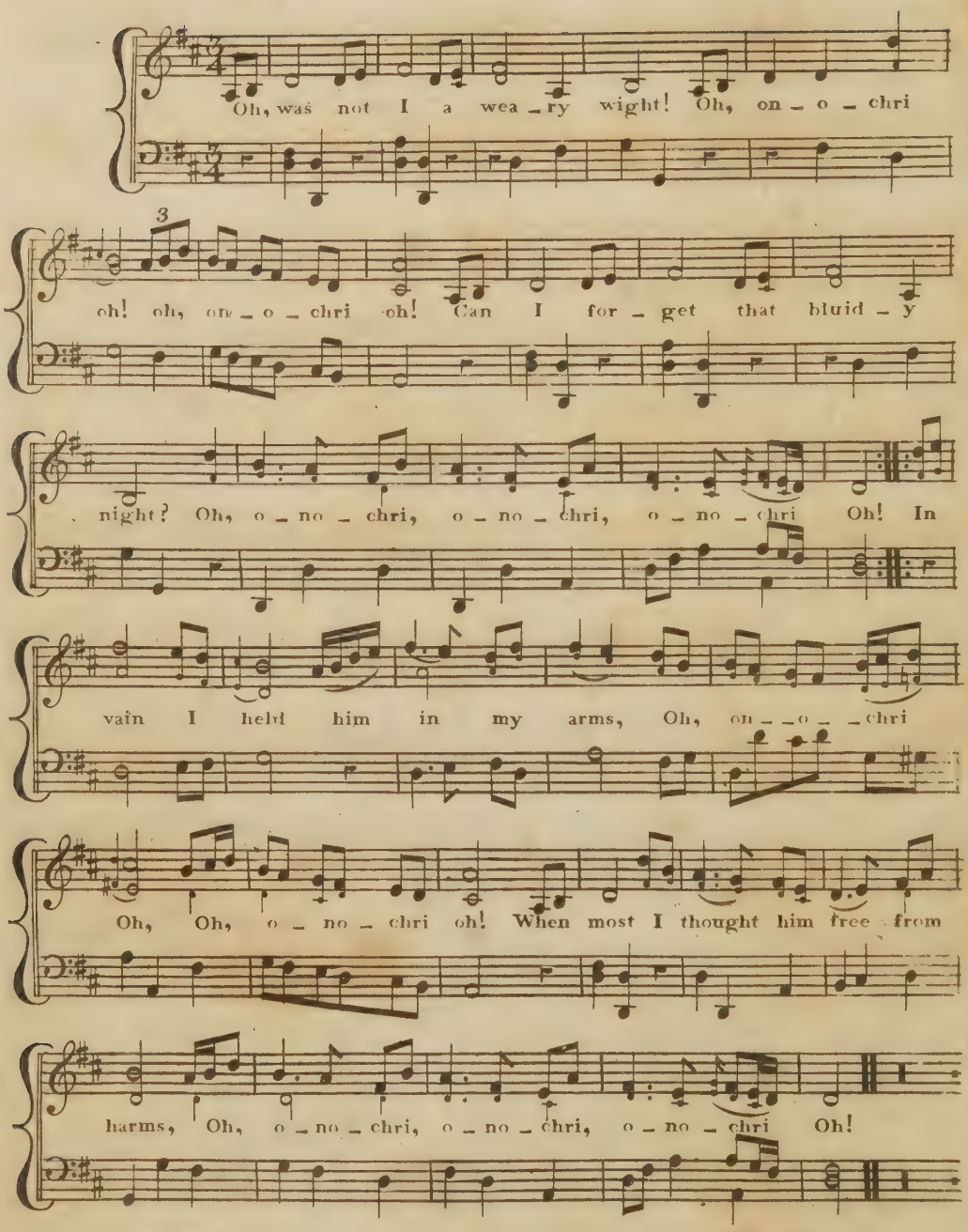



far o'er the o_cean may roam; But the whis_per of Hope can at_
tem_per his pain, And the dream of his fan_cy con_duct him to
home. Ah! there once was a time I de_lighted to weave Bright pros_pects of
hope, ev'_ry care to re_lieve; But the spi_rit of rap_ture my
bo_som be_guil'd, And Fan_cy, un_true as my E_mi_ly, smiled.

When Nature is hush'd to her deepest repose,
When the moon-beams appear on each mountain to sleep;
Then the slave is forgetful to number his woes,
The guilty to tremble, the wretched to weep.
Why then cannot silence my quiet restore?
Why fly my short slumbers, nor visit me more?
Ah! slumber could once ev'ry tumult beguile,
And in every soft dream was my Emily's smile.

Return, ye loved visions, all powerful to please!
Let me wake to the woes of remembrance no more;
Not the magic of sound can my bosom appease,
Oh, then the best solace of sorrow restore!
Let me dream of the joys I delighted to weave,
When Hope could each frown of my fortune relieve,
When the spirit of rapture my bosom beguiled,
And Fancy, untrue as my Emily, smiled.

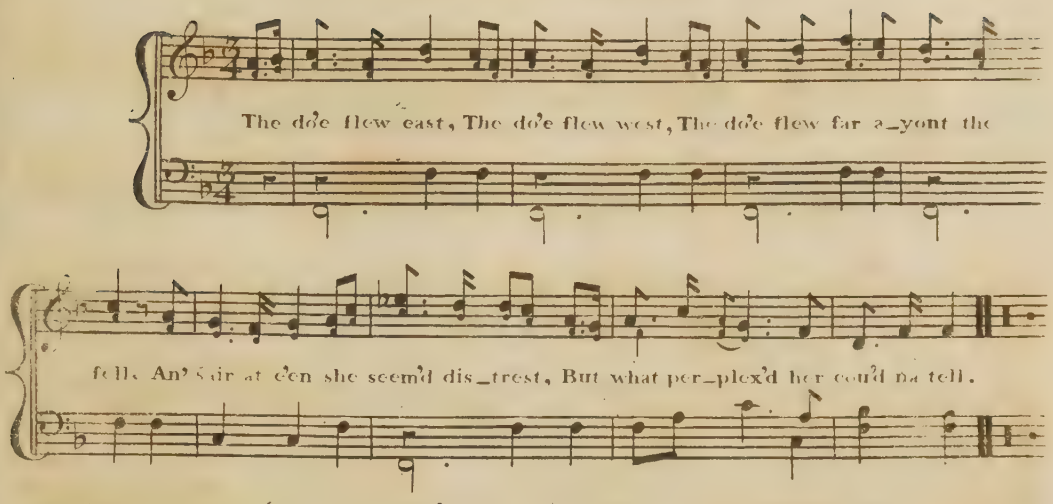
OH, ONOCHRI OH!


Oh, was not I a wea – ry wight! Oh, on – o – chri
3
oh! oh, on – o – chri oh! Can I for – get that bluid – y
night? Oh, o – no – chri, o – no – chri, o – no – chri Oh! In
vain I held him in my arms, Oh, on – – o – – chri
Oh, Oh, o – no – chri oh! When most I thought him free from
harms, Oh, o – no – chri, o – no – chri, o – no – chri Oh!

On my knees I prayed in vain,
Oh,onochri, &c.
They wad nae rest till a' were slain,
Oh,onochri, &c.
But tho' 'twas done in dead o' night,
Oh,onochri, &c.
Oh 'twas seen by heav'n's light,
Oh,onochri, &c.

A' was peace in our wild Glen,
Oh,onochri, &c.
Till entered by these cruel men,
Oh,onochri, &c.
These high hills were nae defence,
Oh,onochri, &c.
They spar'd not age nor innocence,
Oh,onochri, &c.

SIR DAVID GRÆME.


The doe flew east, The doe flew west, The doe flew far a-yont the
fells. An' Sair at e'en she seem'd dis-trest, But what per-plex'd her could na tell.

And aye she cried, 'curdoo, curdoo;'
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair,
An' lookit sad, an' wad na bow
To taste the sweetest finest ware.

The Lady pined, an' sair did blame,
She didna blame the bonnie doe,
But sair she blamed Sir David Græme,
Wha now to her had broke his vow.

He swore by moon an' stars sae bright,
An' by their bed o' grass sae green,
To meet her there on Lammas night,
Whatever dangers lay between.

To risk his fortune and his life,
To bear her frae her Father's ha';
To gie her a' the lands o' Drife,
An' wed wi' her for gude an' a'.

The day arrived, the evening came,
The Lady looked wi' wistful e'e,
But, O, alack! her noble Græme,
Frae e'en to morn, she could na see.

An' ilka day she sat an' grat,
An' ilka night she sat an' wrought,
Ay wighten this, and blaming that,
But o' the cause she never thought.

The Sun had drunk frae Reider fells
His beverage o' the morning dew;
The wild fowl slumbered in the dells,
The heather hung its bells o' blue.

The lambs were skipping on the brae,
In airy notes the shepherd sung;
The laverock hail'd the jocund day
Till ilka thicket sweetly rung.

The Lady to her window hied,
That opened o'er the banks o' Tyne,
An' O, alack! she said, an sighed,
"Sure every heart is blythe but mine.

"Whare hae ye been my bonnie doe,
That I hae fed wi' bread and wine;
As roving a' this country through,
Oh! saw ye this fause luve o' mine?"

The doe sat on the window tree,
An' held a lock o' yellow hair;
She perched upon the Lady's knee,
An' carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean? it is the same,
Or ense my senses me beguile;
This lock belonged to David Græme,
The flower o' a' the British Isle.

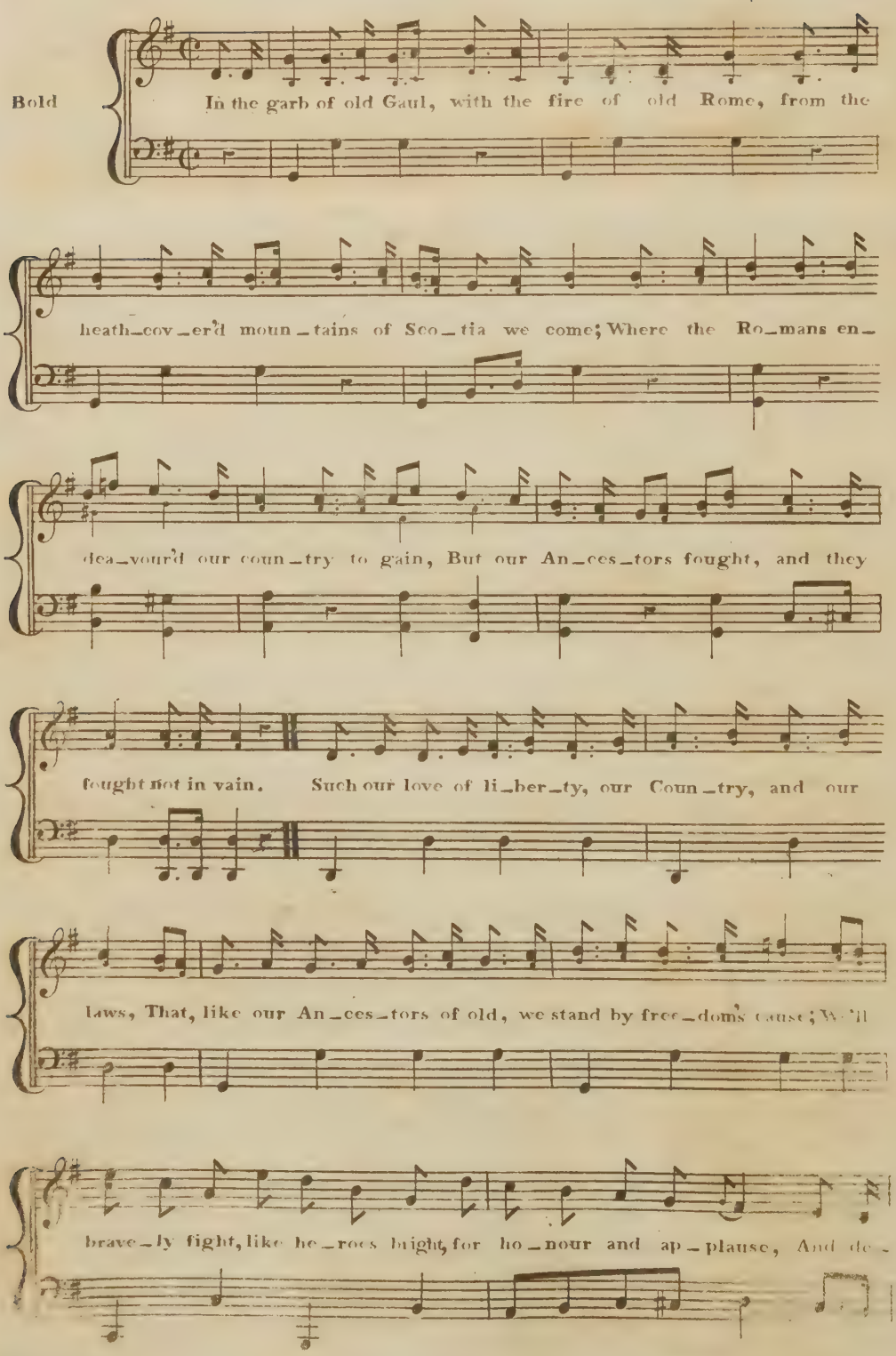
"It isna cut wi' sheers or knife,
But frae his haffits torn awa!
I ken he lo'ed me as his life,
But this I canna read ava."

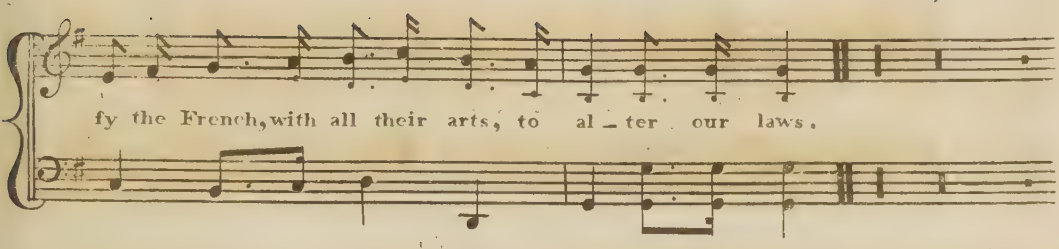
The doe flew east, the doe flew west,
The doe flew far ayont the fell,
An' back she cam wi' panting breast
At ringing o' the castle bell.

She lighted on the hally tap,
An' cried, 'curdoo' an' hung her wing;
Then flew into the Lady's lap,
An' there she dropped a diamond ring.

"What can this mean? it is the same,
Or ense my senses me beguile!
This ring I gave to David Græme,
The bravest Knight in Britain's Isle."

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.


Bold
In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the
heath-cov-er'd moun-tains of Sco-tia we come; Where the Ro-mans en-
deav-our'd our coun-try to gain, But our An-ces-tors fought, and they
fought not in vain. Such our love of li-ber-ty, our Coun-try, and our
laws, That, like our An-ces-tors of old, we stand by free-dom's cause; We'll
brave-ly fight, like he-roes bright, for ho-nour and ap-plause, And de-



No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scotish valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

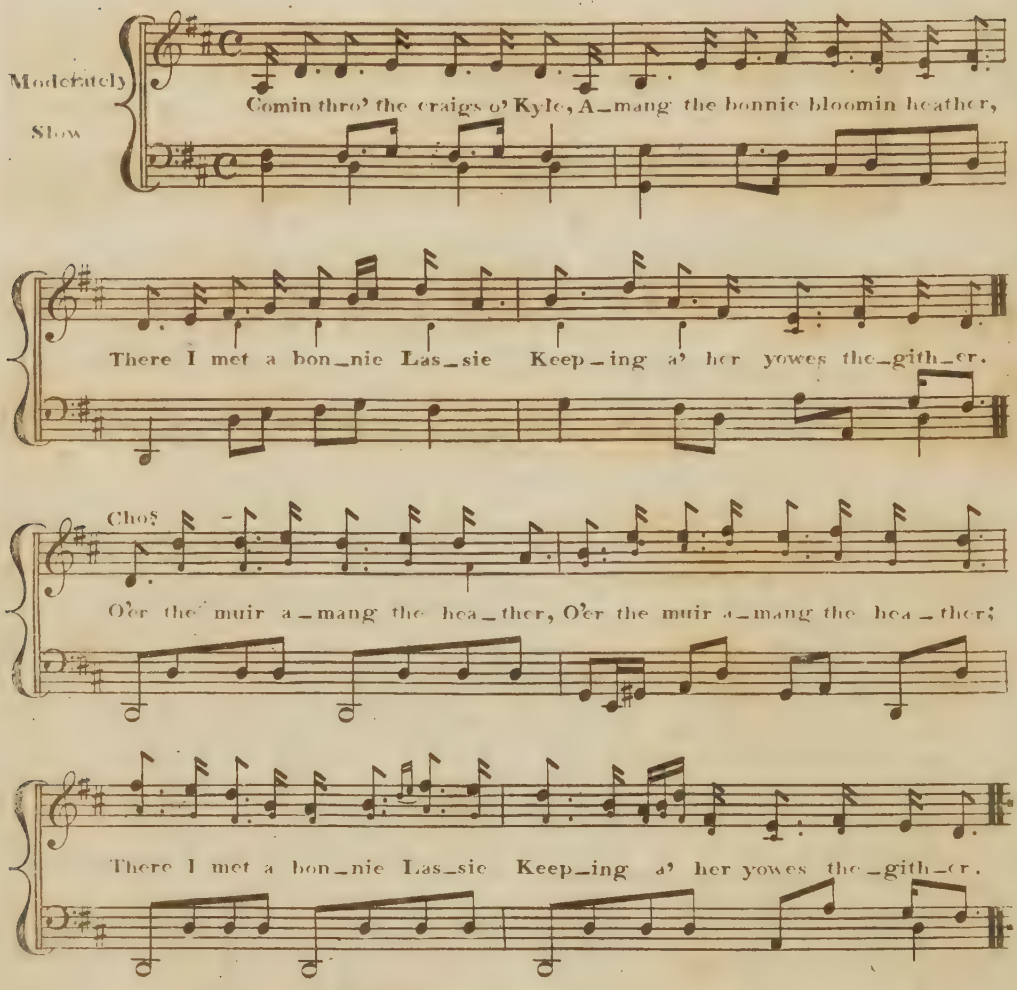
We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our land may the fury of faction long cease;
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
That they, like our Ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our Laws.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.


Moderately Slow
Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bonnie bloomin heather,
There I met a bon-nie Las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.
Cho:
O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther, O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther;
There I met a bon-nie Las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

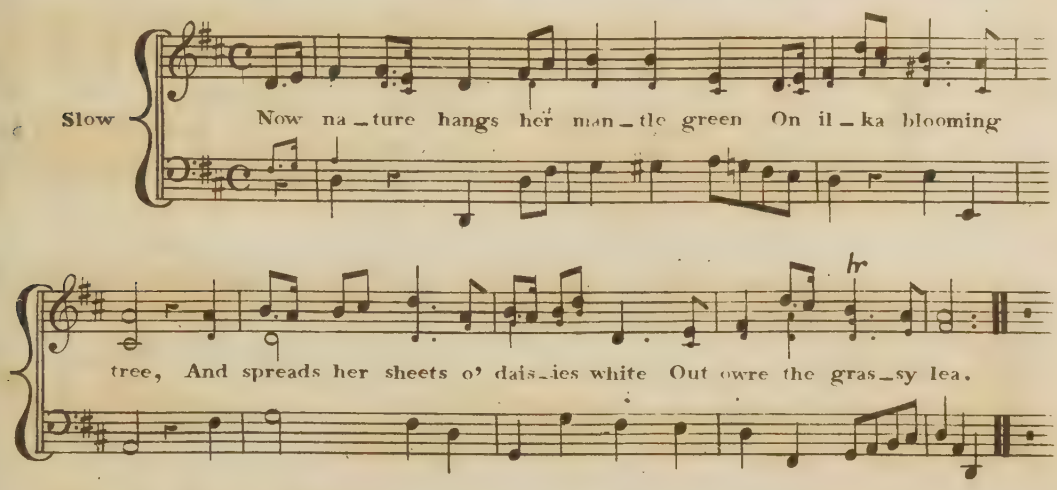
Says I, "my dear, whare is thy hame?
In moor or dale, pray, tell me whether?"
She says, 'I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.'
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
She says, 'I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.'

We sat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang,
Was, o'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, "o'er the muir amang the heather."

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne,
I could na think on ony ither;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, on the APPROACH of SPRING.


Slow
Now na_ture hangs her man_tle green On il_ka blooming
tree, And spreads her sheets o' dais_ies white Out owre the gras_sy lea.

Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sov'reign o' Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword,
That thro' thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe,
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

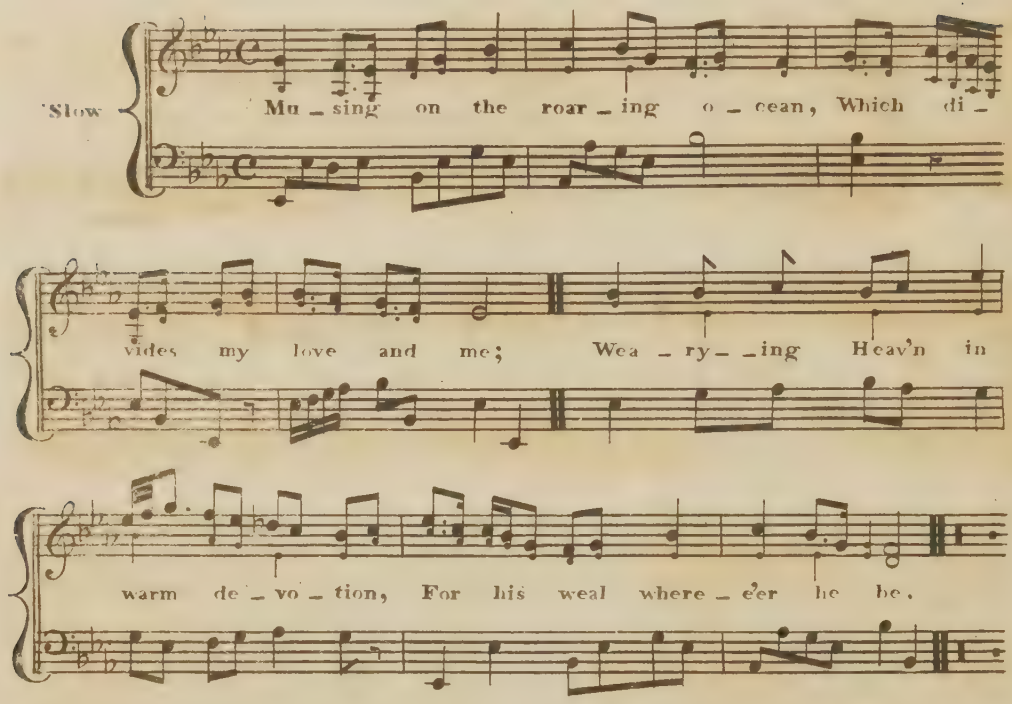
My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

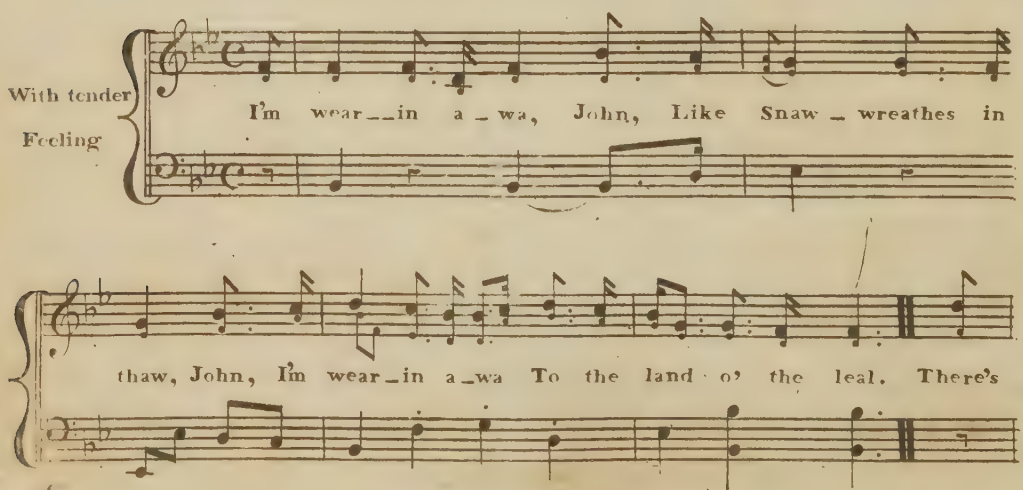


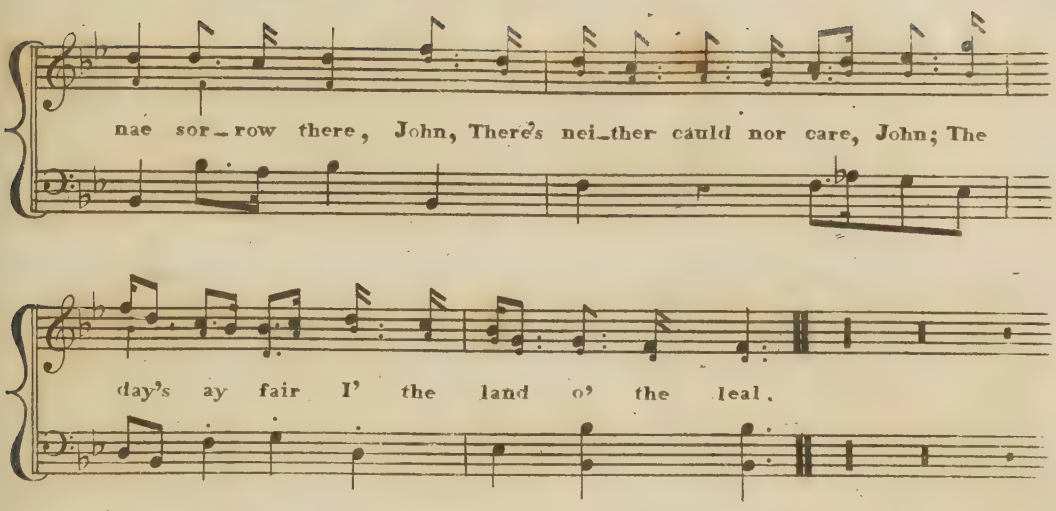
Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whispering spirits, round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa.

I'M WEARIN' AWA, JOHN.





Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith guid and fair, John;
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrows sel wears past, John,
And Joy's a comin fast, John,
The Joy that's ay to last,
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that Joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning ee, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And Angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day its wearin thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR. Same Air.

Here's to the king, Sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,
And to every honest man
That will do't again.

Chorus.
Fill, fill your bumpers high!
Drain, drain your glasses dry!
Out upon them, fy! fy!
That winna do't again.

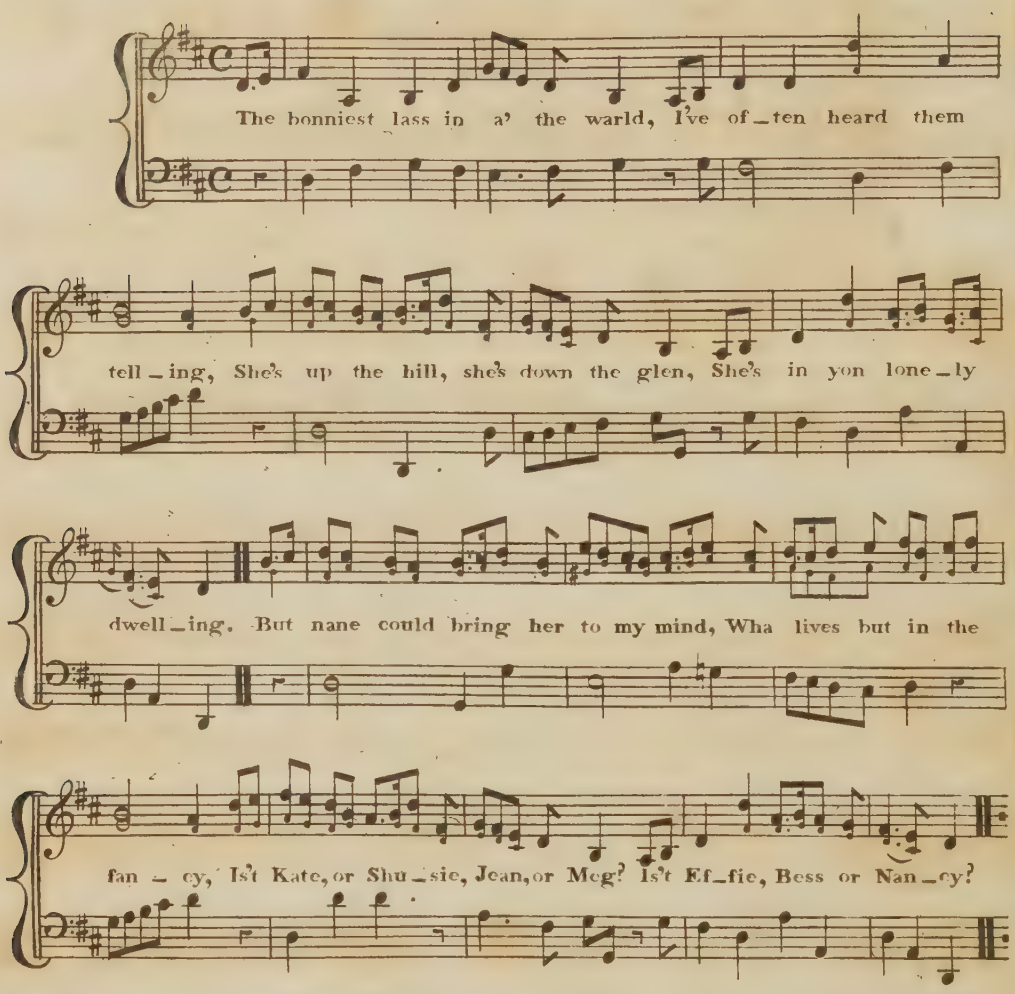
Here's to the Chieftains
Of the gallant Hieland clans;
They hae done mair than ance,
And will do't again.—Fill, &c.

When you hear the trumpet sounds,
Tutti, taiti, to the drums;
Up your swords, and down your guns,
And to the louns again.—Fill, &c.

Here is to the king o' Swede,
Fresh laurels crown his head,
Shame fa' every sneaking blade
That winna do't again. Fill, &c.

But to mak a' things right, now,
He that drinks maun fight, too,
To shew his heart's upright too,
And that he'll dot again. Fill, &c.

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.


The bonniest lass in a' the warld, I've of_ten heard them
tell_ing, She's up the hill, she's down the glen, She's in yon lone_ly
dwell_ing. But nane could bring her to my mind, Wha lives but in the
fan_cy, Is't Kate, or Shu_sie, Jean, or Meg? Is't Ef_fie, Bess or Nan_cy?

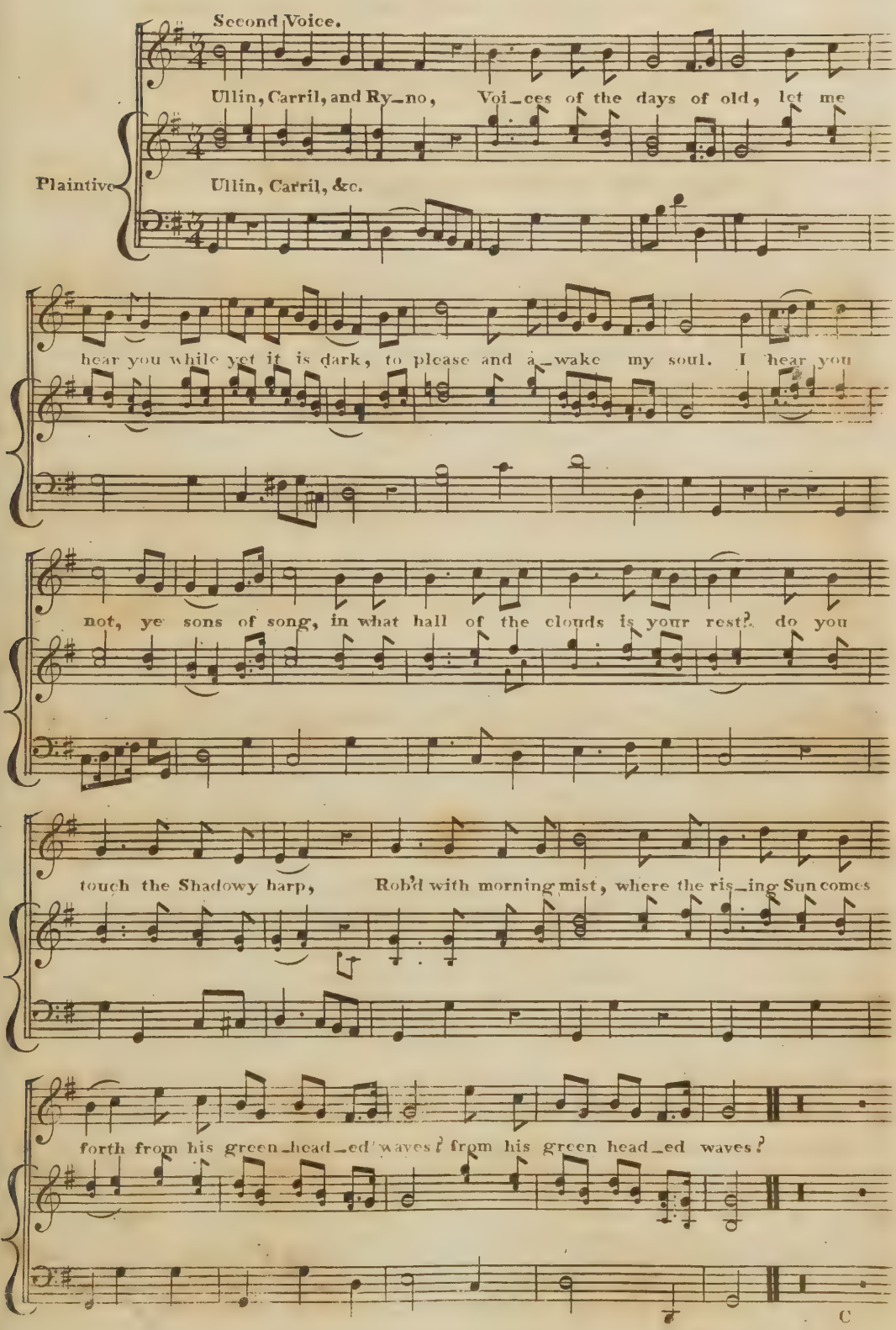
Now lassies a' keep a gude heart,
Nor e'er envie a comrade,
For be ye're e'en black, blue, or grey,
Ye're bonniest aye to some lad.
The tender heart, the cheering smile,
The truth that ne'er will falter,
Are charms that never can beguile,
And time can never alter.

THERE'S NOUGHT THAT EVER MET THE EYE. Same Air.

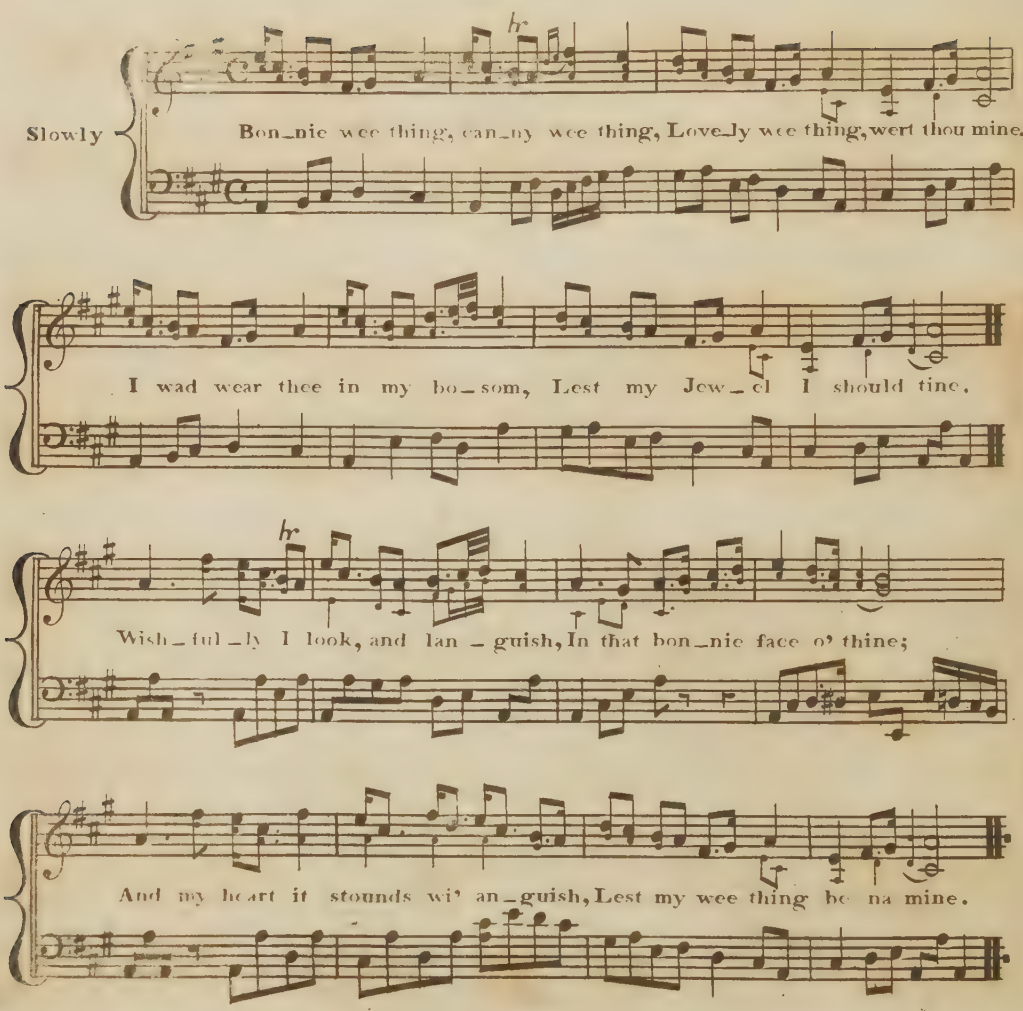
There's nought that ever met the eye,
In land or on the ocean,
Or soared unto the Heav'n high,
That fill'd wi' sic emotion;
As she, sae rare, sae sweet and fair,
Without a peer to equal;
Wi' her nane dare ere to compare,
She's bonniest in the warl.

As op'ning day, in summer morn,
Resplended in its beaming;
As Borealis illumes the night,
In all its beauties streaming.
As the fairy queen in airy dreams,
In fancy draws nae par'llel;
So bonnie Bell in beauty seems
The Peer o' a' the warl.

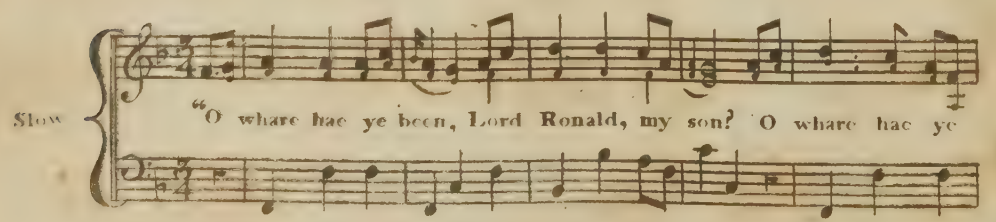
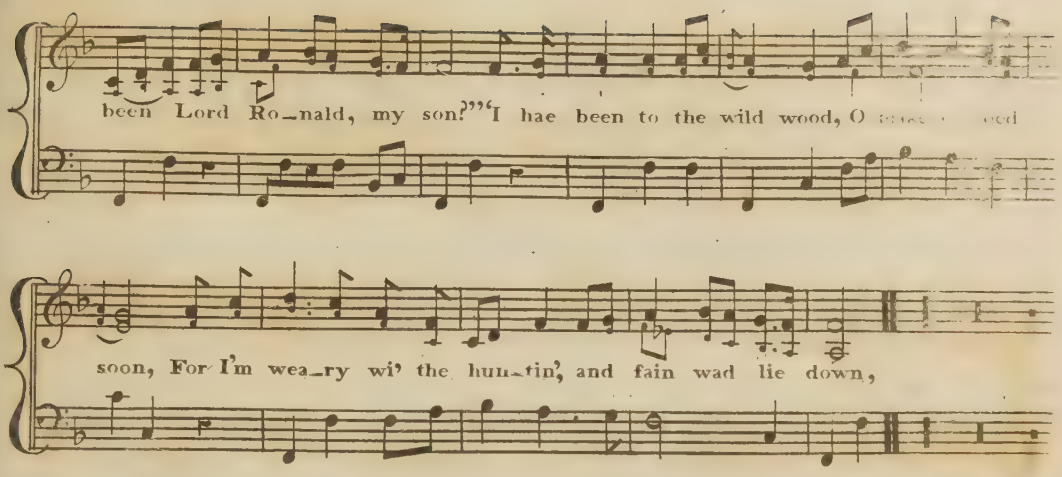
SONG OF SELMA.


Second Voice.
Ullin, Carril, and Ry_no, Voi_ces of the days of old, let me
Plaintive
Ullin, Carril, &c.
hear you while yet it is dark, to please and a_wake my soul. I hear you
not, ye sons of song, in what hall of the clouds is your rest? do you
touch the Shadowy harp, Rob'd with morning mist, where the ris_ing Sun comes
forth from his green_head_ed waves? from his green head_ed waves?

BONNIE WEE THING.


Slowly
Bon_nie wee thing, can_ny wee thing, Love_ly wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bo_som, Lest my Jew_el I should tine.
Wish_ful_ly I look, and lan_guish, In that bon_nie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' an_guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

LORD RONALD MY SON.



"Whare gat ye ye're dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
Whare gat ye ye're dinner, my bonny young man?"
'I dined wi' my true luve; Mither mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick, and I'm weary, and fain wad lay down!'

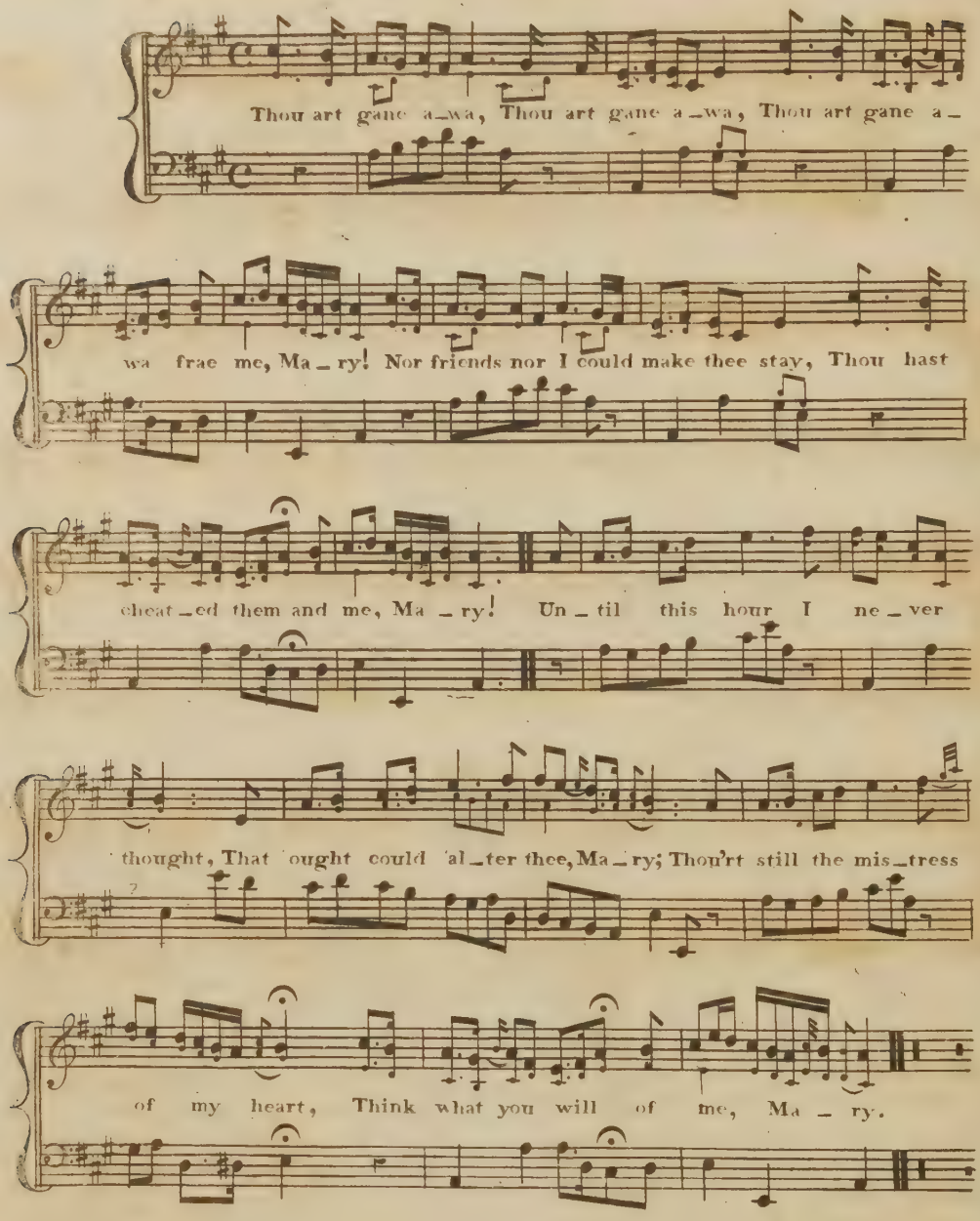
"What got ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
What got ye to dinner, my bonny young man?"
'I got eels boiled in broo; Mither mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lay down!'

"And whar's a' ye're blood-hounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
O! whar's a' ye're blood-hounds, my darling young man?"
'O they swell'd, and they died, and so will I soon,
For life is a burden, that I maun lay down!

"I've rocket your cradle, Lord Ronald, my son,
I've rocket your cradle, Lord Ronald, my son;
My heart it was light, and the tears they ran down,
But oh! they were sweet, and they dried again soon.

"I've made ye're bed saftly, Lord Ronald, my son,
I've made ye're bed saftly, Lord Ronald, my son;
Gin it be deadly poison, that makes ye lie down,
They're happin' ye now, that will follow ye soon!"

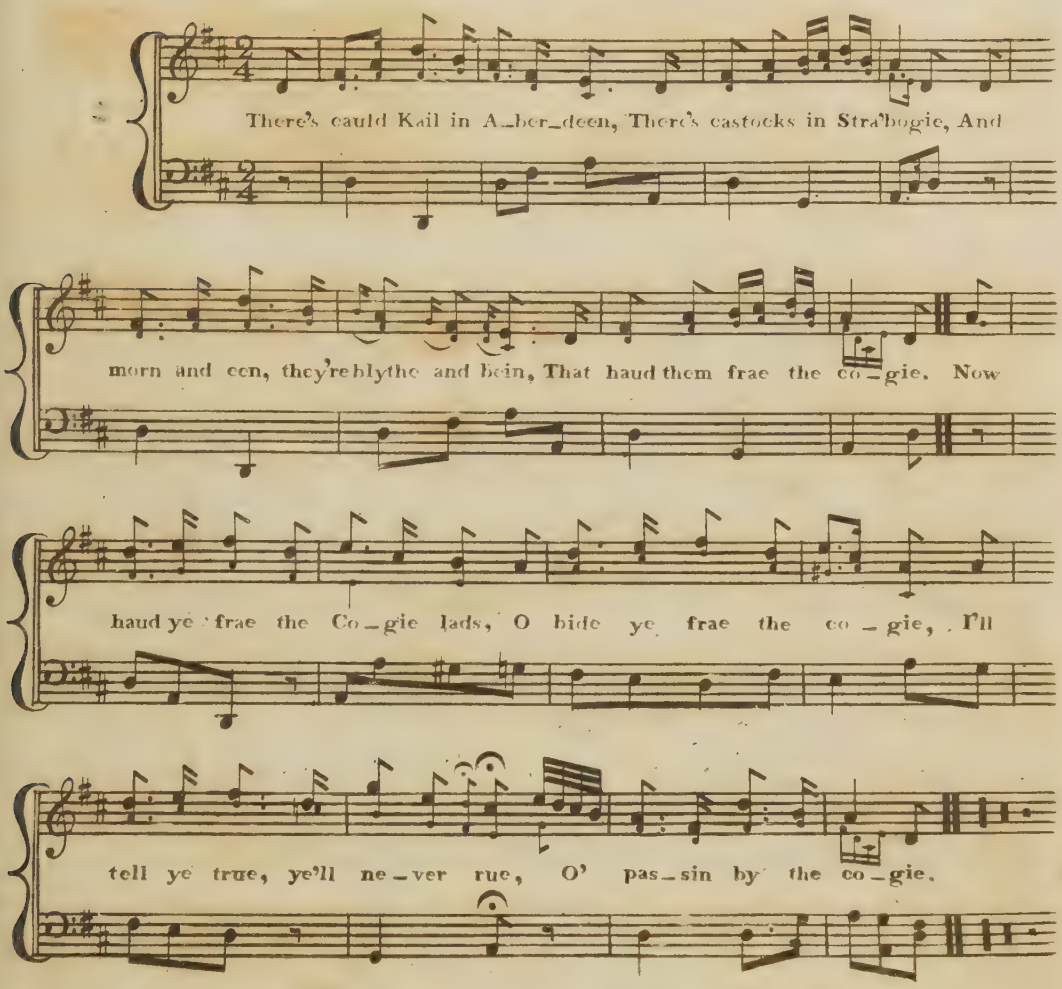
THOU ART GANE AWA FRAE ME, MARY.


Thou art gane a_wa, Thou art gane a_wa, Thou art gane a_
wa frae me, Ma_ry! Nor friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast
cheat_ed them and me, Ma_ry! Un_til this hour I ne_ver
thought, That ought could al_ter thee, Ma_ry; Thou'rt still the mis_tress
of my heart, Think what you will of me, Ma_ry.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
That stole that heart of thine, Mary,
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
Till friends forget, and I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then, farewell, of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;
For all the world, I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

THERE'S CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.


There's cauld Kail in A-ber-deen, There's castocks in Stra'bogie, And
morn and een, they're blythe and bein, That haud them frae the co-gie. Now
haud ye frae the Co-gie lads, O bide ye frae the co-gie, I'll
tell ye true, ye'll ne-ver rue, O' pas-sin by the co-gie.

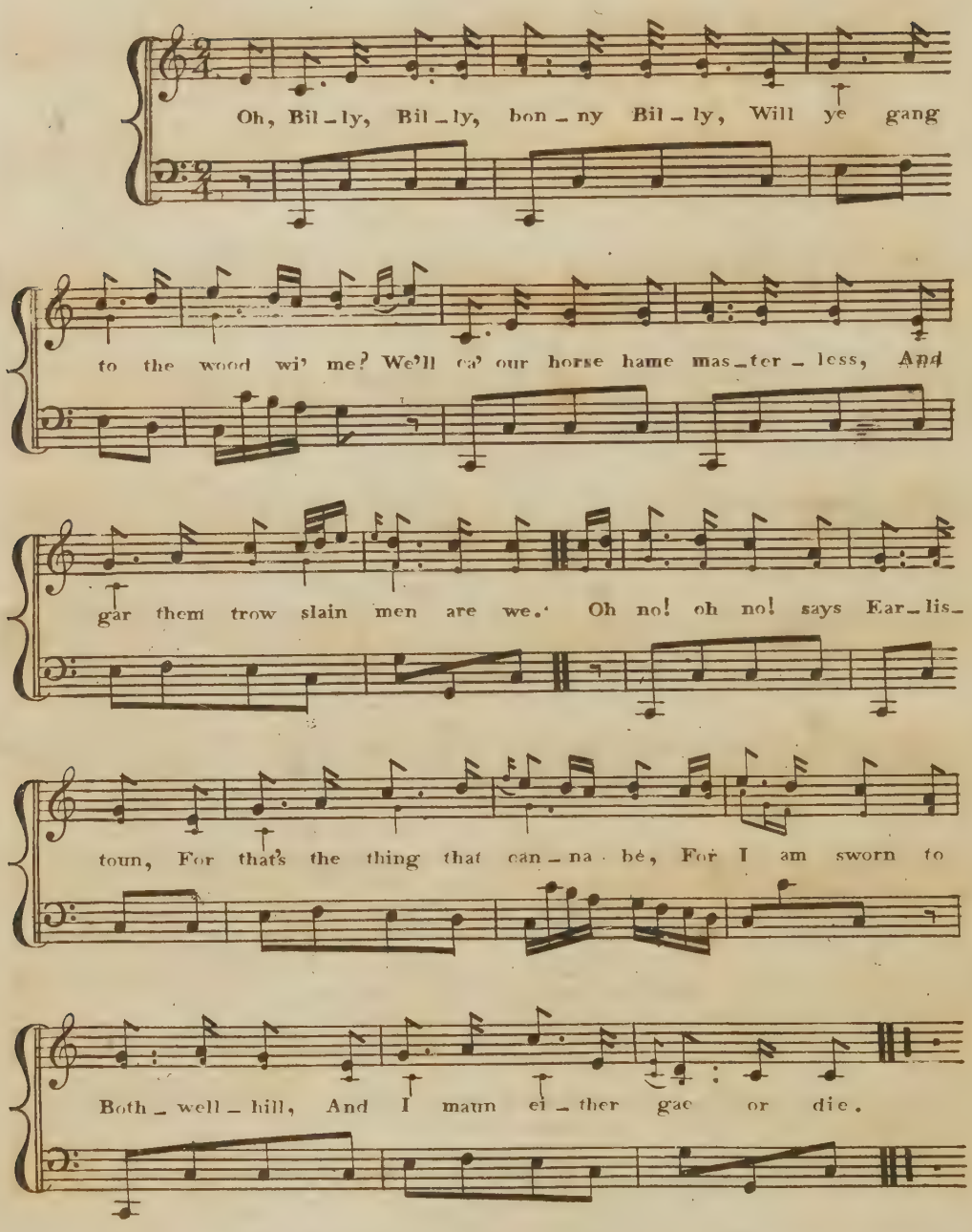
Young Will was braw and weel put on,
Sae blythe was he and vogie,
And he got bonny Mary Don,
The flower o' a Strathbogie;
Wha wad hae thought, at wooin time,
He'd e'er forsaken Mary!
An' taen him to the tipplin trade,
Wi' boozin Rob and Harry.

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,
She scarce could lift the ladle,
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,
She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.
Her weddin' plenishin was gane,
She never thought to borrow;
Her bonny face was waxin wan,
And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ae winter night,
Some later nor the gloamin';
He's tean the rig, he's miss'd the brig,
And bogie's owre him foamin'.
Wi' broken banes, out owr the stanes,
He creepit up Stra'bogie,
And a the night he pray'd wi' might
To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again,
She's neither sick nor silly;
For auld or young nae sinfu' tongue
Could e'er entice her Willie.
And aye the sang thro Bogie rang,
O had ye frae the cogie,
The weary gill's the sairest ill
On braes o' fair Stra'bogie.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.


Oh, Bil-ly, Bil-ly, bon-ny Bil-ly, Will ye gang
to the wood wi' me? We'll ca' our horse hame mas-ter-less, And
gar them trow slain men are we.' Oh no! oh no! says Ear-lis-
toun, For that's the thing that can-na be, For I am sworn to
Both-well-hill, And I maun ei-ther gae or die.

So Earlstoun rose in the morn,
An' mounted by the break o' day,
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.
"Now fareweel Faither, fareweel Mither,
An' fare ye weel my Sisters three;
An' fare ye weel, sweet Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa to Bothwell-hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily!
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin,
He rade to view their companie.
"Ye're welcome, Lads," then Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots Lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your companie!

"But yield your weapons ane an' a',
O yield your weapons, Lads, to me;
For gin ye yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a gae hame to your countrie."
Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly he spak bonnily!
"I winna yield my weapons up
To you or ony man I see."

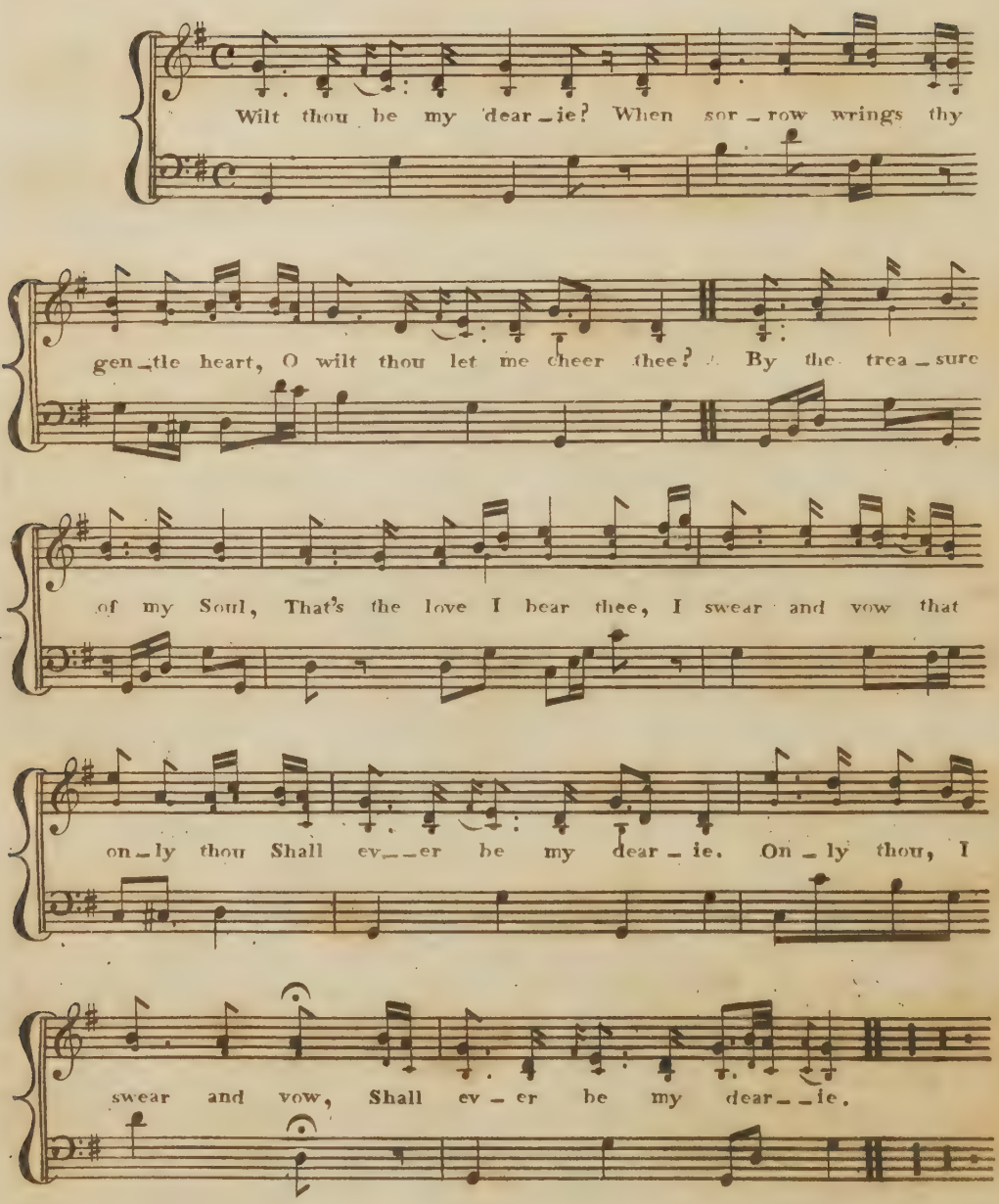
Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue,
"Sin' ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true!"
They stell'd their cannons on the height,
And shower'd their shot down in the how,
An' beat our Scots lads even down;
Thick they lay slain on every knowe!

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,
Sae our brave lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe!
"O, haud your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gie quarter to yon men for me!"
But wicked Clavers swore an oath,
His cornet's death reveng'd sud be.

"O, haud your hand," he cry'd again,
"If ony thing you'll do for me;
Haud up your hand, you cruel Graham
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be."
Then wicked Clavers turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his Majestie!"

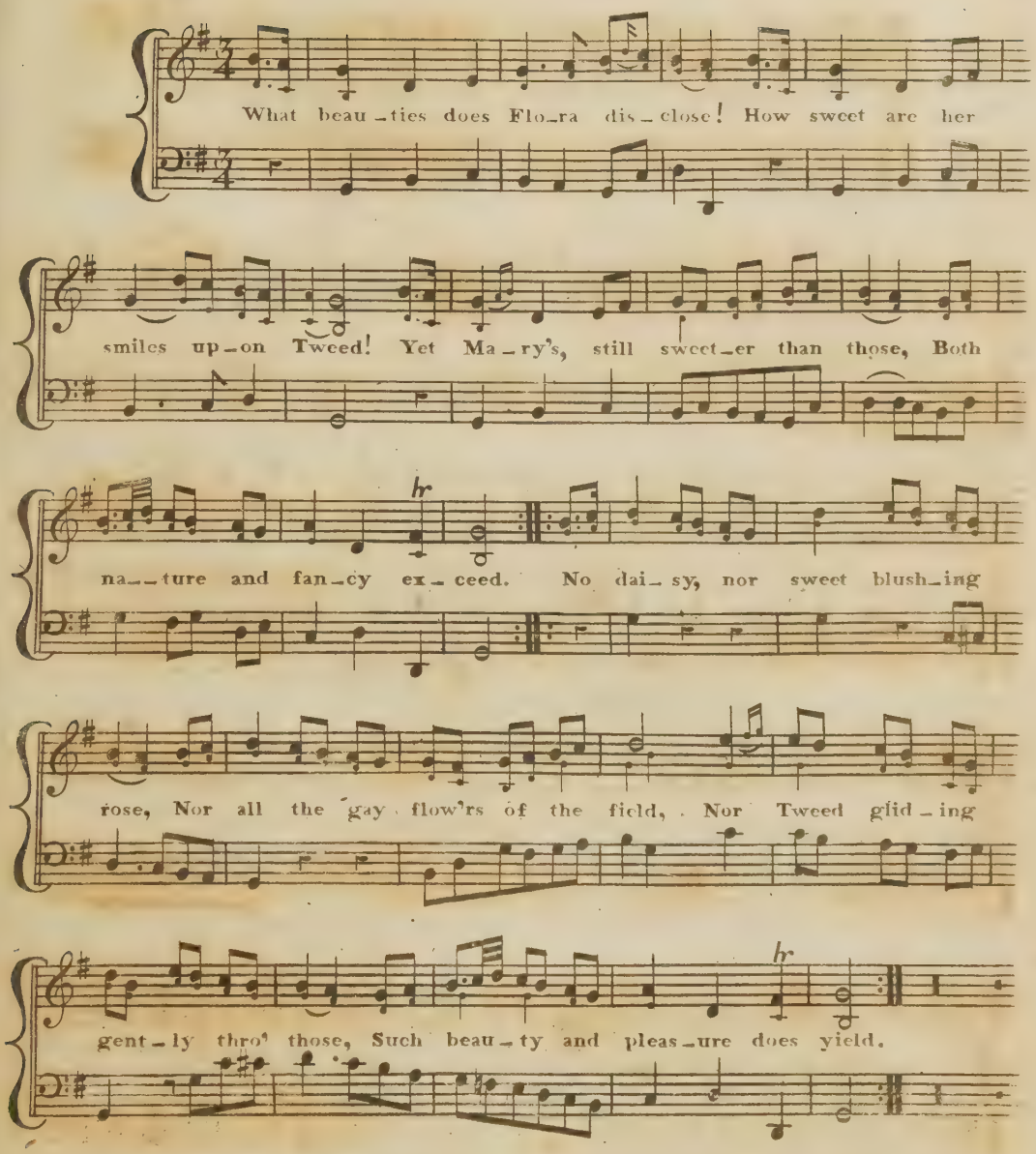
Then he's awa to London Town,
Ay, e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he's ta'en wi' him,
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his bodie.
Alang the brae ayont the brig,
Mony brave men lie cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bludie battle o' Bothwell-hill.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.


Wilt thou be my dear_ie? When sor_row wrings thy
gen_tle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the trea_sure
of my Soul, That's the love I bear thee, I swear and vow that
on_ly thou Shall ev__er be my dear_ie. On_ly thou, I
swear and vow, Shall ev_er be my dear__ie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me;
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may chuse me,
Let me, Lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

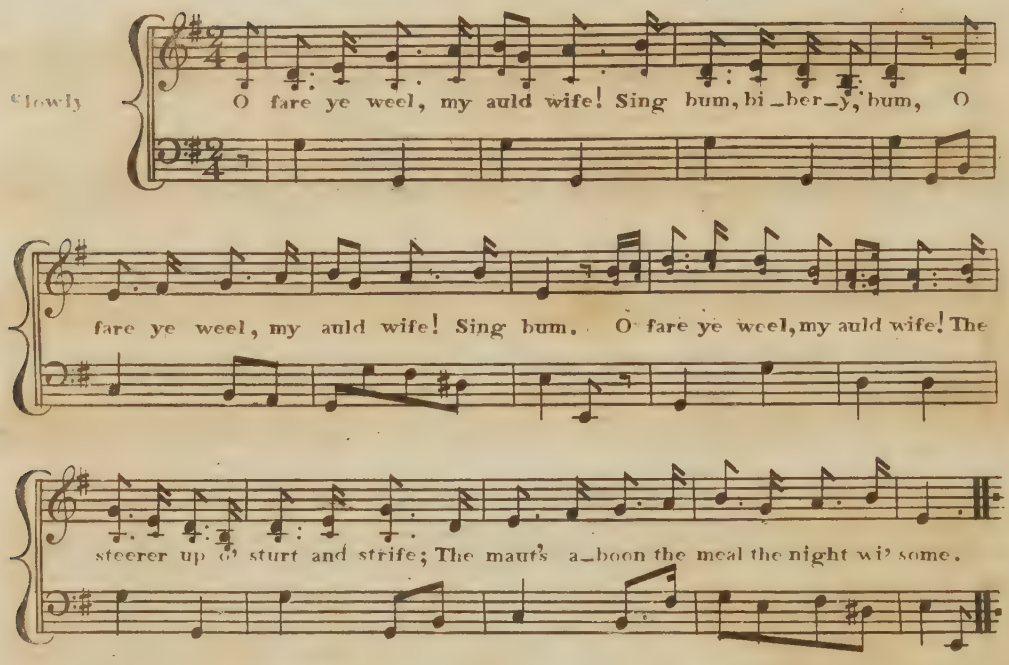
TWEEDSIDE.


What beau-ties does Flo-ra dis-close! How sweet are her
smiles up-on Tweed! Yet Ma-ry's, still sweet-er than those, Both
na--ture and fan-cy ex-ceed. No dai-sy, nor sweet blush-ing
rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing
gent-ly thro' those, Such beau-ty and pleas-ure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

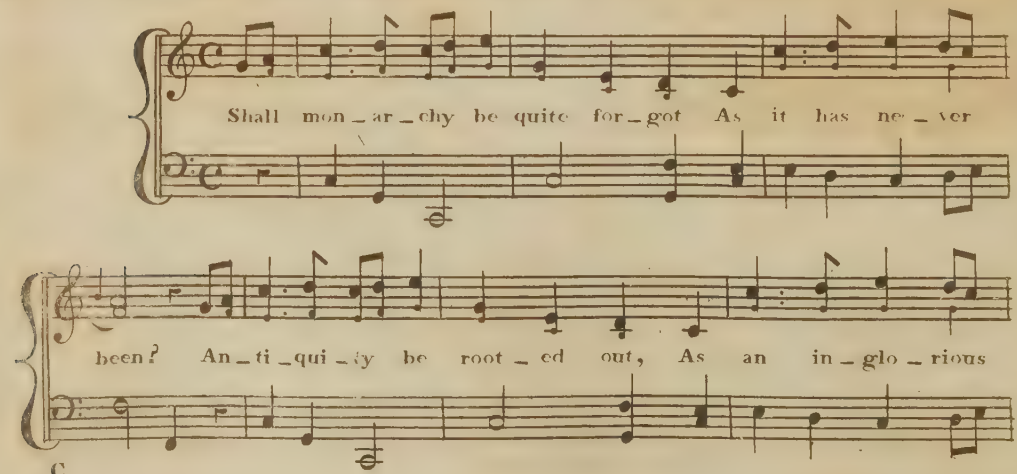
'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Is it on the sweet-winding Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

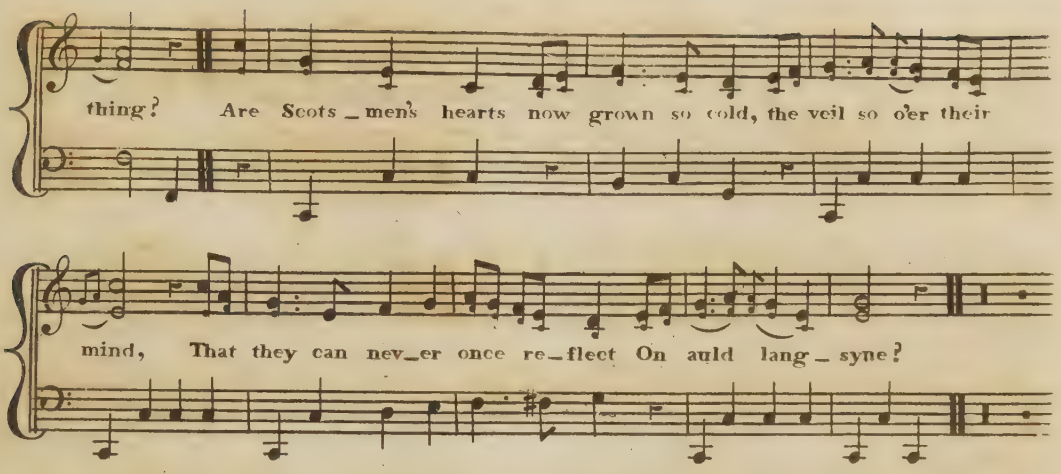
O FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.


Slowly
O fare ye weel, my auld wife! Sing bum, bi_ber_y, bum, O
fare ye weel, my auld wife! Sing bum. O fare ye weel, my auld wife! The
steerer up o' sturt and strife; The maut's a_boon the meal the night wi' some.

And fare ye weel, my pyke_staff,
Sing bum, bibery, bum;
And fare ye weel, my pyke_staff,
Sing bum.
And fare ye weel, my pyke_staff,
Nae mair wi' you, my wife, I'll baff;
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

SHALL MONARCHY BE QUITE FORGOT.





In days of yore ye were renown'd,
Conspicuous was your fame;
All nations they did honour you,
Your loyalty proclaim.
Ye did your ancient rights mantain,
And liberty defend,
And scorn'd to have it said, that you
On England wou'd depend.

But now, alas! your case is chang'd,
You're wretched and forlorn;
The hardships now impos'd on you,
By slaves are only borne.
Oh, Caledon! oh, Caledon!
It grieves me sair, to think
That thy sad story written is
With blood, instead of ink.

Scotland, what will become of thee,
When England sits thy judge?
Thy banish'd Prince, so long from home,—
O! where is thy refuge?
To ruin thee, 'tis plainly seen,
Must be their black design;
And will you not, alas, reflect
On auld lang_syne?

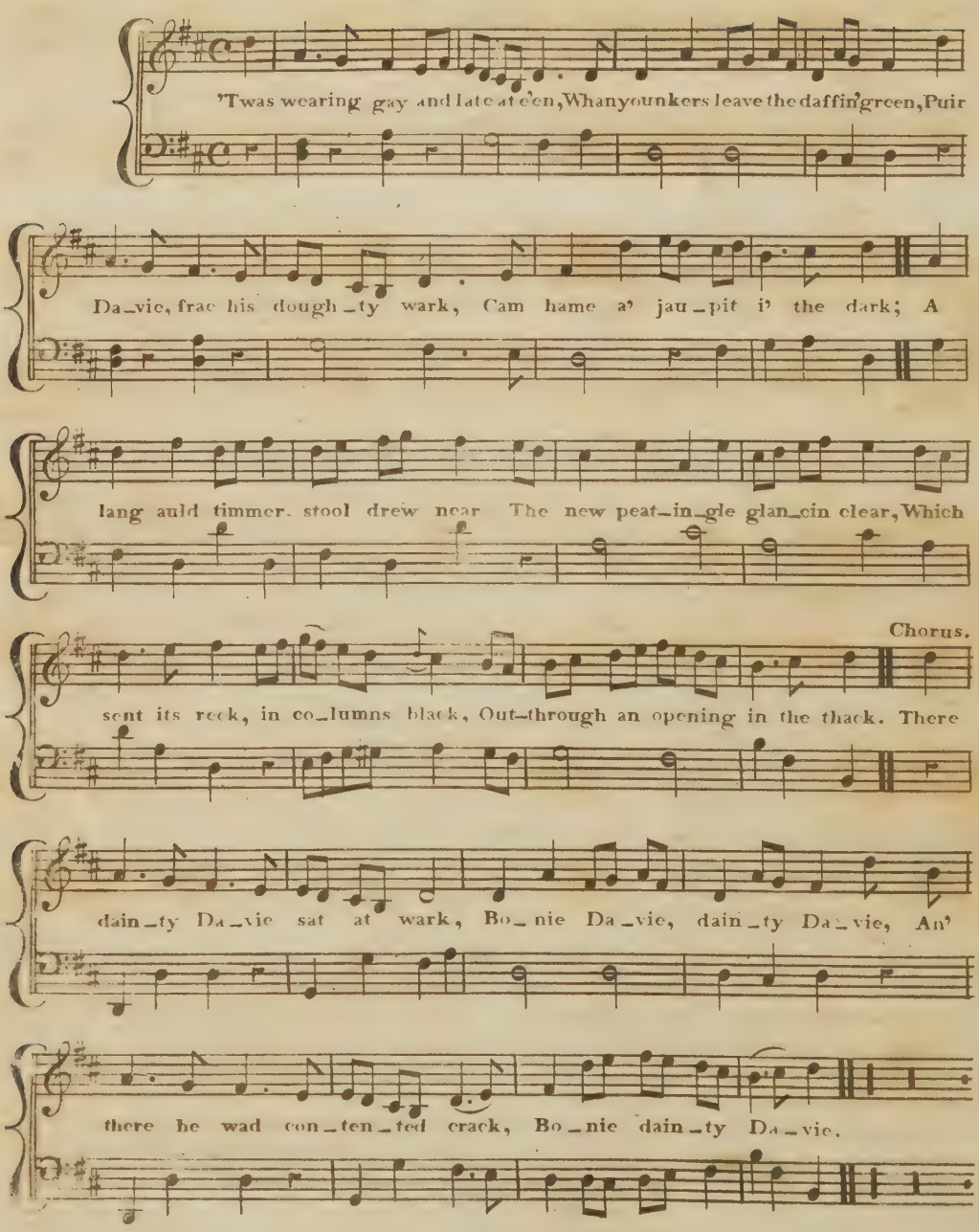
How oft have our forefathers bled
In Liberty's defence!
And shall we have it stol'n away
By German Influence?
The price of so much Scotish blood
Shall we consent to fine?
And will we not, alas! reflect
On auld lang_syne?

When great Sir William Wallace liv'd,
And his accomplices,
Scotland he undertook to free,
When she was in distress.
Likewise Sir James, the black Douglas,
Who liv'd in Bruce's reign;
These men spar'd not their blood to spill,
For auld lang_syne.

Sir John the Græme, of lasting fame,
Shall never be forgot;
He was an honour to his name,
A brave and valiant Scot.
The great Montrose, the brave Dundee,
Were heroes in their time;
They spar'd not ev'n their mother's sons
For auld lang_syne.

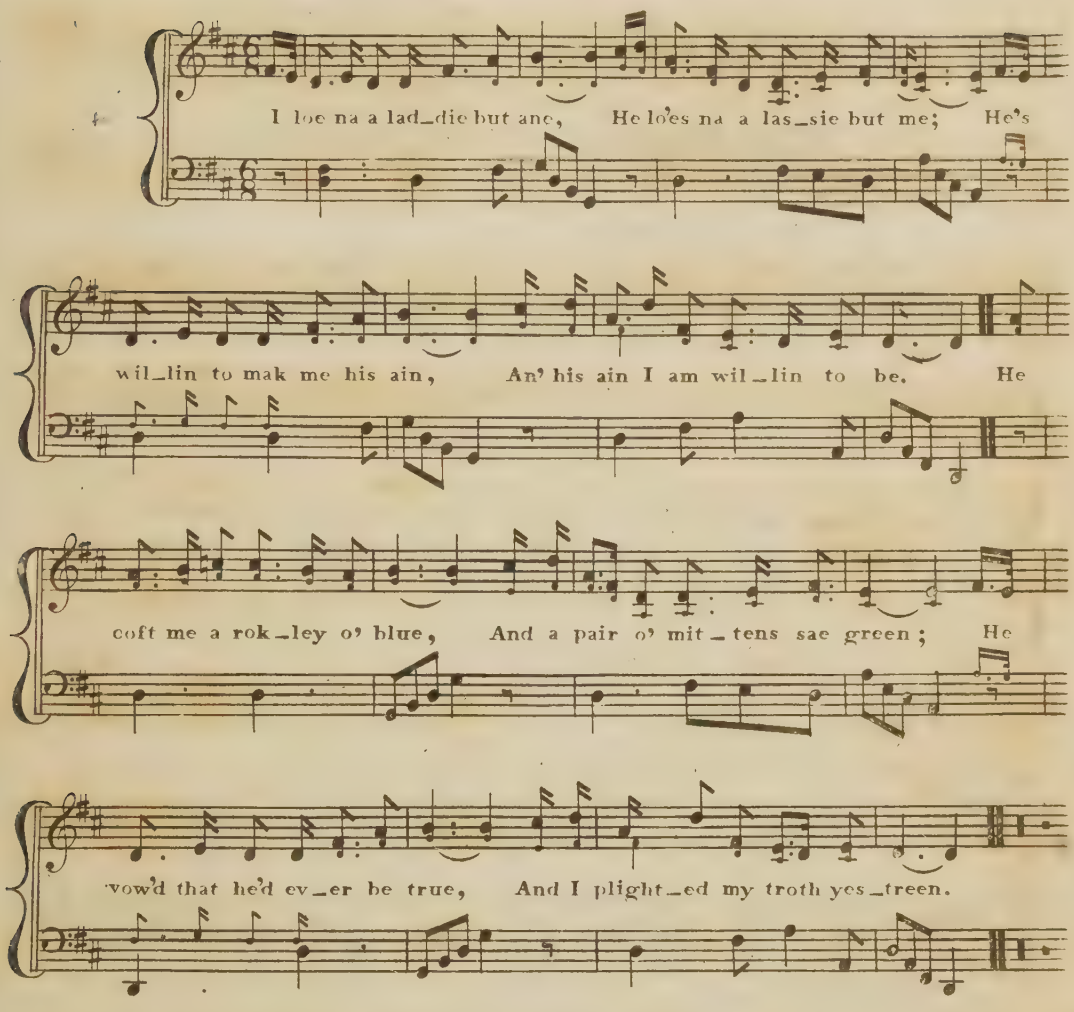
Then, let the ever glorious name
Of Wallace lead you on;
Wallace, to save his Country, oft
Engag'd near ten to one:
Then, rouse, my valiant Scotish lads,
Behave yourselves like men,
And Scotland yet again shall see
Her auld lang_syne.

DAINTY DAVIE.


'Twas wearing gay and late at e'en, Whanyounkers leave the daffin'green, Puir
Da_vie, frae his dough_ty wark, Cam hame a' jau_pit i' the dark; A
lang auld timmer stool drew near The new peat_in_gle glan_cin clear, Which
Chorus.
sent its reek, in co_lumns black, Out_through an opening in the thack. There
dain_ty Da_vie sat at wark, Bo_nie Da_vie, dain_ty Da_vie, An'
there he wad con_ten_ted crack, Bo_nie dain_ty Da_vie.

He gat his wark–looms a' in tune,
To ca' some tackets in his shoon,
Tho' wi' a lang day's wark sair dung,
He was as stiff's a reisted rung.
His Meg set by her spinnin–wheel,
(Whilk helps the heavy time to steal
Awa,) an' sturdily did hook
The parritch–kettle on the crook;
While Dainty Davie, &c.

I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

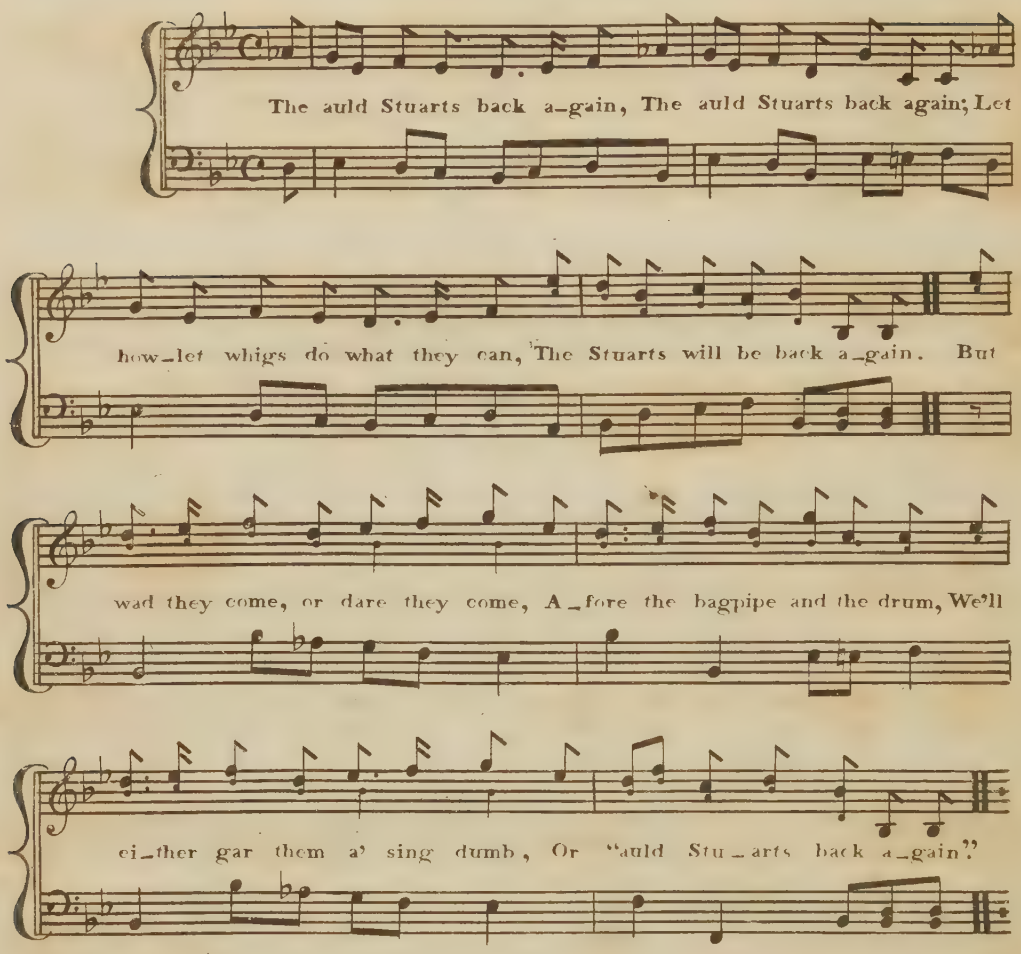

I loe na a lad_die but ane, He lo'es na a las_sie but me; He's
wil_lin to mak me his ain, An' his ain I am wil_lin to be. He
coft me a rok_ley o' blue, And a pair o' mit_tens sae green; He
vow'd that he'd ev_er be true, And I plight_ed my troth yes_treen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree,
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drives ilk fear far awa;
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Tho' we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see! how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,
Has something mair costlie than gear;
Ilk e'en, it has naithing to rue,
Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
True love is the guardian of mine."

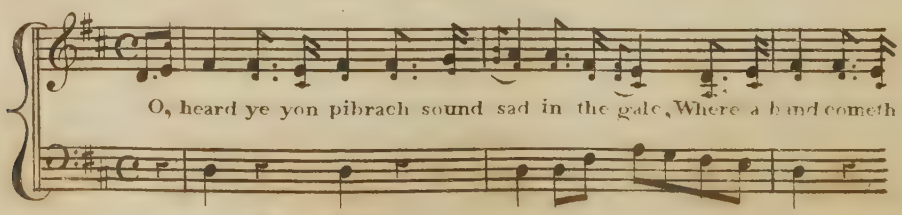
THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

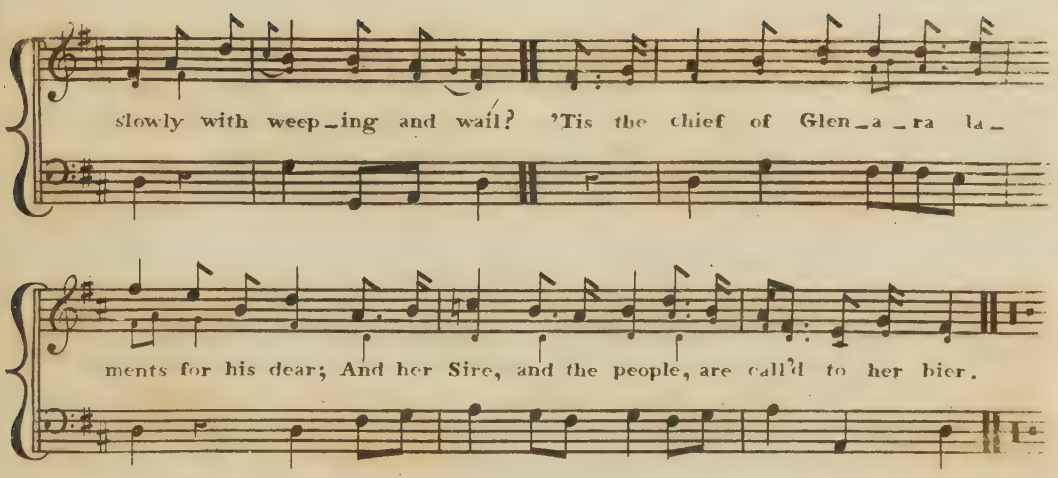

The auld Stuarts back a-gain, The auld Stuarts back again; Let
how-let whigs do what they can, The Stuarts will be back a-gain. But
wad they come, or dare they come, A-fore the bagpipe and the drum, We'll
ei-ther gar them a' sing dumb, Or "auld Stu-arts back a-gain."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out-owre the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldebair,
And mony mae, whatreck again.
Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuarts back again.

GLENARA.




slowly with weep_ing and wail? 'Tis the chief of Glen_a _ra la_
ments for his dear; And her Sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud,
Her Kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn;
Why speak ye no word?"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain—no answer is made,
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger display'd.

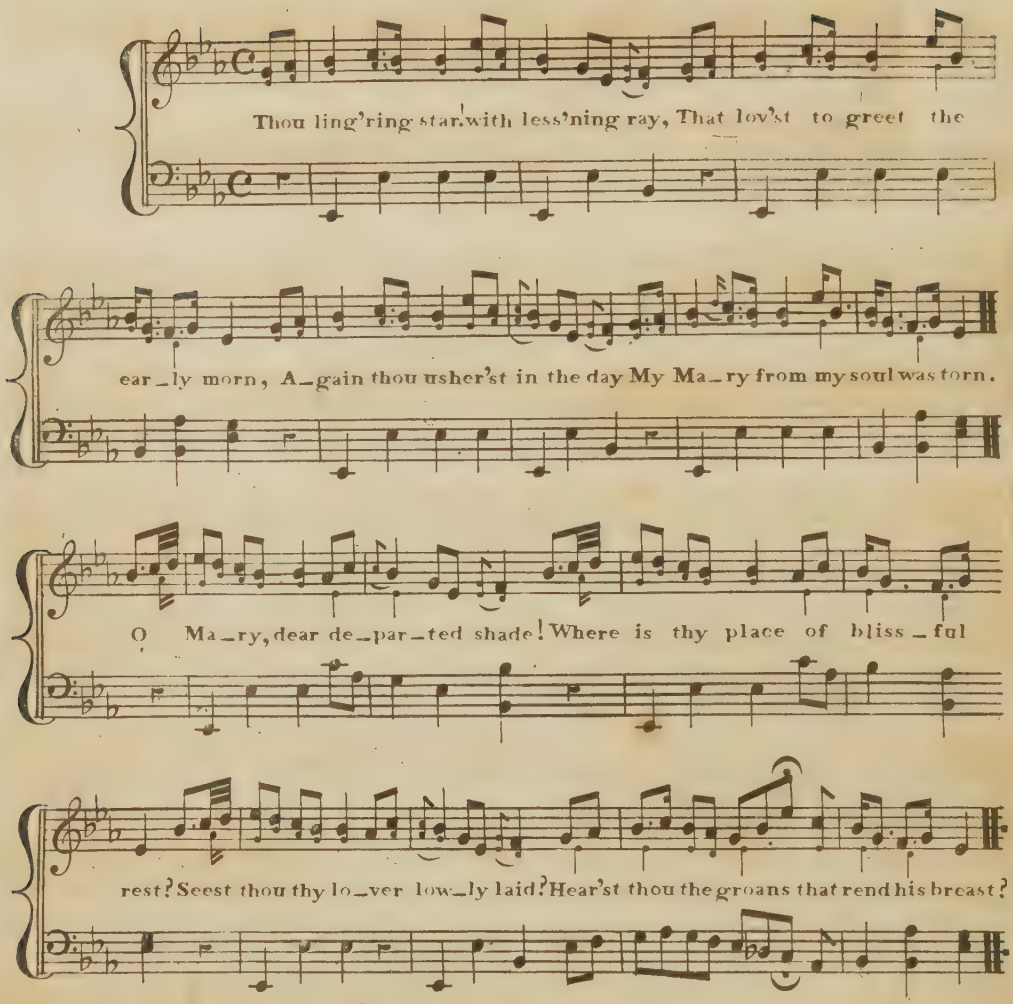
'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud',
Cried a voice from the Kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem,
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd and no lady was seen,
When a voice from the Kinsman spoke louder, in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem,
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream".

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd, where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty was borne;
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

THOU LING'RING STAR.

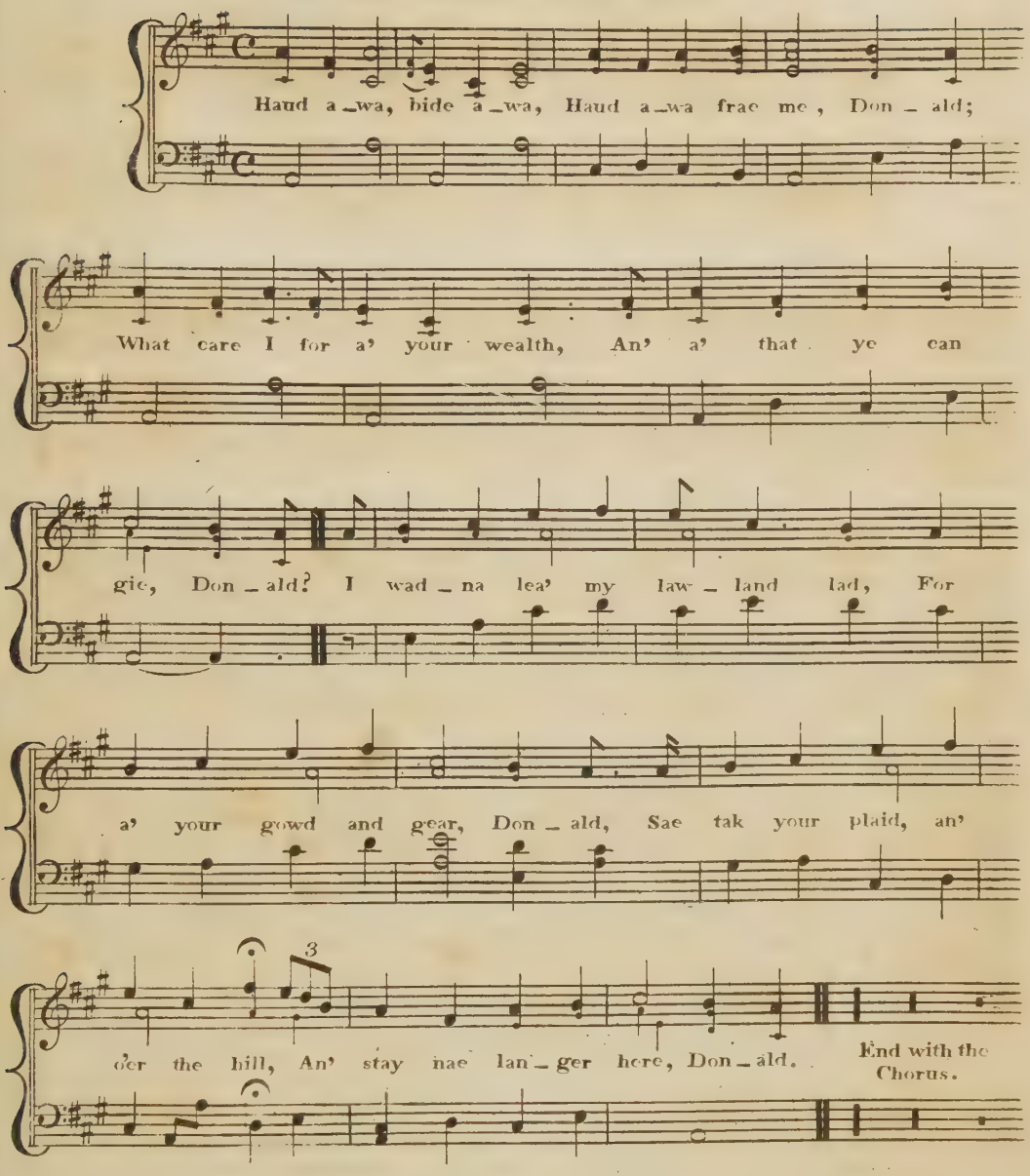

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray, That lov'st to greet the
ear_ly morn, A_gain thou usher'st in the day My Ma_ry from my soul was torn.
O Ma_ry, dear de_par_ted shade! Where is thy place of bliss_ful
rest? Seest thou thy lo_ver low_ly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget!
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy Image, at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods, with miser care;
Time but th'impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

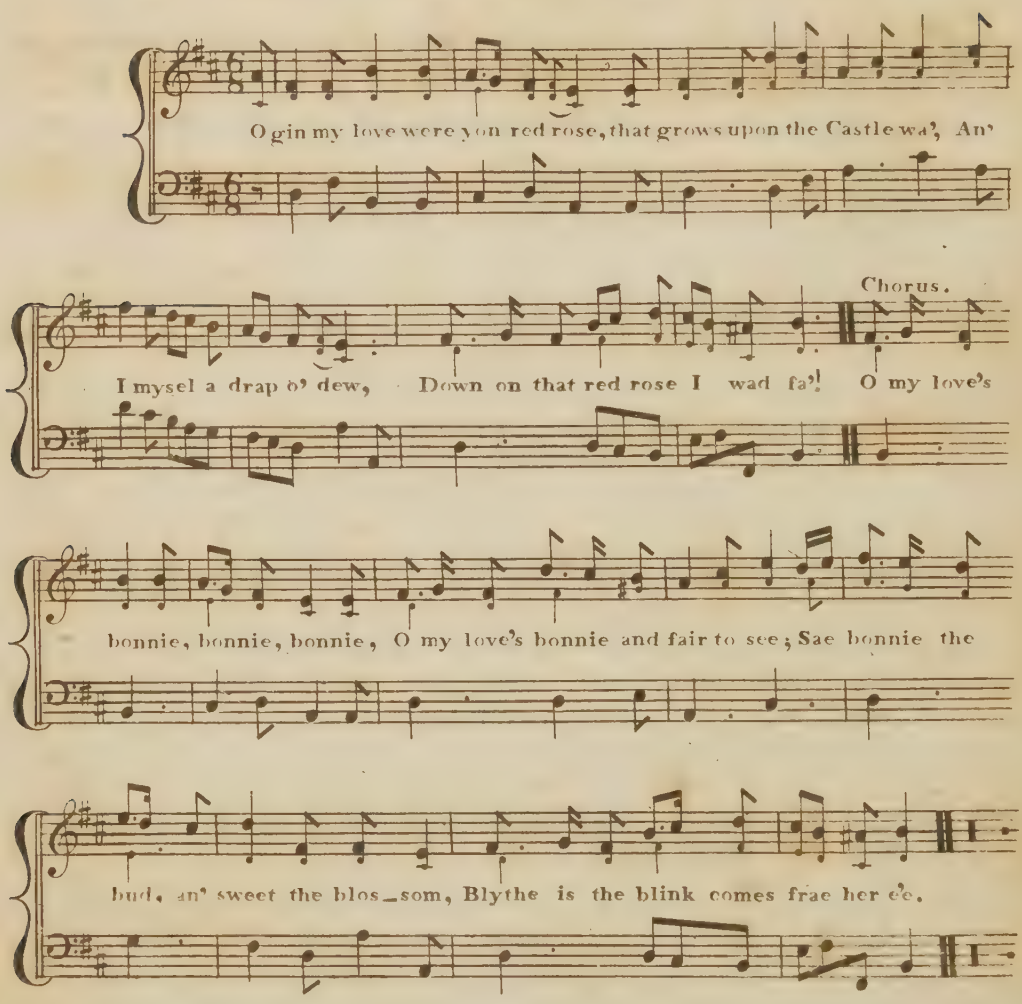
HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.


Haud a_wa, bide a_wa, Haud a_wa frae me, Don_ald;
What care I for a' your wealth, An' a' that ye can
gie, Don_ald? I wad_na lea' my law_land lad, For
a' your gowd and gear, Don_ald, Sae tak your plaid, an'
3
o'er the hill, An' stay nae lan_ger here, Don_ald.
End with the Chorus.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
I lo'e but him alane, Donald,
And in bonnie Scotland's isle,
Like him there is nane, Donald.
Haud awa, bide awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald,
What care I for a' your wealth,
An' a' that ye can gie, Donald.

He wears nae plaid, or tartan hose,
Nor garters at his knee, Donald,
But, oh, he wears a faithfu' heart,
And love blinks in his ee, Donald.
Sae, Haud awa, bide awa,
Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
To be a hieland Queen, Donald.

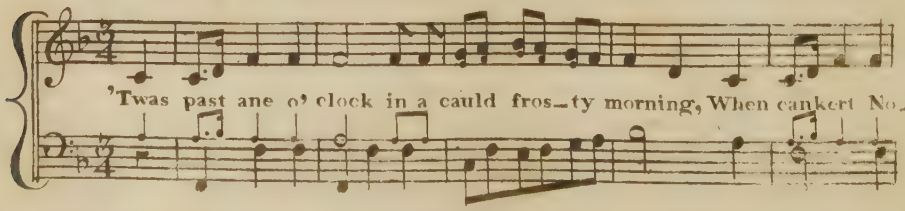
O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

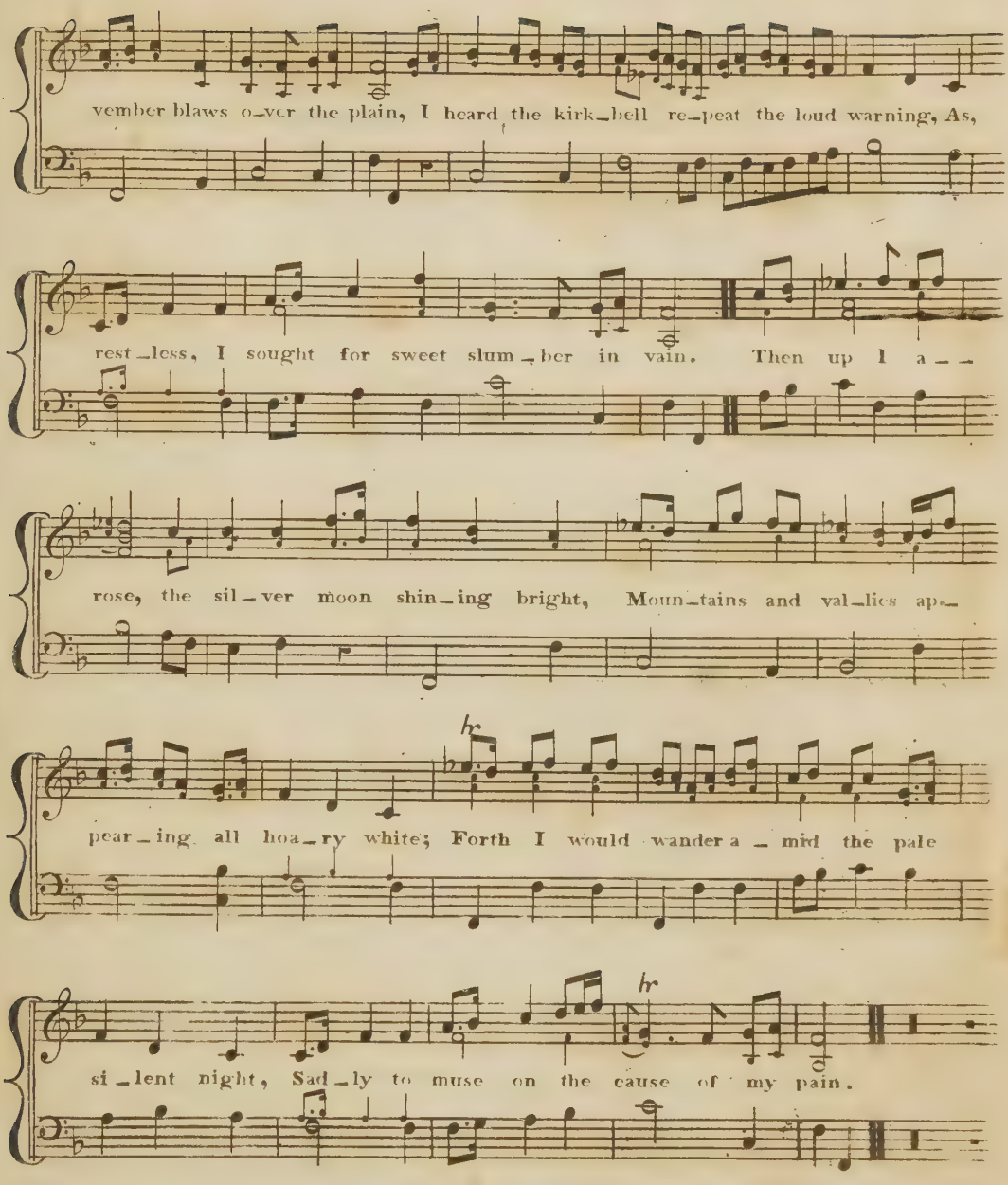

O gin my love were yon red rose, that grows upon the Castle wa', An'
Chorus.
I mysel a drap o' dew, Down on that red rose I wad fa'! O my love's
bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, O my love's bonnie and fair to see; Sae bonnie the
bud, an' sweet the blos_som, Blythe is the blink comes frae her e'e.

O were my love yon liliac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
An' I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.
O my love's, &c.

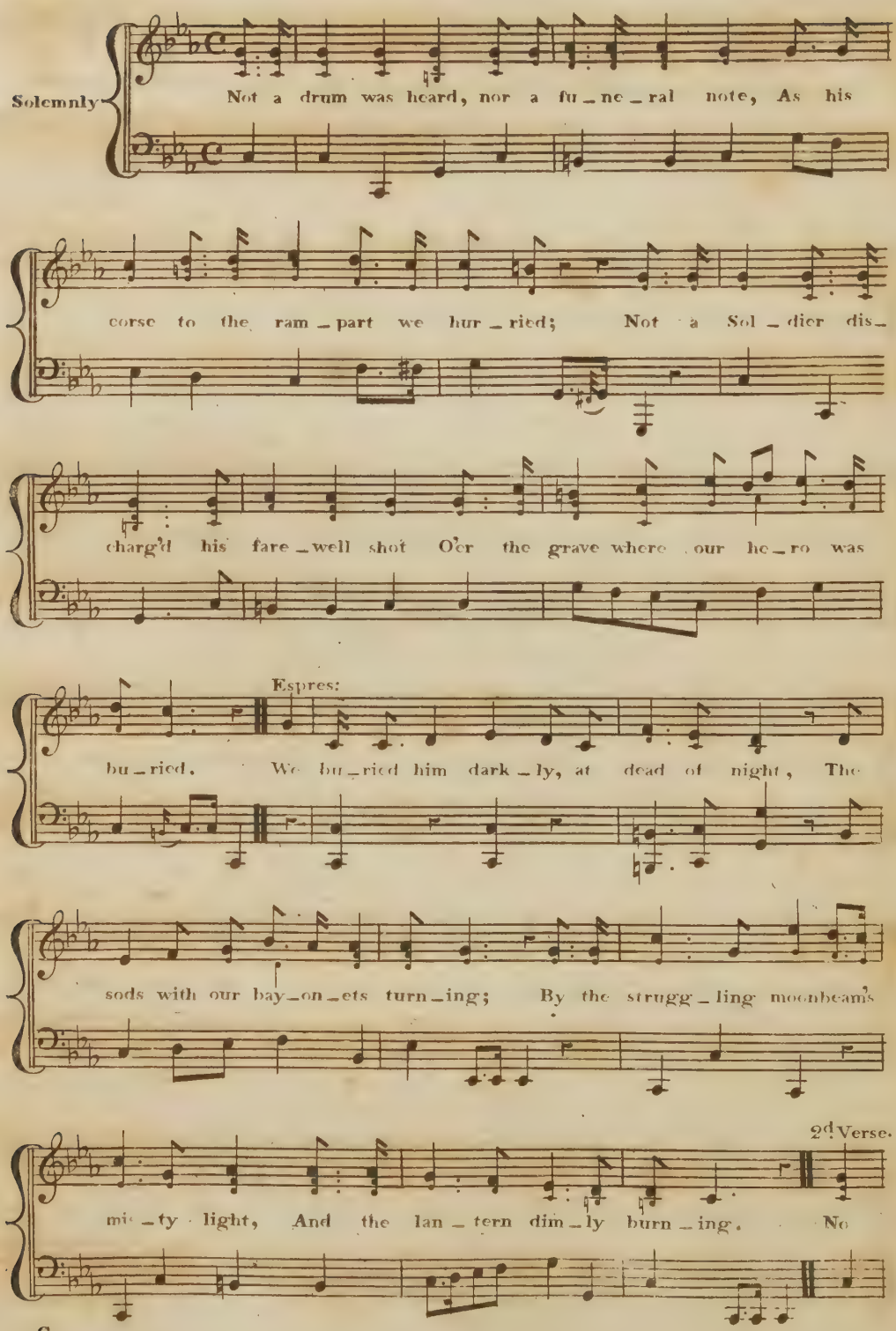
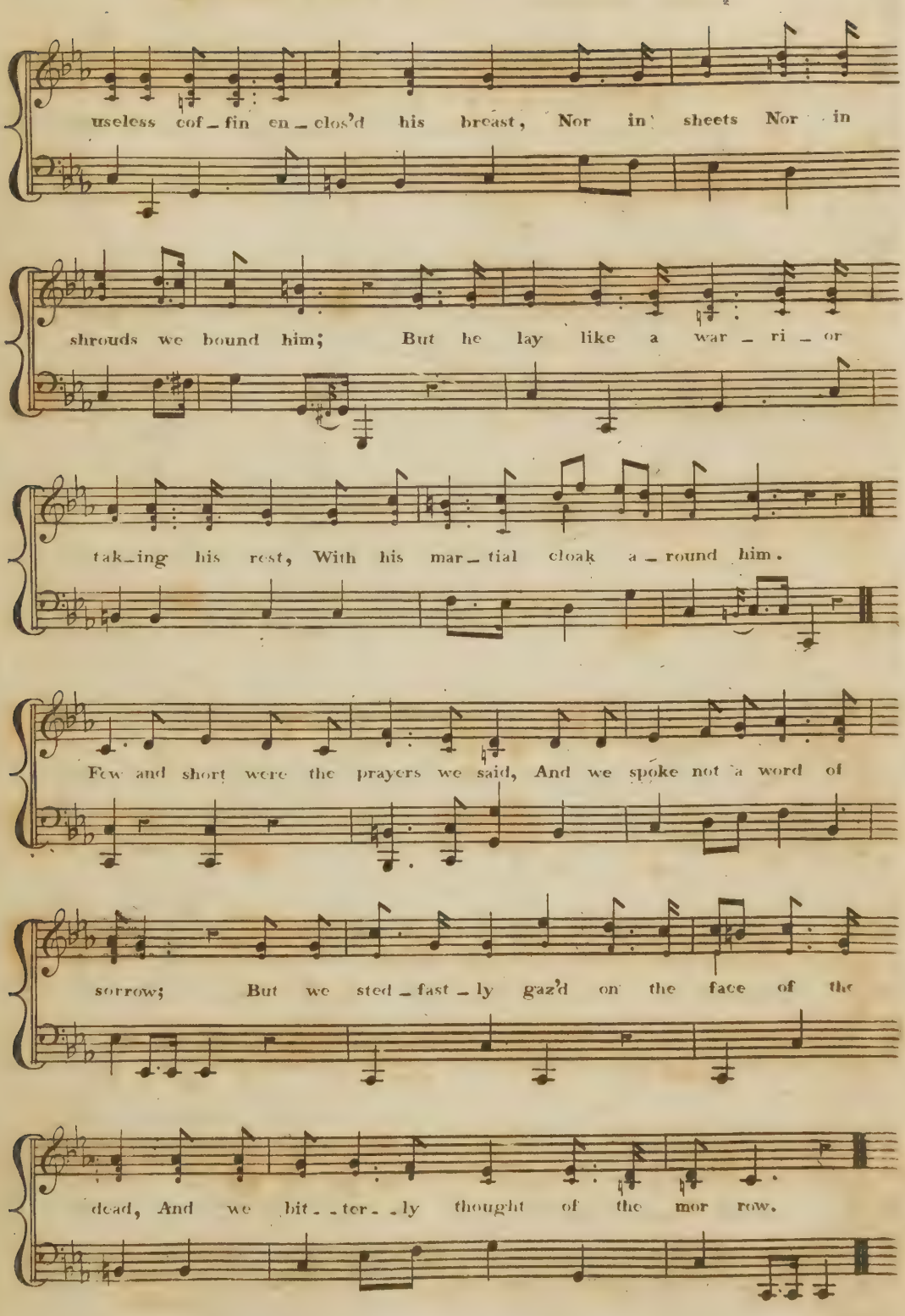
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild an' Winter rude;
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.
O my love's, &c.

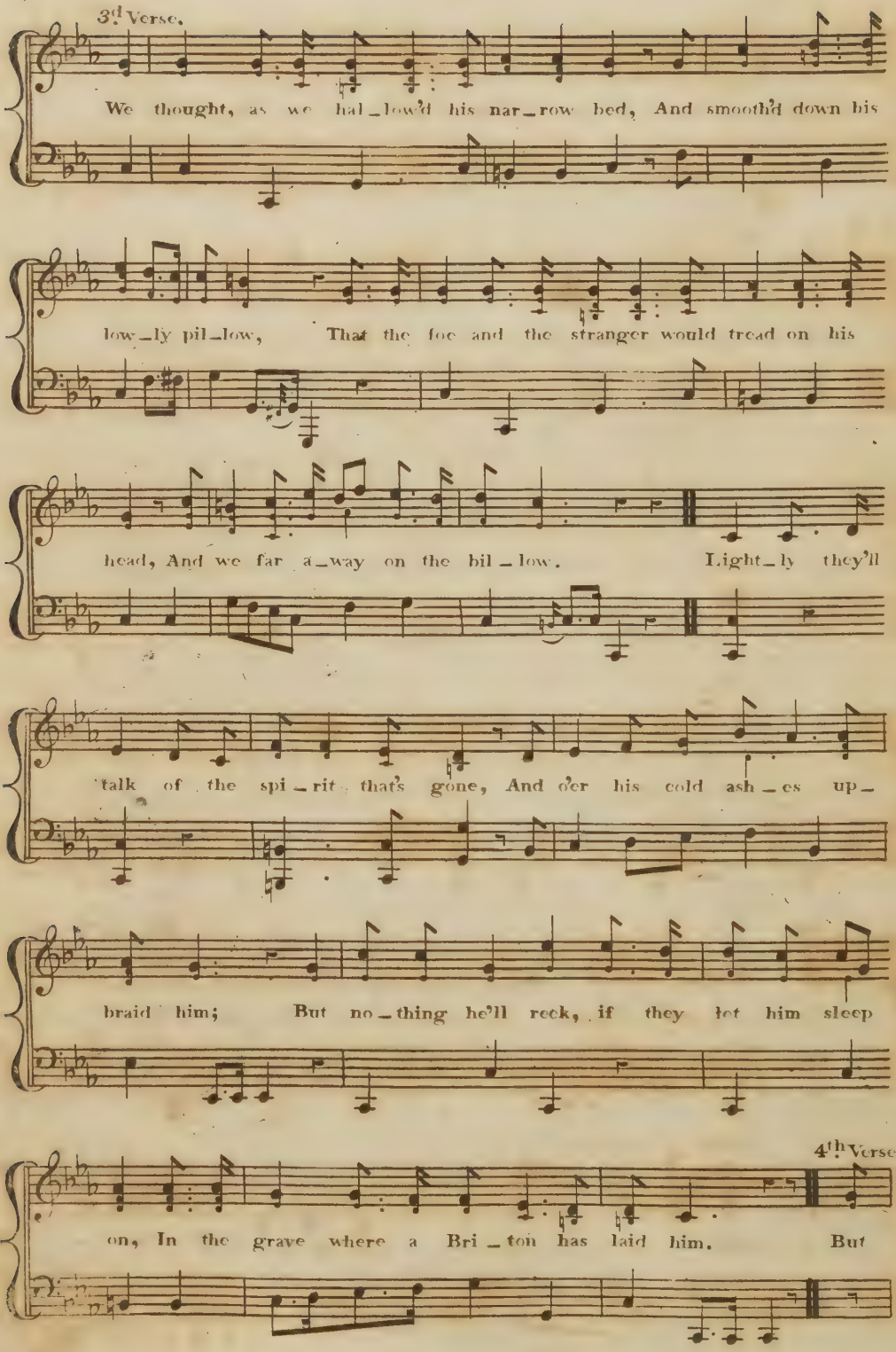
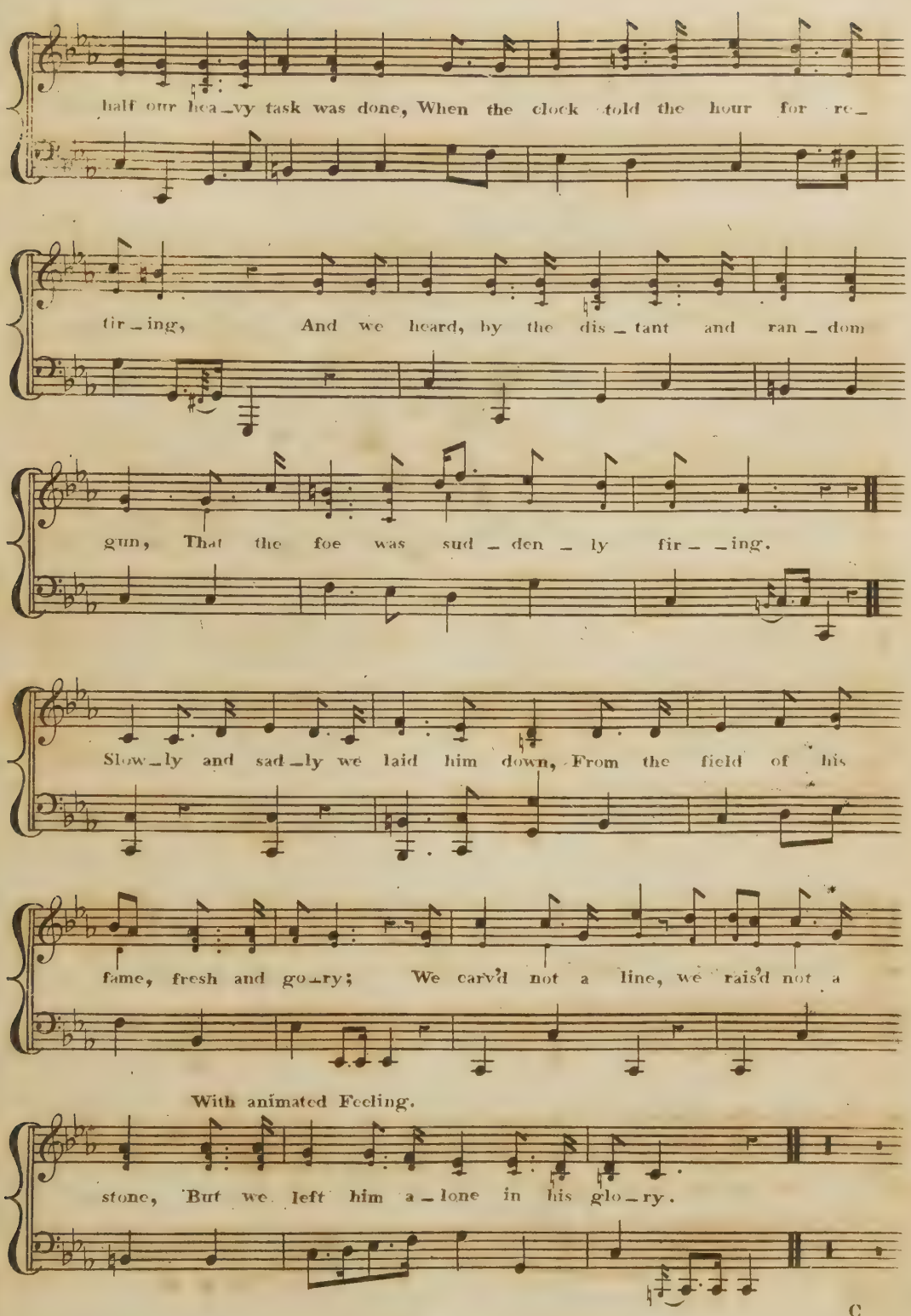
CAULD FROSTY MORNING.



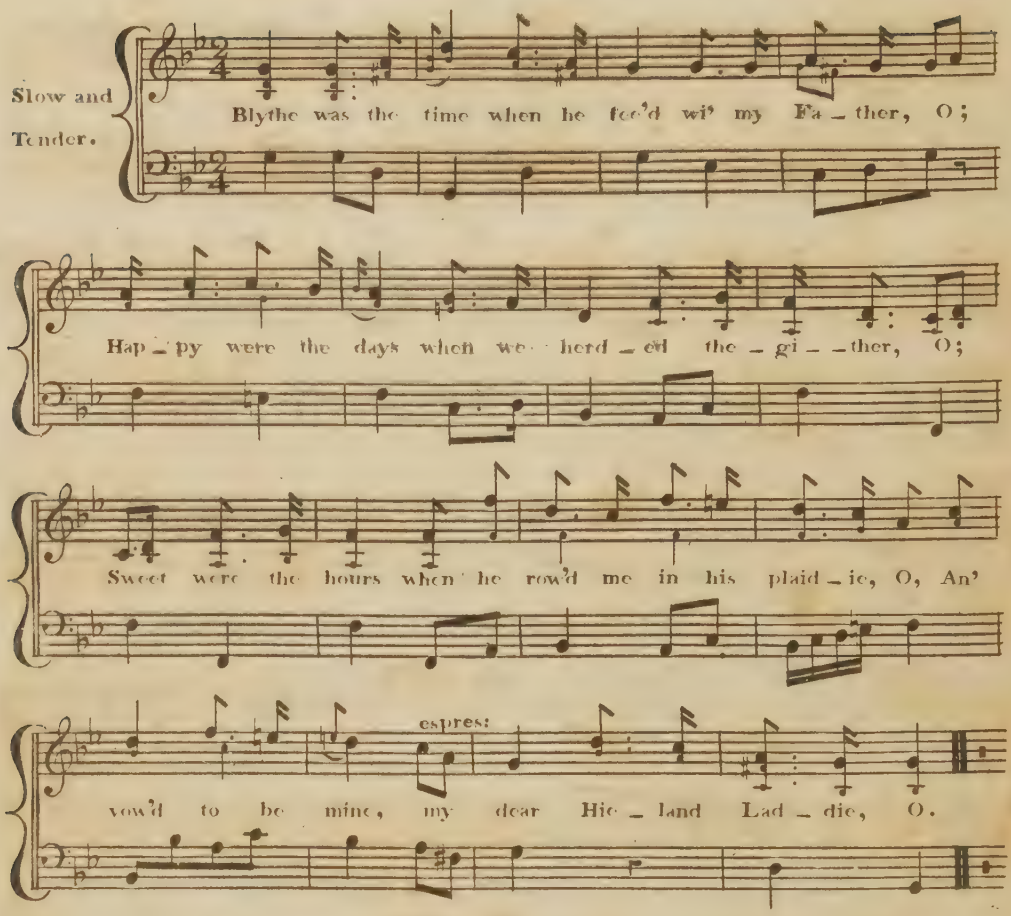

vember blaws o–ver the plain, I heard the kirk–bell re–peat the loud warning, As,
rest–less, I sought for sweet slum–ber in vain. Then up I a– –
rose, the sil–ver moon shin–ing bright, Moun–tains and val–lies ap–
pear–ing all hoa–ry white; Forth I would wander a – mid the pale
si–lent night, Sad–ly to muse on the cause of my pain.

Cauld shone the silver moon, heedless of sorrow,
Stars, dimly twinkling, were lost in her beam,
The fair sun, preparing to rise on the morrow,
Ne'er shone more lovely on fountain or stream,
Not sun, moon, and stars, bright shining by night or day,
Nature all hoary, or blooming all fresh and gay,
E'er from the sad heart its sorrow can charm away,
While restless it seeks for sweet slumber in vain.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Solemnly
Not a drum was heard, nor a fu_ne_ral note, As his
corse to the ram_part we hur_ried; Not a Sol_dier dis_
charg'd his fare_well shot O'er the grave where our he_ro was
Espres:
bu_ried. We bu_ried him dark_ly, at dead of night, The
sods with our bay_on_ets turn_ing; By the strugg_ling moonbeam's
2d Verse.
mi_ty light, And the lan_tern dim_ly burn_ing. No

useless cof_fin en_clos'd his breast, Nor in sheets Nor in
shrouds we bound him; But he lay like a war_ri_or
tak_ing his rest, With his mar_tial cloak a_round him.
Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of
sorrow; But we sted_fast_ly gaz'd on the face of the
dead, And we bit_ter_ly thought of the mor row.


3d Verse.
We thought, as we hal_low'd his nar_row bed, And smooth'd down his
low_ly pil_low, That the foe and the stranger would tread on his
head, And we far a_way on the bil_low. Light_ly they'll
talk of the spi_rit that's gone, And o'er his cold ash_es up_
braid him; But no_thing he'll reck, if they let him sleep
4th Verse.
on, In the grave where a Bri_ton has laid him. But

half our hea_vy task was done, When the clock told the hour for re_
tir_ing, And we heard, by the dis_tant and ran_dom
gun, That the foe was sud_den_ly fir_ _ing.
Slow_ly and sad_ly we laid him down, From the field of his
fame, fresh and glo_ry; We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a
With animated Feeling.
stone, But we left him a_lone in his glo_ry.

MY DEAR HIELAND LADDIE O.


Slow and Tender.
Blythe was the time when he foo'd wi' my Fa – ther, O;
Hap – py were the days when we herd – ed the – gi – – ther, O;
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaid – ie, O, An'
espres:
vow'd to be mine, my dear Hie – land Lad – die, O.

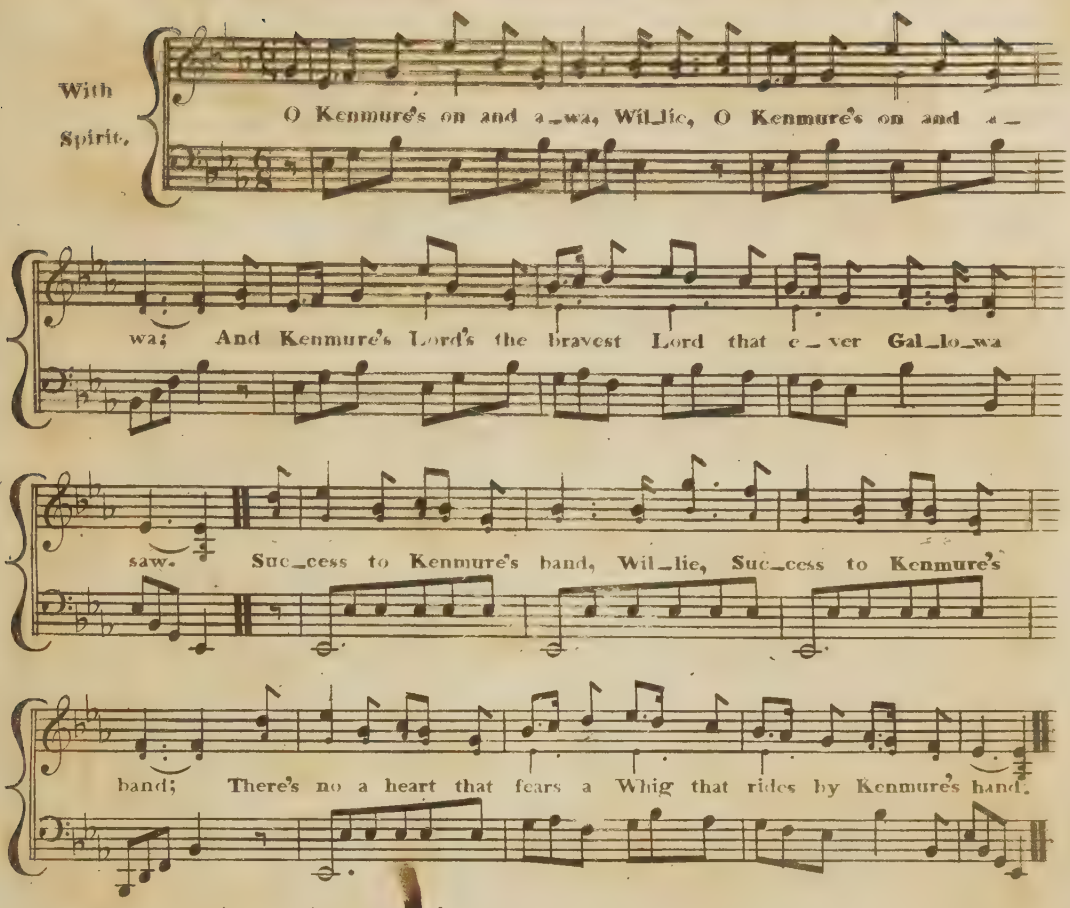
But ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
The Laird's wys'd awa my braw Hieland Laddie, O;
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

The blae-berry banks now are lanesome an' dreary, O;
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O;
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild-melting strains o' my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen;
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen;
He pu'd me the rowan, frae the wild steep sae giddy, O;
Sae loving an' kind was my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

Farewel, my ewes! and farewel my doggie, O!
Farewel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless an' scroggie, O!
Farewel, Glenfeoch! my Mammy an' my Daddie, O!
I maun lea' you a' for my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

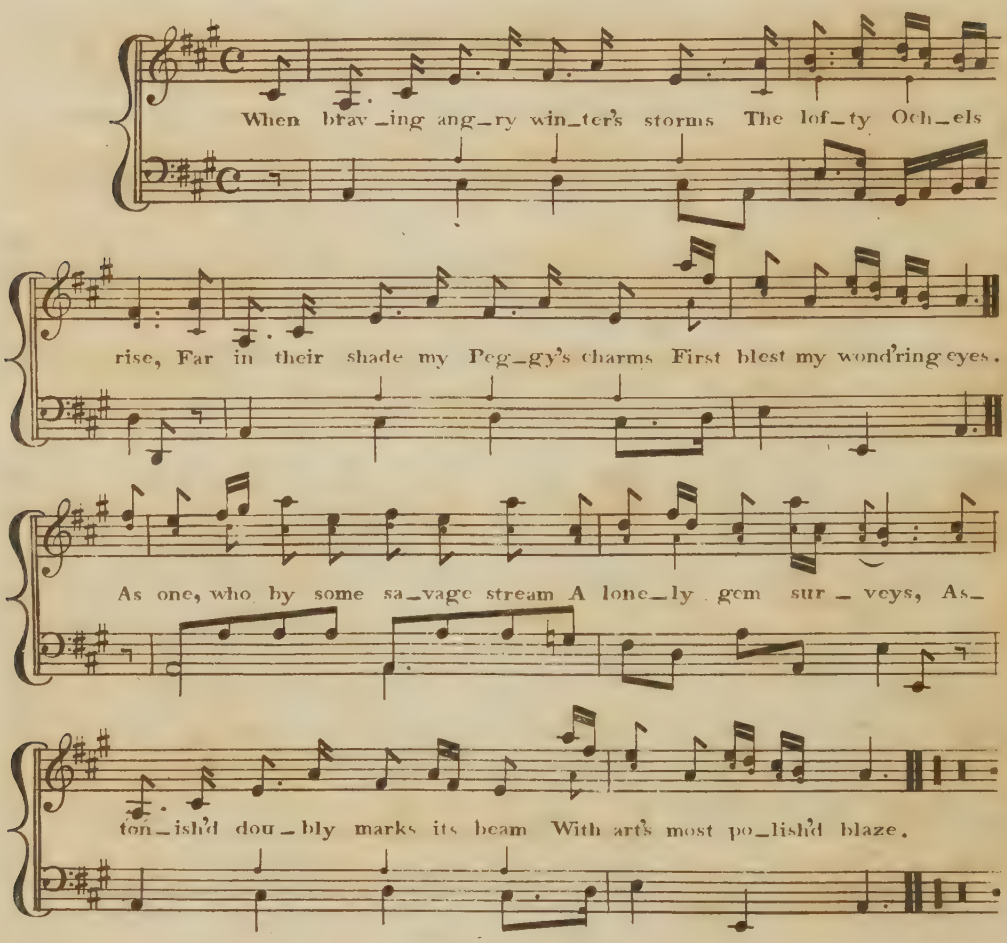

With Spirit.
O Kenmure's on and a_wa, Wil_lie, O Kenmure's on and a_
wa; And Kenmure's Lord's the bravest Lord that e_ver Gal_lo_wa
saw. Suc_cess to Kenmure's band, Wil_lie, Suc_cess to Kenmure's
band; There's no a heart that fears a Whig that rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in Wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in Wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude
Afore the battle drap.
His Lady's cheek grew red, Willie,
His Lady's cheek grew red,
When she saw his steely jups put on,
And saw his battle blade.

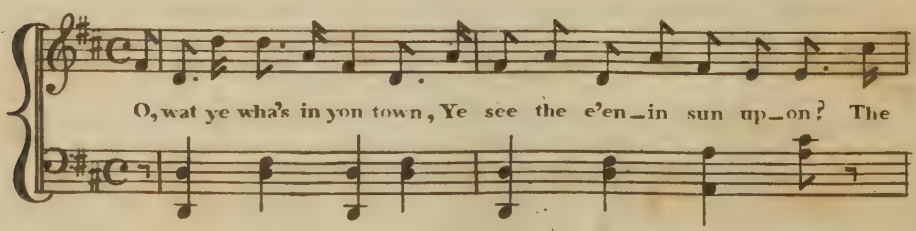
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live, or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa,
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

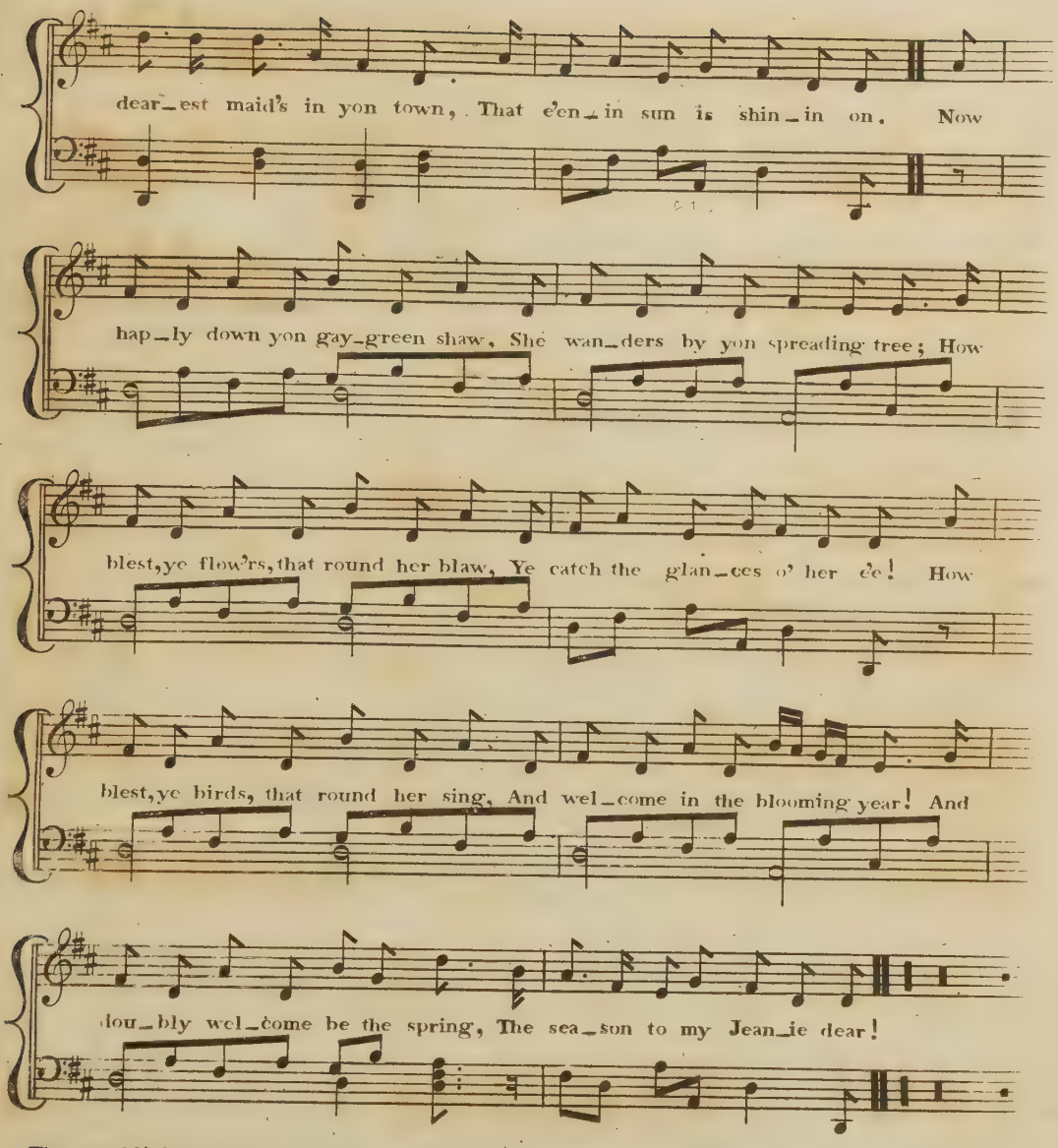
WHEN BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.


When brav_ing ang_ry win_ter's storms The lof_ty Och_els
rise, Far in their shade my Peg_gy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes.
As one, who by some sa_vage stream A lone_ly gem sur_veys, As_
ton_ish'd dou_bly marks its beam With art's most po_lish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild-sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r.
The tyrant death, with grim controul,
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

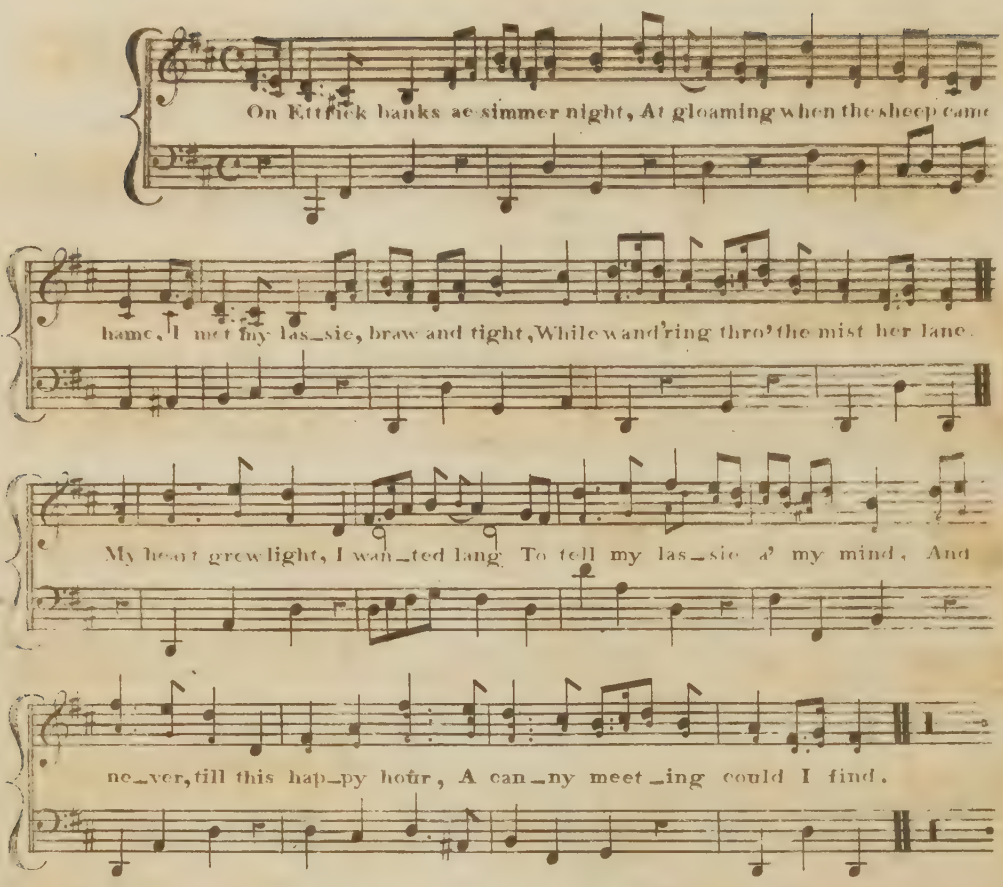



dear_est maid's in yon town, That e'en_in sun is shin_in on. Now
hap_ly down yon gay_green shaw, She wan_ders by yon spreading tree; How
blest, ye flow'rs, that round her blaw, Ye catch the glan_ces o' her e'e! How
blest, ye birds, that round her sing, And wel_come in the blooming year! And
dou_bly wel_come be the spring, The sea_son to my Jean_ie dear!

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beams ne'er shone upon.
If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Jeanie dear:
For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart:
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

ETTRICK BANKS.


On Ettrick banks ae simmer night, At gloaming when the sheep came
hame, I met my las_sie, braw and tight, While wand'ring thro' the mist her lane.
My heart grew light, I wan_ted lang To tell my las_sie a' my mind, And
ne_ver, till this hap_py hour, A can_ny meet_ing could I find.

I said, my lassie will ye go
To the hieland hills the carse to learn,
I'll gie ye baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig o' Earn.
At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we hae wrought eneugh,
When winter frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
I'll clear my voice, and sing a sang;
I'll tak my buik, and read to thee,
And winter nights will no be lang.

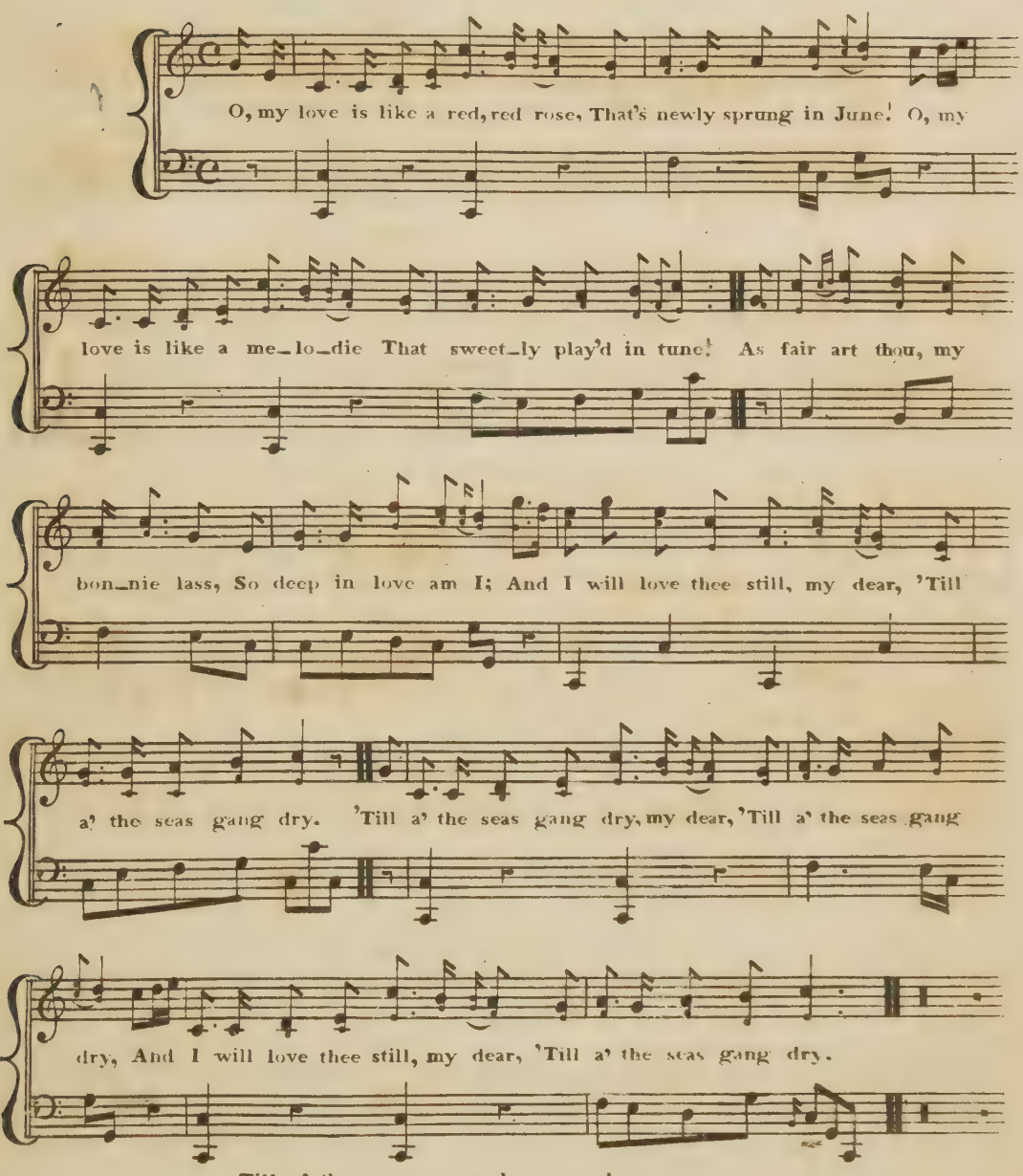
WHEN FRAGRANT WINDS AT EVE BLEW SAFT.

Same Air.

When fragrant winds at eve blew saft,
And nature cheer'd each rural scene,
My lowly Cot with joy I left,
To meet my Mary on the green.
The linnet sung, upon the bush,
His farewell to the setting sun;
Far down the glen, the speckled thrush
Took up the Strain ere he had done.

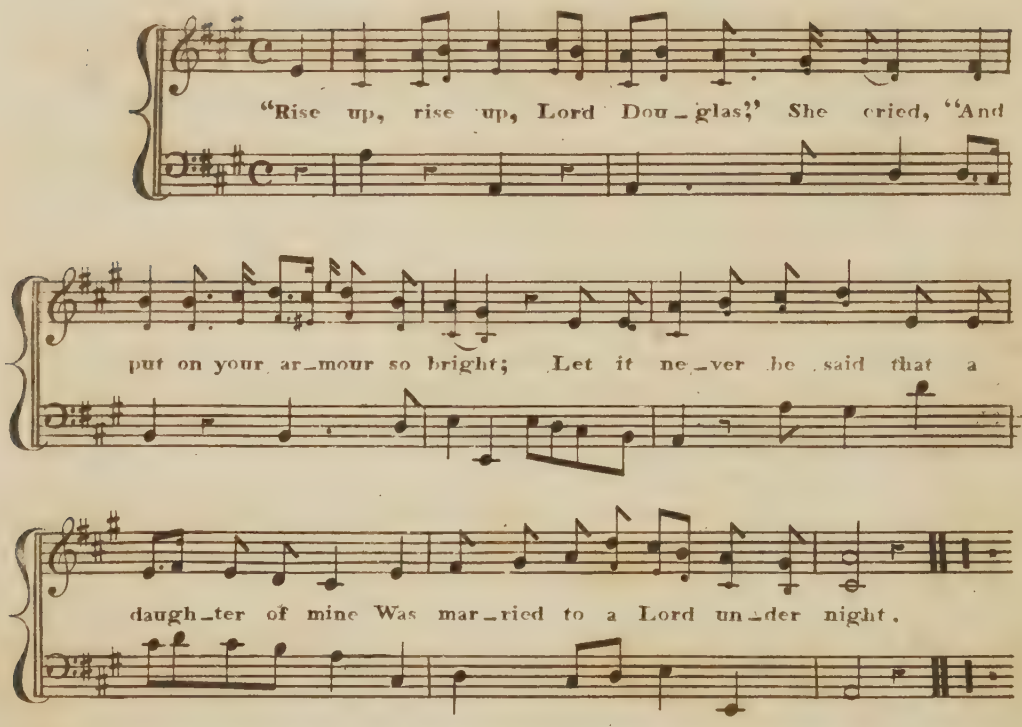
The zephyrs shed their balmy breath,
And kiss'd the flow'rets on their way,
While Levern's limpid stream, beneath,
Was glancing in the sunny ray.
My heart rejoic'd, as 'neath the shade
With Mary nature's charms I view'd,
'Till night with silent footsteps sped,
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r bedew'd.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE.


O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June! O, my
love is like a me_lo_die That sweet_ly play'd in tune! As fair art thou, my
bon_nie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, 'Till
a' the seas gang dry. 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang
dry, And I will love thee still, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But, fare thee weel, my only love!
O fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.


"Rise up, rise up, Lord Dou_glas," She cried, "And
put on your ar_mour so bright; Let it ne_ver be said that a
daugh_ter of mine Was mar_ried to a Lord un_der night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven sons bold,
And put on your armour so bright;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk_white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugle horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Margaret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold
And your Father I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk_white hand,
And never shed a tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her Father who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand Lord William!" she said
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get mony a ane,
But a Father I never can get mair!"

O she's taen out her handkerchief,
It was o' the Holland sae fine,
And ay she dighted her Father's bloody wounds,
That were redder far than the Wine.

'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret,' he said,
'O, whether will ye gang or bide?'
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said;
"For ye ha'e left me nae other guide."

He's lifted her on her milk-white steed,
And himself on his dapple grey,
With a Bugle horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on the rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they cam to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

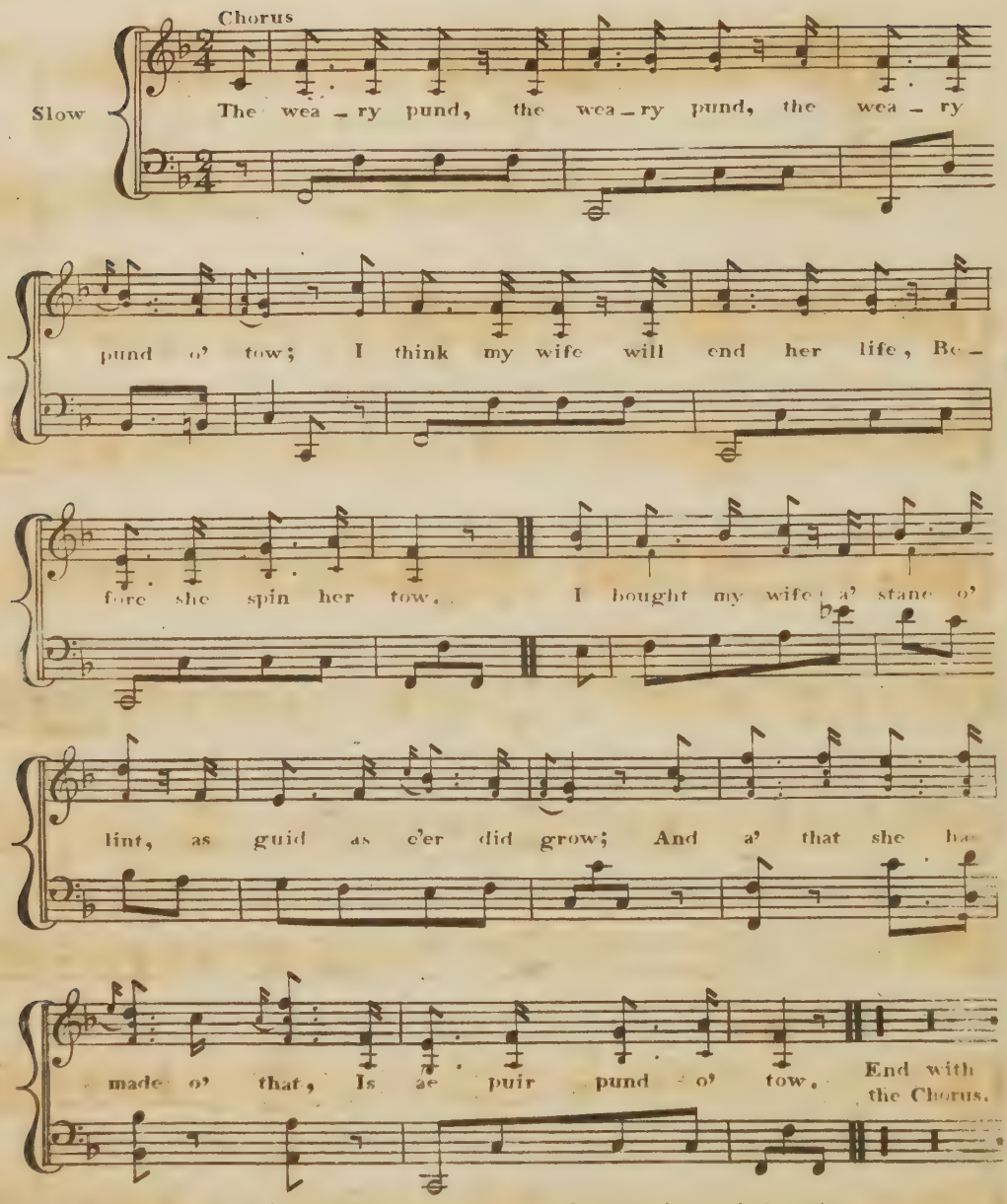
They lighted down to tak a drink,
Of the spring that ran sae clear,
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blude,
And sair she gaun to fear.

O they rade on, and on the rade,
And fair and clear shone the moon,
And weary they cam to his mither's door,
And there they lighted them down.

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margaret lang ere day ——
And all true lovers, that gang thegither,
May they hae mair luck than they.

Lord William was buried in St Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Marie's quire,
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier ——

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And vow but he was rough!
For he pued up the bonny brier,
And flang it in St Marie's loch.

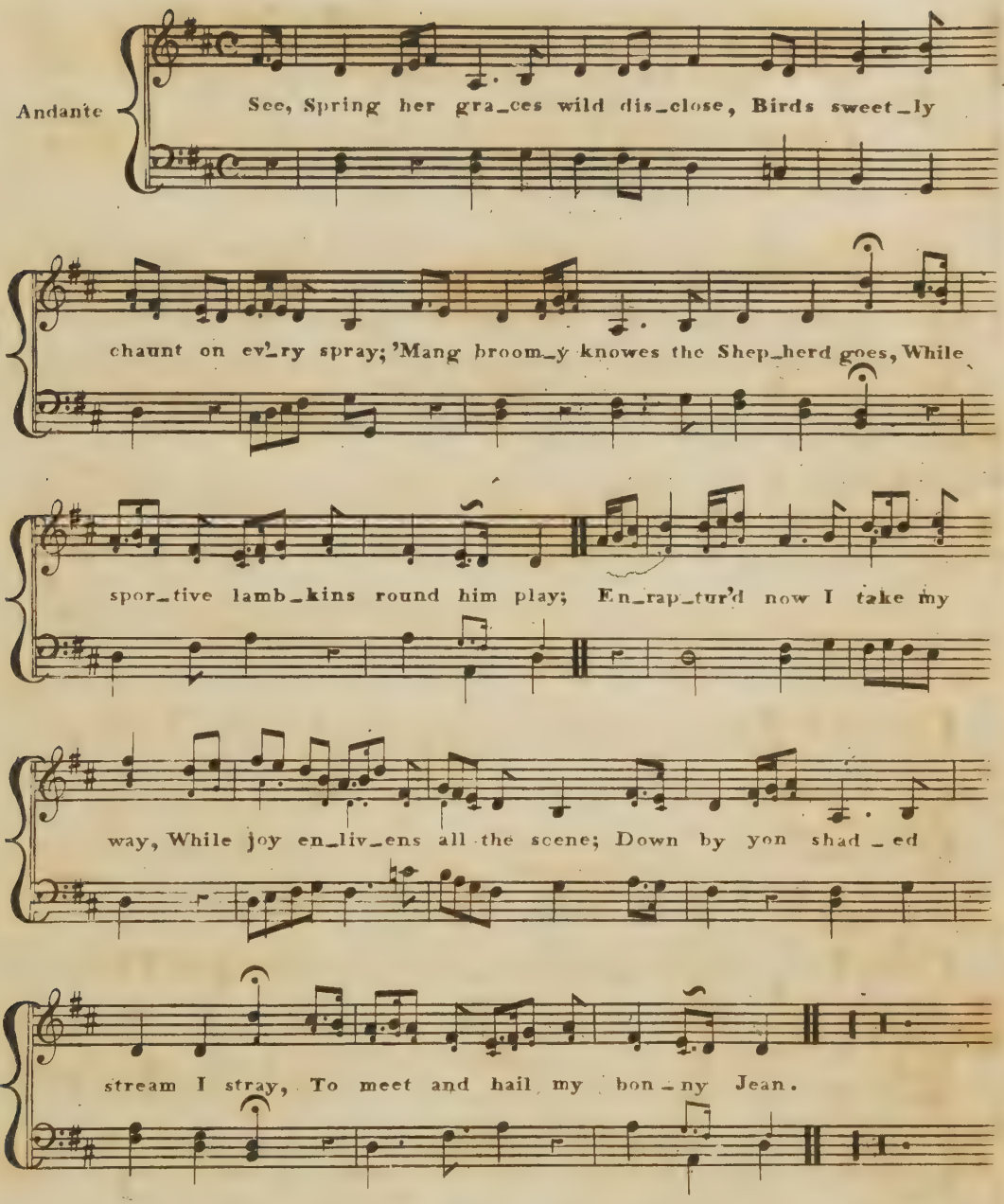
THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Chorus
Slow
The wea – ry pund, the wea – ry pund, the wea – ry
pund o' tow; I think my wife will end her life, Be –
fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a' stane o'
lint, as guid as e'er did grow; And a' that she ha
made o' that, Is ae puir pund o' tow.
End with the Chorus.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low;
And ay she took the tither sook,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, "for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!"
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.
The weary pund, &c.

If my wife and thy wife
Were in a boat thegither,
Sixty mile from ony shore,
Wi' nane to steer the rudder.
The weary pund, &c.

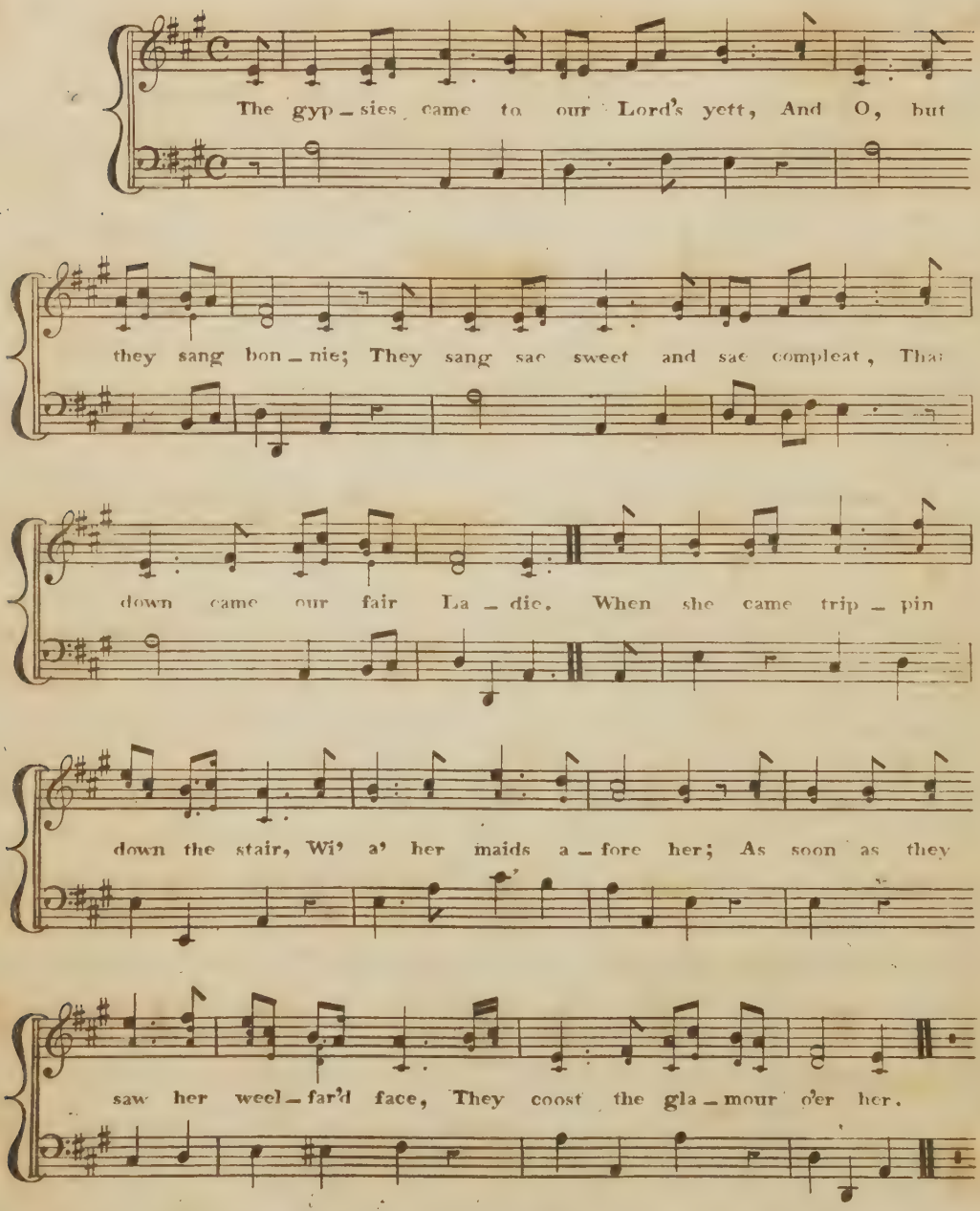
And if the boat was bottomless,
And nachody to row,
We ne'er would wish them back again
To spin the pickle tow.
The weary pund, &c.


Andante
See, Spring her gra_ces wild dis_close, Birds sweet_ly
chaunt on ev'_ry spray; 'Mang broom_y knowes the Shep_herd goes, While
spor_tive lamb_kins round him play; En_rap_tur'd now I take my
way, While joy en_liv_ens all the scene; Down by yon shad_ed
stream I stray, To meet and hail my bon_ny Jean.

Ye Kelburn groves! by Spring attir'd;
Where zephyrs sport amang the flow'rs,
Your fairy scenes I've oft admir'd,
While jocund pass'd the sunny hours:
But doubly happy in your bow'rs,
When fragrance scents the dewy e'en;
I wander where your streamlet pours,
To meet and hail my bonny Jean.

Let Grandeur rear her lofty dome;
Let mad Ambition kingdoms spoil;
Through foreign lands let Av'rice roam,
And for his prize unceasing toil:
Give me fair Nature's vernal smile,
The shelter'd grove and daisied green,
I'll happy tread my native soil,
To meet and hail my bonny Jean.

JOHNNY FAA, or the GYPSIE LADDIE.


The gyp – sies came to our Lord's yett, And O, but
they sang bon – nie; They sang sae sweet and sae compleat, That
down came our fair La – die. When she came trip – pin
down the stair, Wi' a' her maids a – fore her; As soon as they
saw her weel – far'd face, They coost the gla – mour o'er her.

"Will ye gae wi' me?" says Johnny Faa,
"Will ye gae wi' me, my dearie?
And I will swear, by the staff of my spear,
Your Lord shall nae mair come near ye."
'Gae tak frae me my silk manteel,
And bring to me my plaidie;
For I will travel the warld owre,
Alang wi' the Gypsie Laddie.'

They wandered high, they wandered low,
They wandered late and early,
Until they came to that wan water,
And by this time she was weary:
'Aften hae I rode that wan water,
And my Lord Cassilis beside me,
And now I maun set in my white feet and wade,
And carry the Gypsie Laddie.'

By and by came hame this noble Lord,
And spiering for his Ladie;
Ane did cry, and anither did reply,
'She's aff wi' the Gypsie Laddie.'
"Gae saddle to me the black" he says,
"The brown rides ne'er sae speedie;
And I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I bring hame my Ladie."

He wandered high, he wandered low,
He wandered late and early,
Until he cam to that wan water,
And there he spied his Ladie.
They were fifteen valiant men,
Black, but very bonny,
And they lost a' their lives for ane,
The Earl o' Cassili's Ladie.

WAES ME, FOR PRINCE CHARLIE. Same Air.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearlie,
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang,
Was "Waes me, for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
The tears cam drappin rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

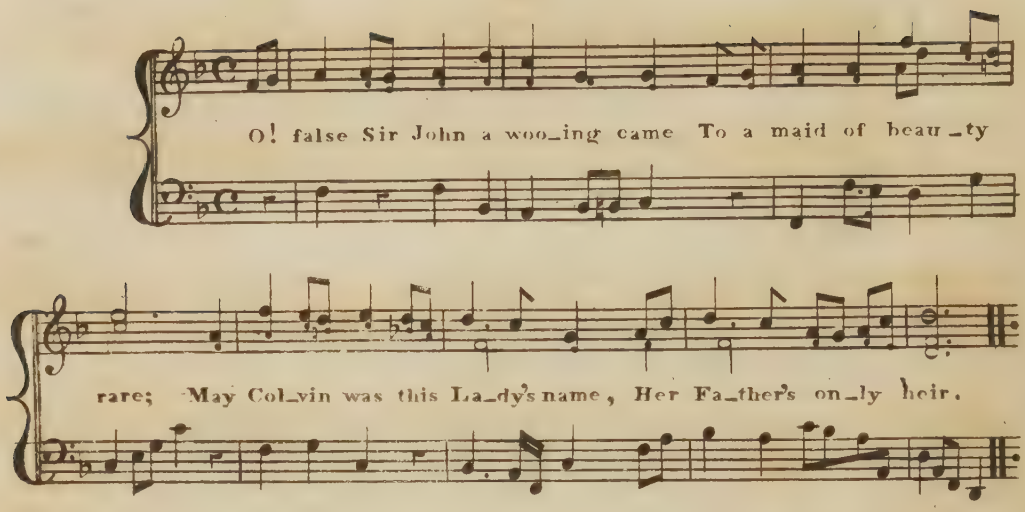
Quo' I, 'my bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is't some words ye've learn't by rote?
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?'
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind an' rain;
Oh! waes me, for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side by danger:
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly chang'd indeed was he;
Oh! waes me, for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
Out owre the hills and vallies;
And whar was't that your Prince lay down,
Whas hame should been a Palace?
He row'd him in a highland-plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom;
Oh! waes me, for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger;
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer:"
A while he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
'Twas, "waes me, for Prince Charlie!"

MAY COLVIN.



He woo'd her butt, he woo'd her ben,
He woo'd her in the ha',
Untill he got this Lady's consent
To mount, and to ride awa.

He went down to her Father's bower,
Where a' the steeds did stand,
And he's tane ane o' the best steeds
That was in her Father's hand.

And he's got on, and she's got on,
And fast as they could flee,
Untill they came to a lonesome part,
A rock by the side of the sea.

"Loup aff the steed," says false Sir John;
"Your bridal here you see;
For I have drowned seven young Ladies,
The eight ane you shall be.

"Cast aff, cast aff, my May Colvin,
All, and your silken gown;
For 'tis o'er good, and o'er costly,
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast aff, cast aff, my May Colvin,
All, and your embroidered shune;
For they are o'er good, and o'er costly,
To rot in the salt sea foam."

'O, turn ye about, O false Sir John,
And luik to the leaf o' the tree;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.'

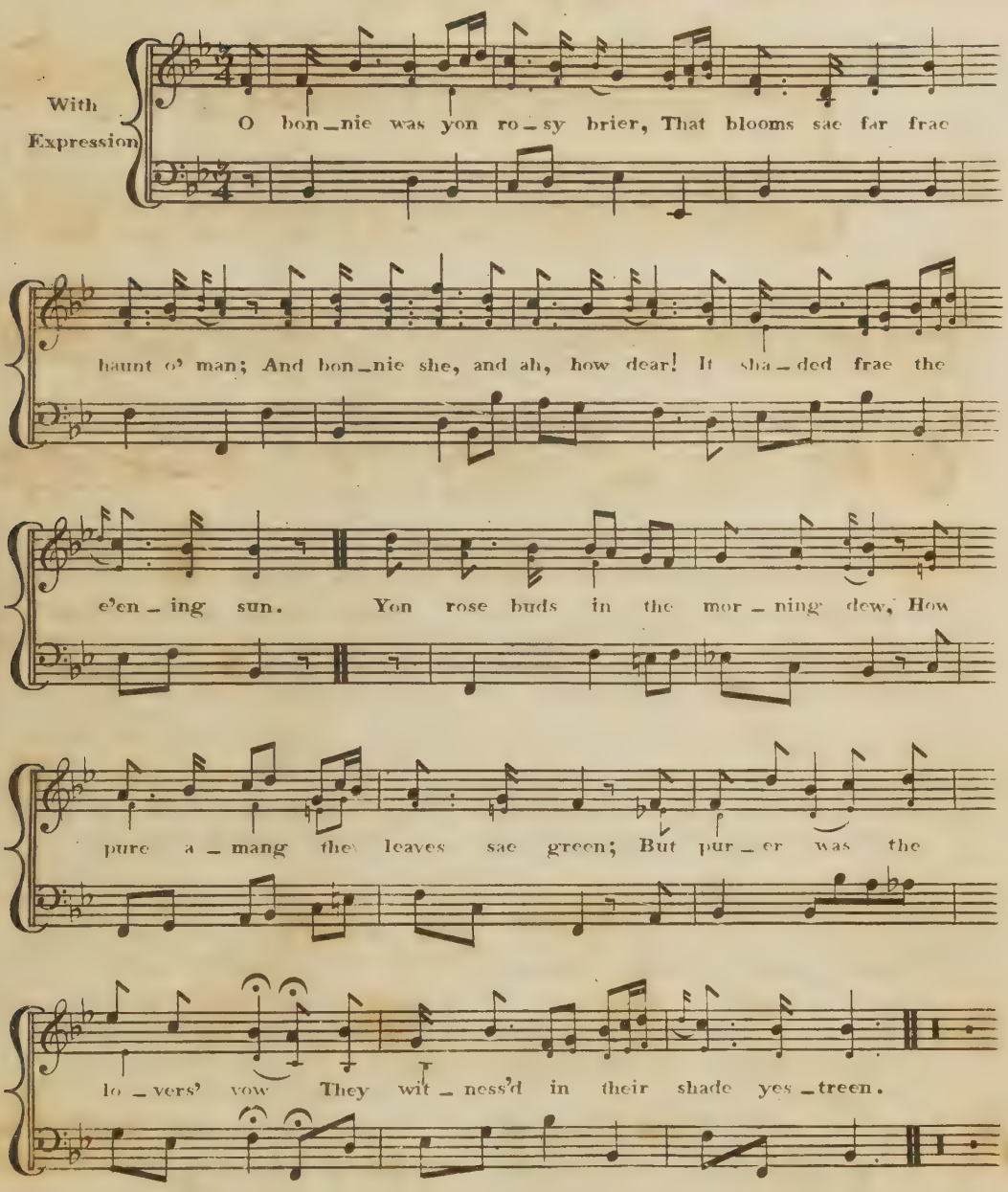
He turn'd himself straight round about,
To luik to the leaf o' the tree;
So swift as May Colvin was
To throw him into the sea.

"O help! O help! my May Colvin;
O help! or else I'll drown;
I'll tak ye hame to your Father's bower,
And set you down safe and sound."

'Nae help, nae help, you false Sir John;
Nae help, tho' I pity thee,
Tho' seven knights daughters you have drown
But the eight shall not be me,'

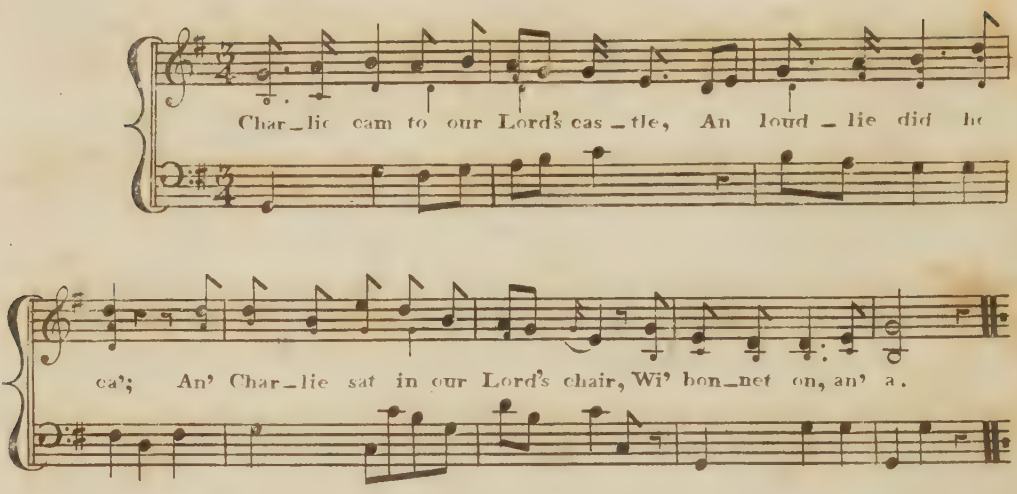
So she went on her Father's steed,
As swift as she could flee;
And she came hame to her Father's bow'r
Afore the break o' day.

O BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.


With Expression
O bon_nie was yon ro_sy brier, That blooms sae far frae
haunt o' man; And bon_nie she, and ah, how dear! It sha_ded frae the
e'en_ing sun. Yon rose buds in the mor_ning dew, How
pure a_mang the leaves sae green; But pur_er was the
lo_vers' vow They wit_ness'd in their shade yes_treen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flow'r,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the warld, nor wish nor scorn,—
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

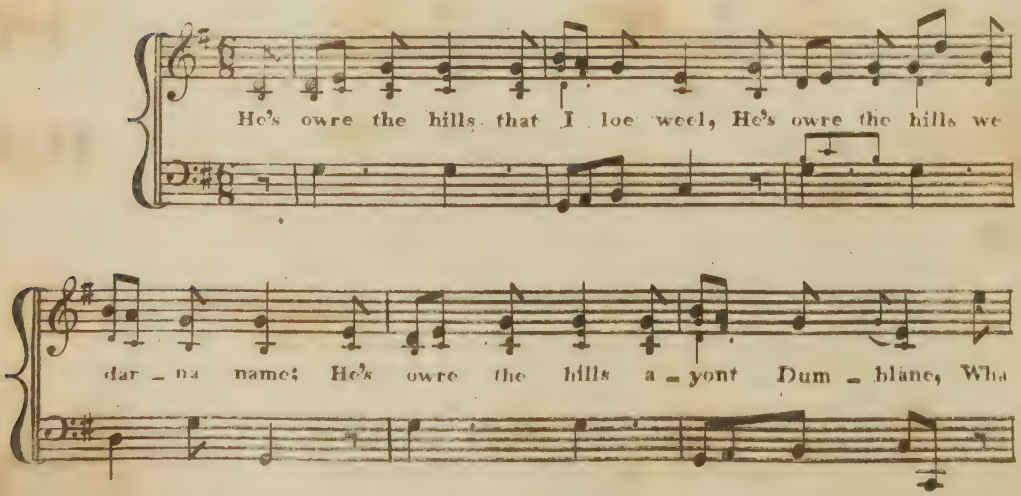
CHARLIE CAM TO OUR LORD'S CASTLE.

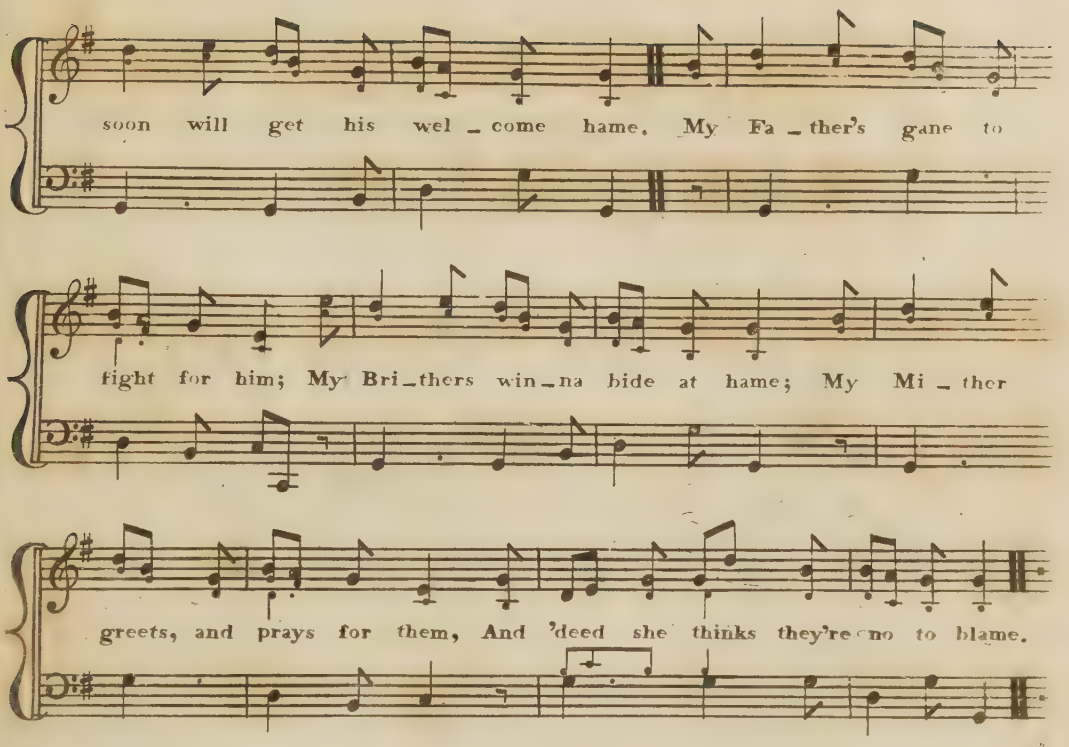


His plaid was bound wi' siller belt,
An' to his knee cam down,
He look'd like nane but Scotland's King,
Sae worthy o' the Crown.

And wi' him our brave Lord maun gae,
For him he's clench'd his brand,
An' be it weel, or be it wae,
The word is, fair Scotland.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LOE WEEL.



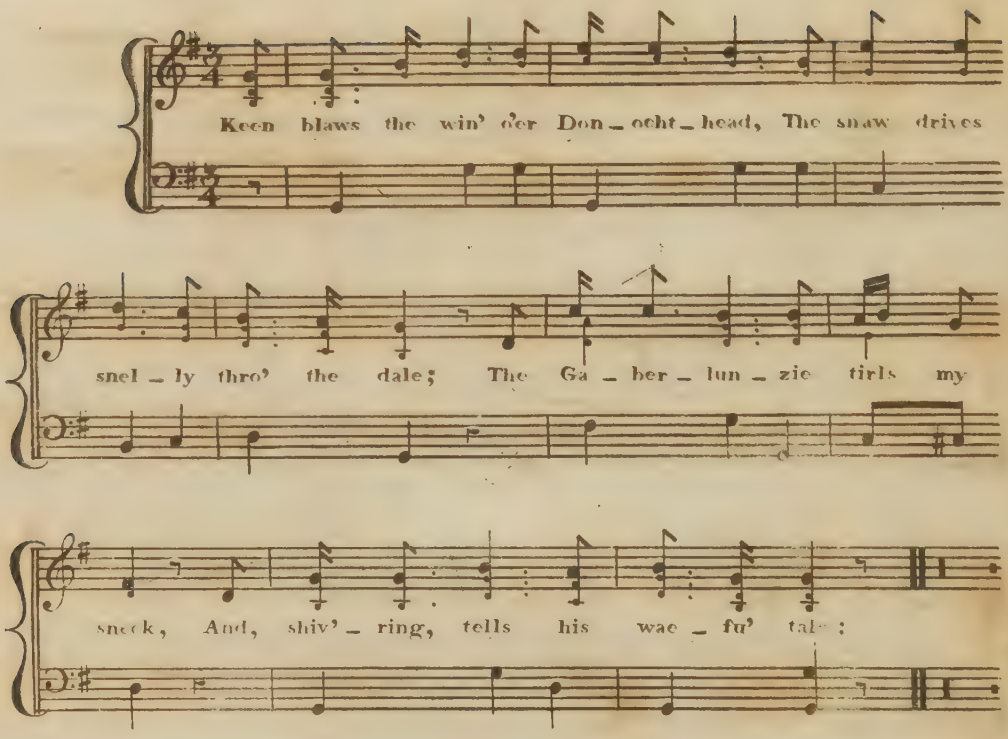

soon will get his wel_come hame, My Fa_ther's gane to
fight for him; My Bri_thers win_na bide at hame; My Mi_ther
greets, and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs may jeer;
But ah! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
He's owre, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
O'er hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads ere did our laddies will do;
Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.
He's owre, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair!
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's owre, &c.

Then draw the claymore for Charlie then; fight
For your Country, Religion, and a' that is right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd die as aft, for ane o' the three!
He's owre, &c.


Keen blaws the win' o'er Don – ocht – head, The snaw drives
snel – ly thro' the dale; The Ga – ber – lun – zie tirls my
sneck, And, shiv' – ring, tells his wae – fu' tale:

"Cauld is the night, O, let me in!
An' dinna let your minstrel fa';
And dinna let his winding-sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

"Full ninety winters hae I seen,
And piped where gorcocks whirring flew;
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
To lilts which from my drone I blew."

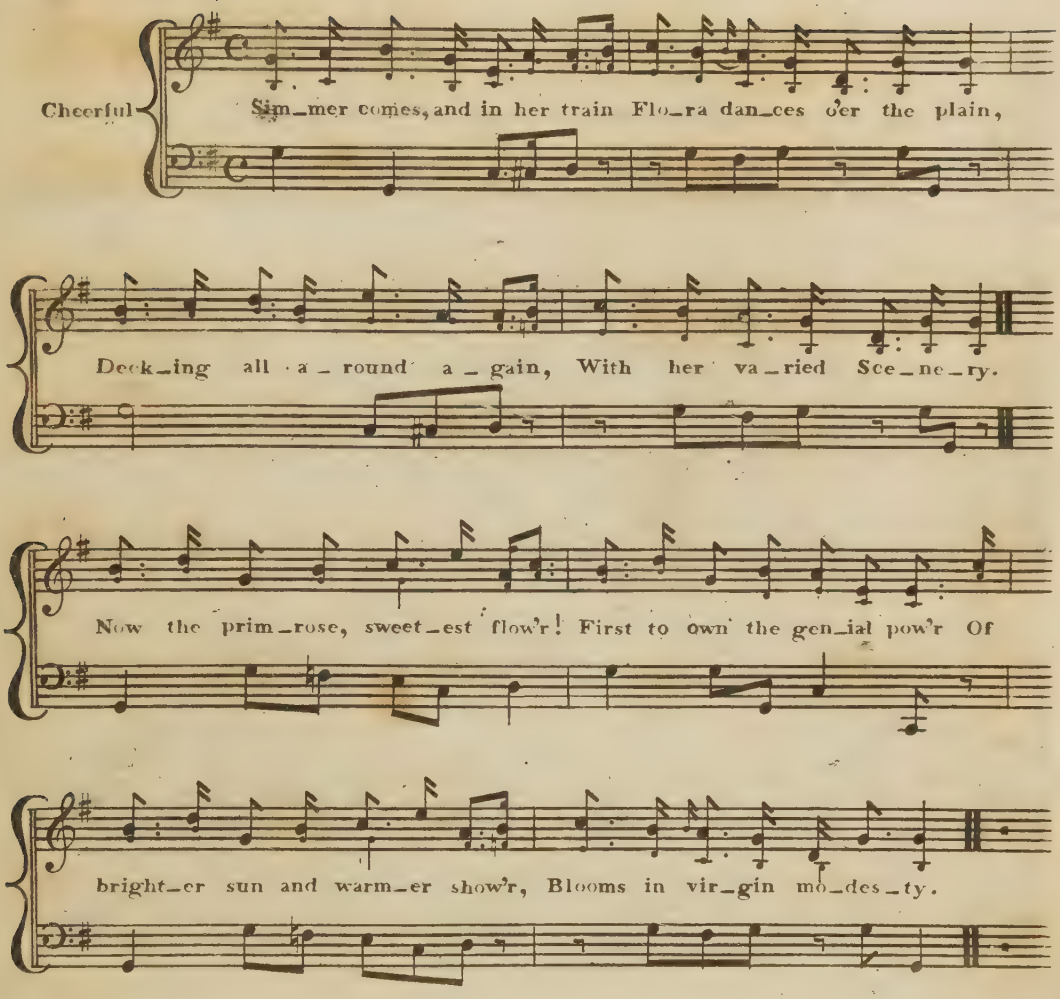
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
'Get up Gudeman, and let him in;
For, weel ye ken, the winter night
Was short when he began his din.'

My Eppie's voice, O wow, it's sweet!
E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a-wee;
But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
O, haith! its doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
You should nae stray sae far frae hame.

"Nae hame ha'e I," the minstrel said,
"Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And, weeping, at the eve of life,
I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw."

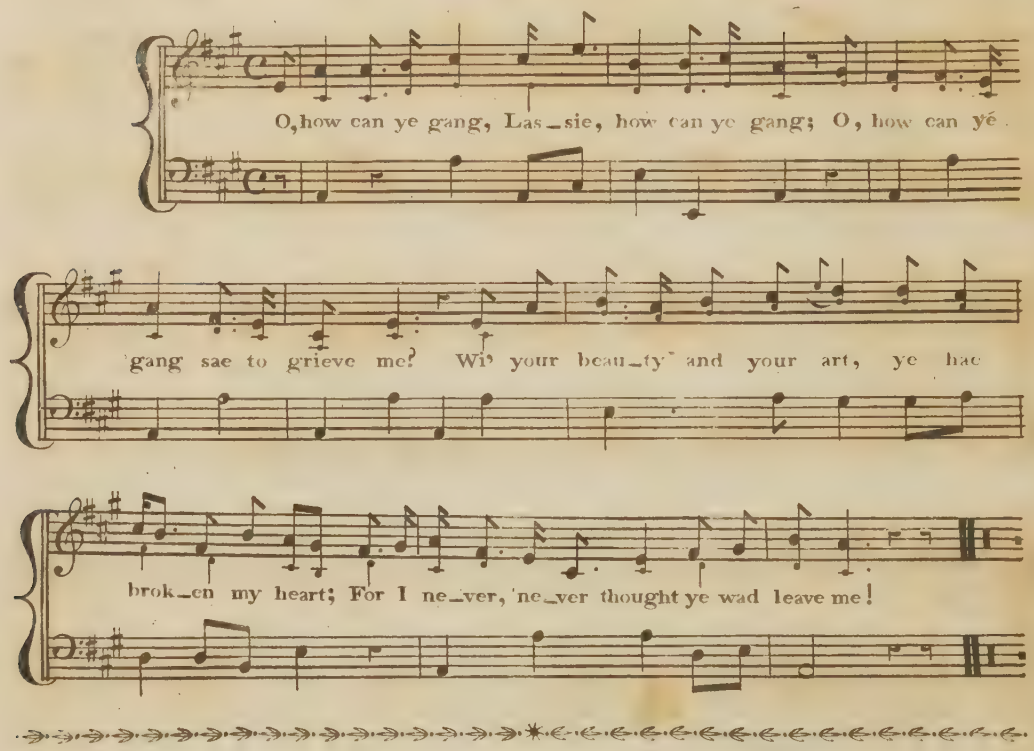
SIMMER COMES.


Cheerful
Sim_mer comes, and in her train Flo_ra dan_ces o'er the plain,
Deck_ing all a_round a_gain, With her va_ried Sce_ne_ry.
Now the prim_rose, sweet_est flow'r! First to own the gen_ial pow'r Of
bright_er sun and warm_er show'r, Blooms in vir_gin mo_des_ty.

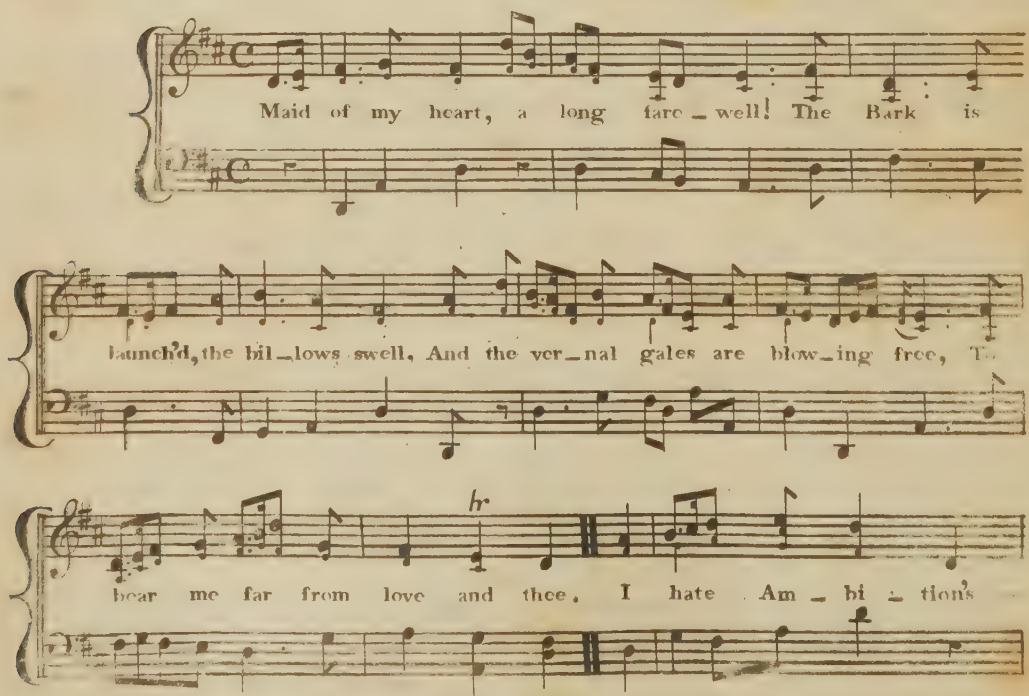
Here the gowan lifts its head,
As if afraid some foot would tread,
Back into its native bed,
All its lowly finery.
There again the heath-bell blue,
Forms its cup of azure hue,
As if to sip the silver dew,
That falls at eve refreshingly.

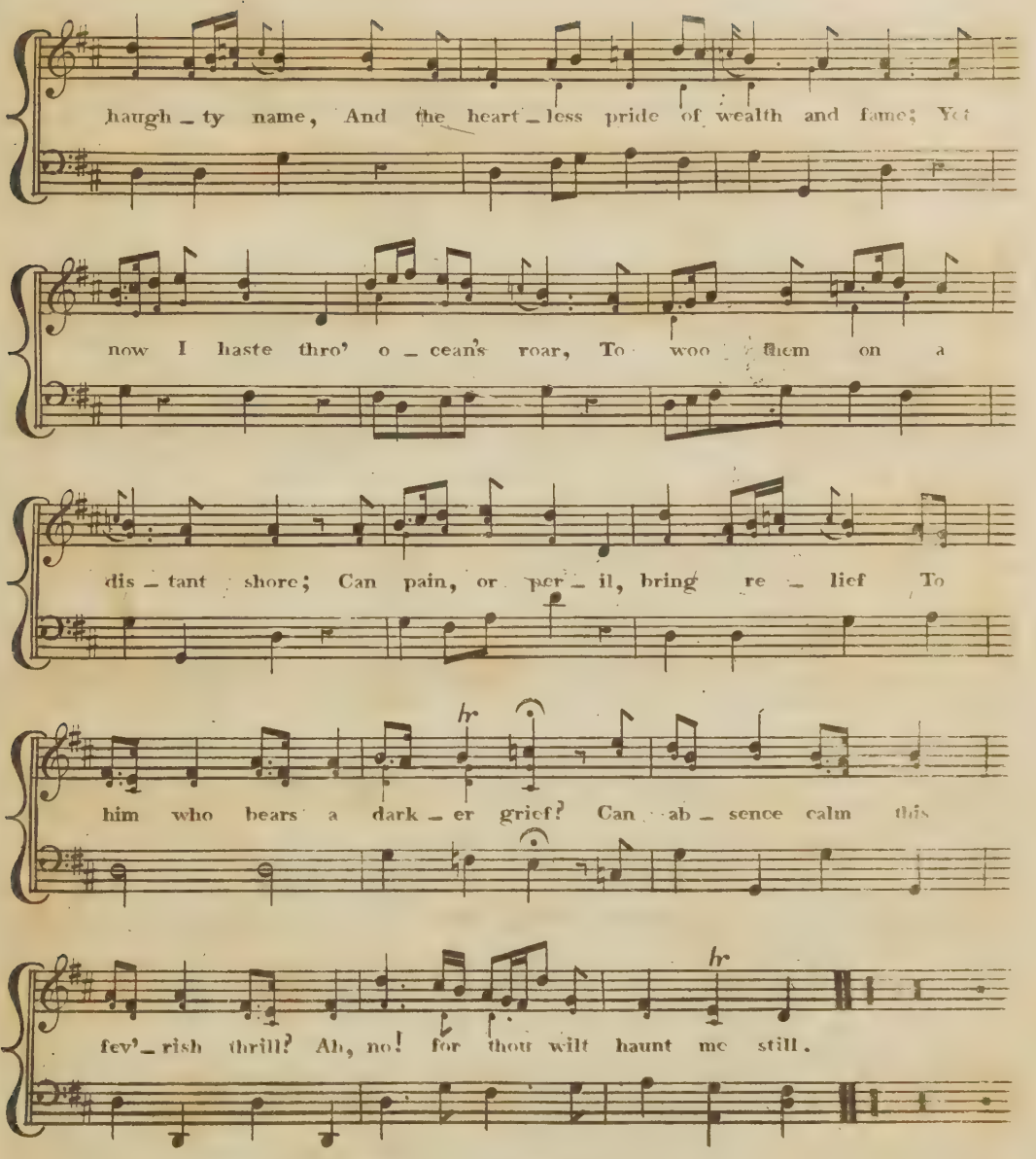
And when evening comes so still,
How sweet to hear, from yonder hill,
The gurgling sound of rapid rill,
Fall on the ear harmoniously!
How sweet to hear from yonder grove,
The mavis tune his note to love,
While, blessed with thee, I fondly rove
Along the glen sae cheerily!

O, HOW COULD YE GANG SAE TO GRIEVE ME?


O, how can ye gang, Las_sie, how can ye gang; O, how can ye
gang sae to grieve me? Wi' your beau_ty and your art, ye hae
brok_en my heart; For I ne_ver, ne_ver thought ye wad leave me!

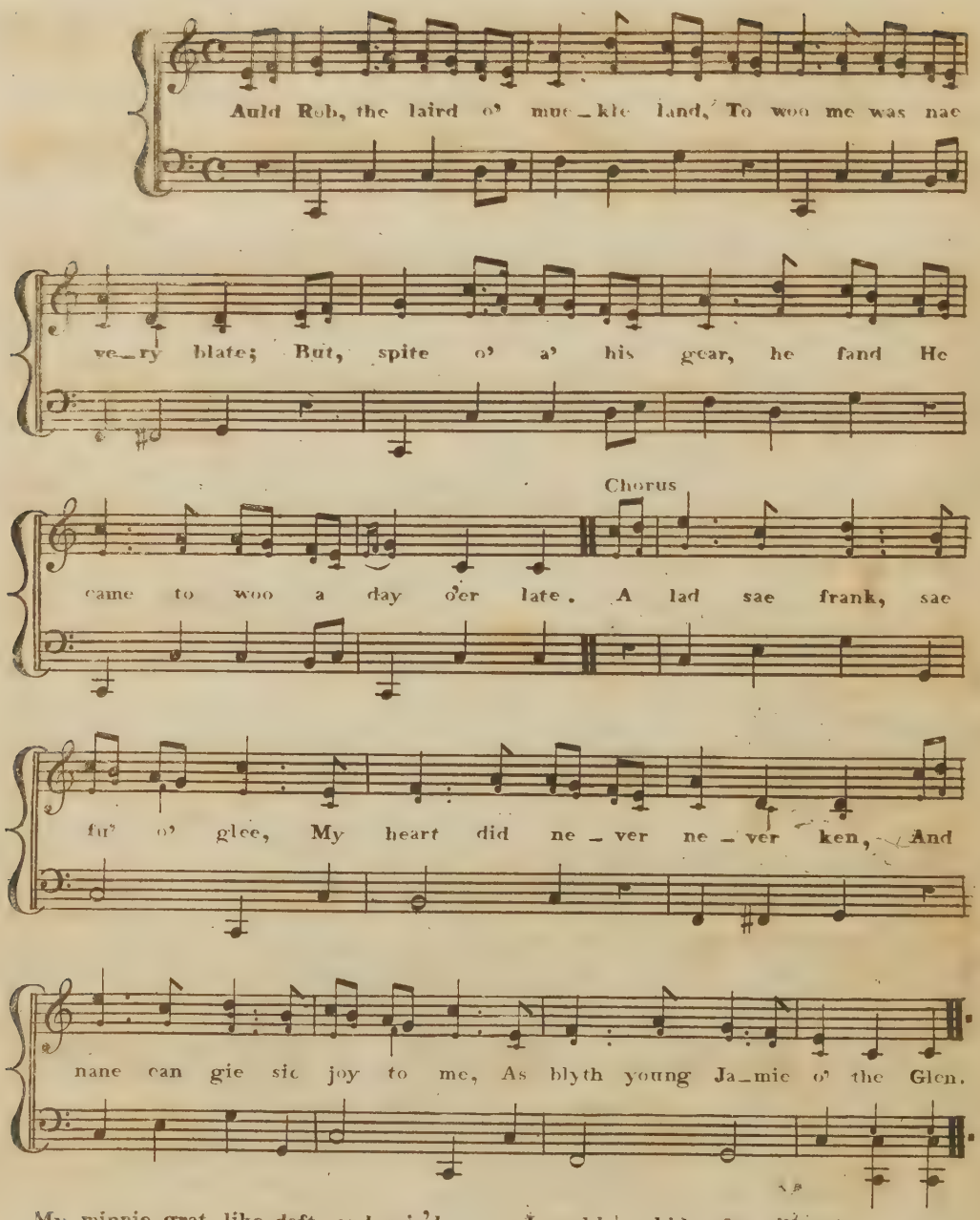
MAID OF MY HEART, A LONG FAREWELL!


Maid of my heart, a long fare_well! The Bark is
launch'd, the bil_lows swell, And the ver_nal gales are blow_ing free, To
bear me far from love and thee, I hate Am_bi_tion's


haugh – ty name, And the heart – less pride of wealth and fame; Yet
now I haste thro' o – cean's roar, To woo them on a
dis – tant shore; Can pain, or per – il, bring re – lief To
him who bears a dark – er grief? Can ab – sence calm this
fev' – rish thrill? Ah, no! for thou wilt haunt me still.

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
Thy form that breathed of love and youth;
Thy voice, by Nature framed to suit
The tone of love's enchanted lute;
Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,
Where tender thought and feeling lie;
Thine eye-lid like the evening cloud,
That comes the star of love to shroud;
Each witchery of soul and sense,
Enshrined in Angel innocence,
Combined to frame the fatal spell —
That blest – and broke my heart! – Farewell!

JAMIE O' THE GLEN.


Auld Rob, the laird o' muc_kle land, To woo me was nae
ve_ry blate; But, spite o' a' his gear, he fand He
Chorus
came to woo a day o'er late. A lad sae frank, sae
fu' o' glee, My heart did ne_ver ne_ver ken, And
nane can gie sic joy to me, As blyth young Ja_mie o' the Glen.

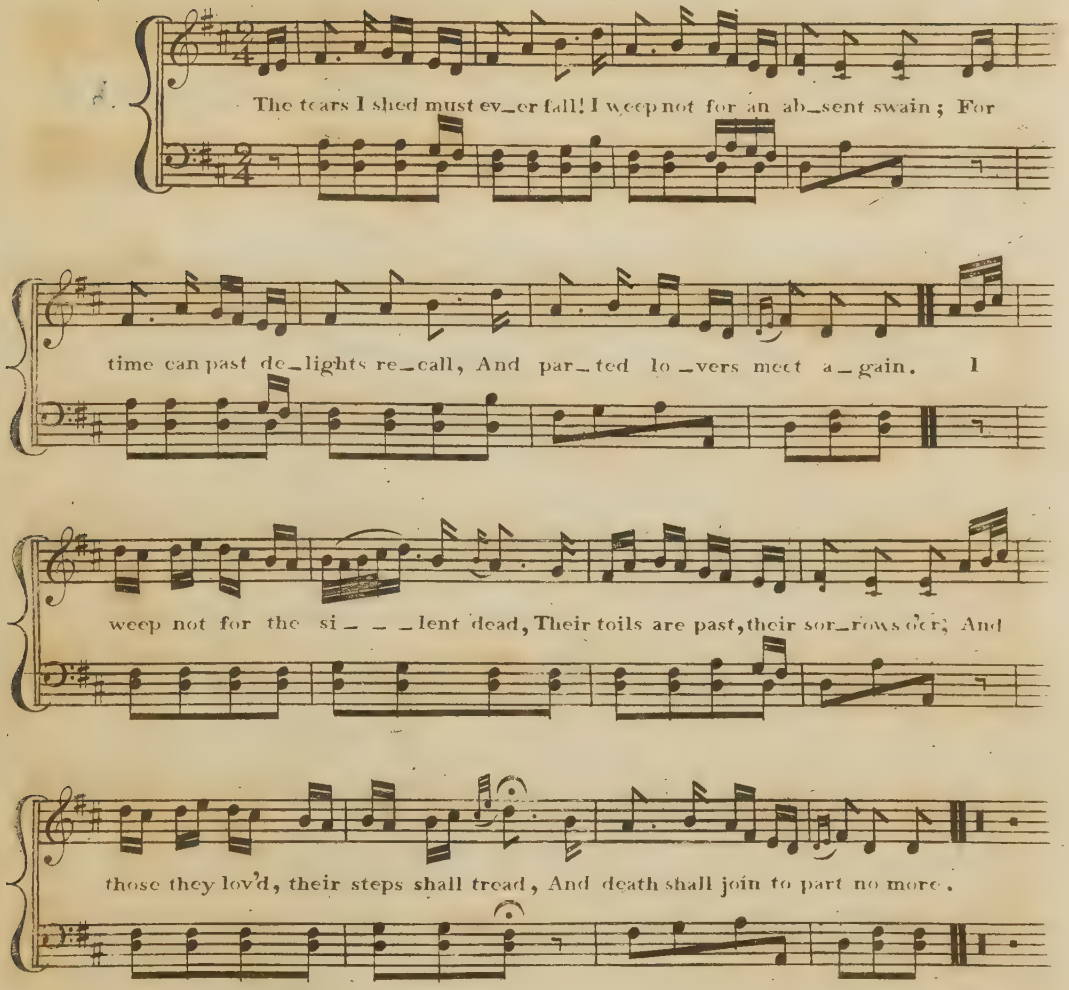
My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,
To gar me wi' her will comply;
But still I wadna hae the laird,
Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.
A lad sae frank, &c.

Ah! what are silks and satins braw?
What's a' his wardly gear to me?
They're daft that cast themsels awa,
Where nae content or love can be.
A lad sae frank, &c.

I could na bide the silly clash
Came hourly frae the gawky laird!
And sae, when minnie gied consent,
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
A lad sae frank, &c.

Now ilka simmer's day sae lang,
And winter's, clad wi' frost and snaw,
A tunefu' lilt, and bonnie sang,
Aye keep dull care and strife awa.
A lad sae frank, &c.

THE TEARS, I SHED.


The tears I shed must ev_er fall! I weep not for an ab_sent swain; For
time can past de_lights re_call, And par_ted lo_vers meet a_gain. I
weep not for the si_ _ _lent dead, Their toils are past, their sor_rows o'er; And
those they lov'd, their steps shall tread, And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll between,
If certain, that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.

E'en, when by Death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think, that e'en in death he lov'd,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
Of her, who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospects cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.

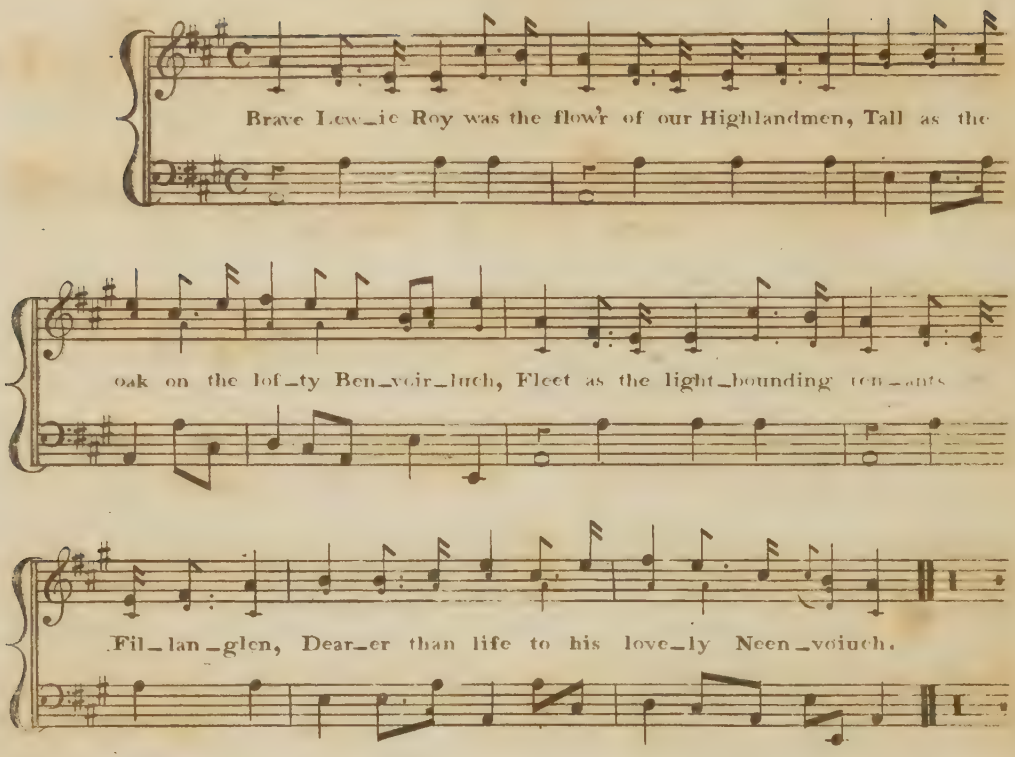
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy;
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thoughts to agony.

E'en conscious virtue cannot cure
The pang to every feeling due:
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart and break it too.

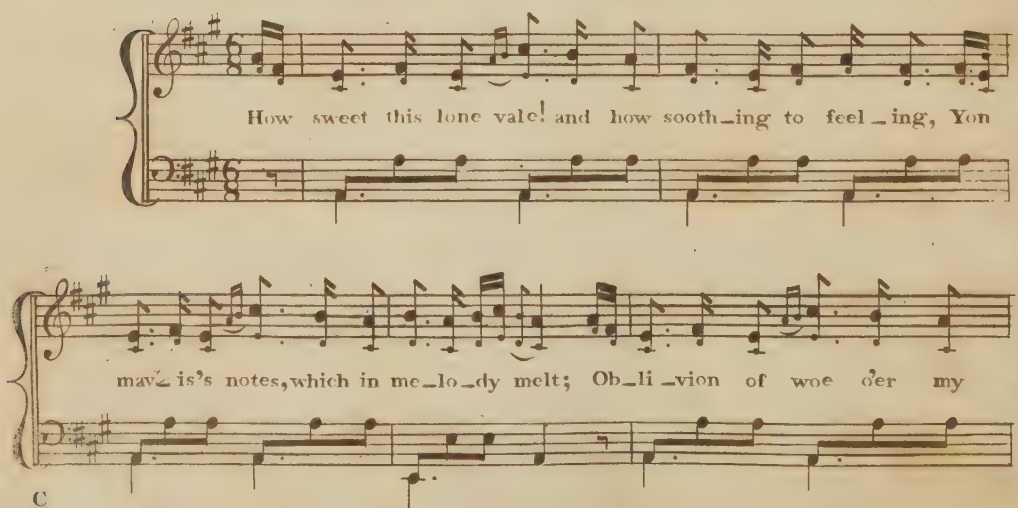
Hope, from its only anchor torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

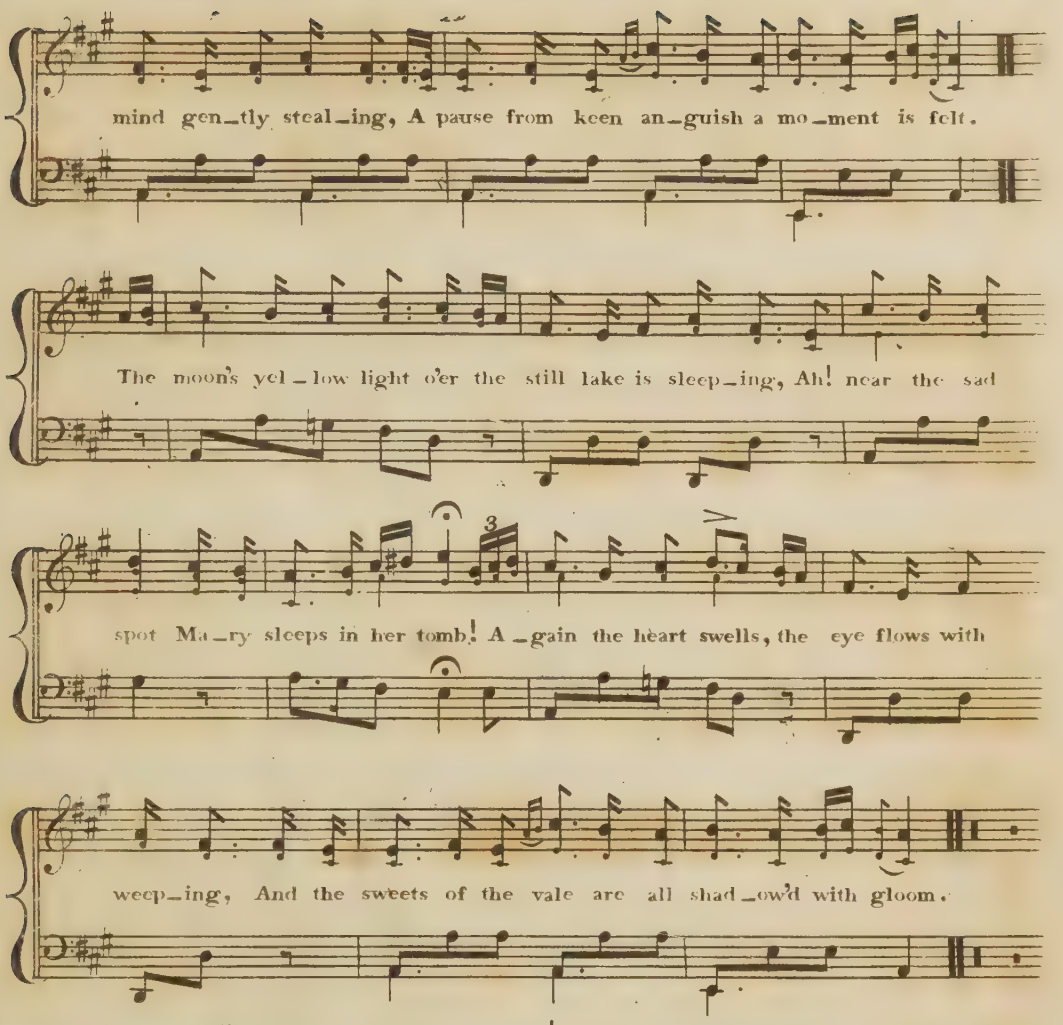
BRAVE LEWIE ROY.


Brave Lew_ie Roy was the flow'r of our Highlandmen, Tall as the
oak on the lof_ty Ben_voir_luch, Fleet as the light_bounding ro_ants
Fil_lan_glen, Dear_er than life to his love_ly Neen_voiuch.

Lone was his hiding, the cave of his hiding,
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charley,
Tho' manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,
Away from the Lady he aye lov'd sae dearly.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.



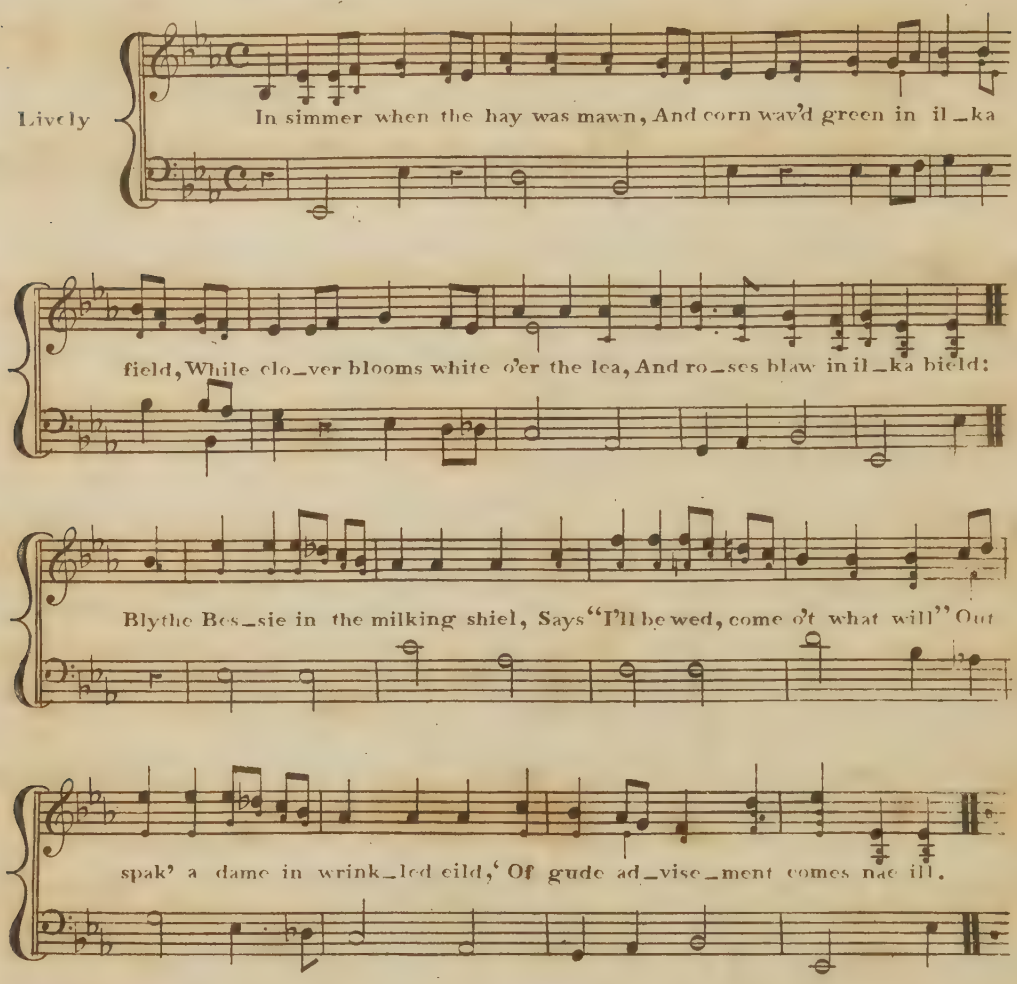

mind gen_tly steal_ing, A pause from keen an_guish a mo_ment is felt.
The moon's yel_low light o'er the still lake is sleep_ing, Ah! near the sad
spot Ma_ry sleeps in her tomb! A_gain the heart swells, the eye flows with
weep_ing, And the sweets of the vale are all shad_ow'd with gloom.

✱ How sweet this lone vale! all the beauties of Nature,
In varied features, is here to be seen;
The lowly_spread bush, and the oak's tow'ring stature,
Is mantled in foilage of gay lovely green.
Ah! here is the spot! (oh, how sad recollection!)
It is the retreat of my Mary no more;
How kind, how sincere, was the maiden's affection,
Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

✱ How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow!
The wail of distress I unheeded can pour;
My bosom o'ercharg'd may be lighter to_morrow,
By shedding a flood in the thick_twisted bower.
O Mary! in silence thou calmly reposes,
The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee;
Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses
A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

✱ These two verses written, by the late John Hamilton of Edinburgh.

IN SIMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.


Lively
In simmer when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in il_ka
field, While clo_ver blooms white o'er the lea, And ro_ses blaw in il_ka bield:
Blythe Bes_sie in the milking shiel, Says "I'll be wed, come o't what will" Out
spak' a dame in wrink_led eild, 'Of gude ad_vise_ment comes nae ill.

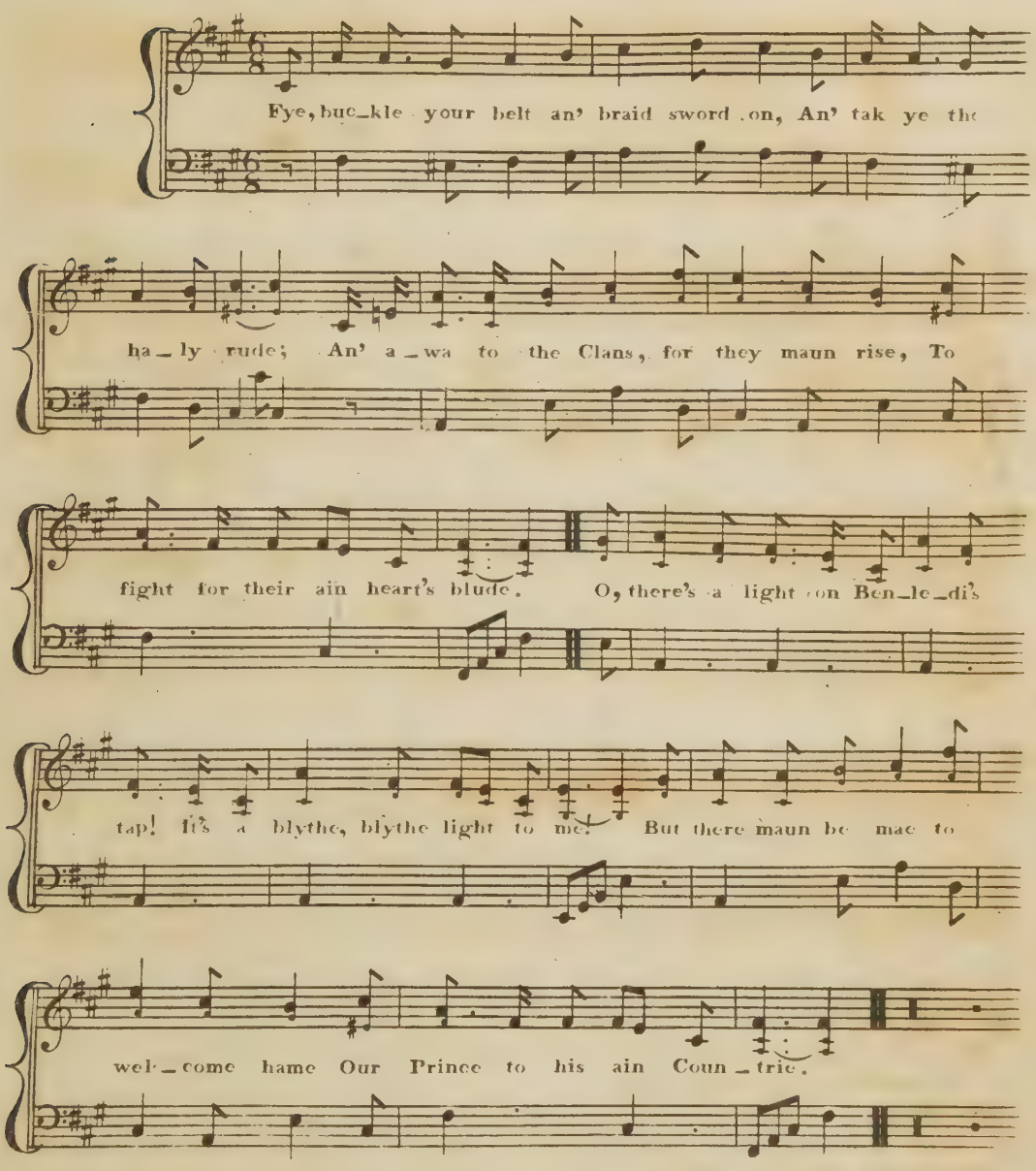
'It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And lassie ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a-wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lovers' fire!

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me.
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
The canniest gate the strife is sair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care.
But some will spend, and some will spare,
And wilfu'folk maun hae their will;
Syne, as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind, that ye maun drink the yill!

"O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor, Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy,
What mair hae Queens upon a throne?"

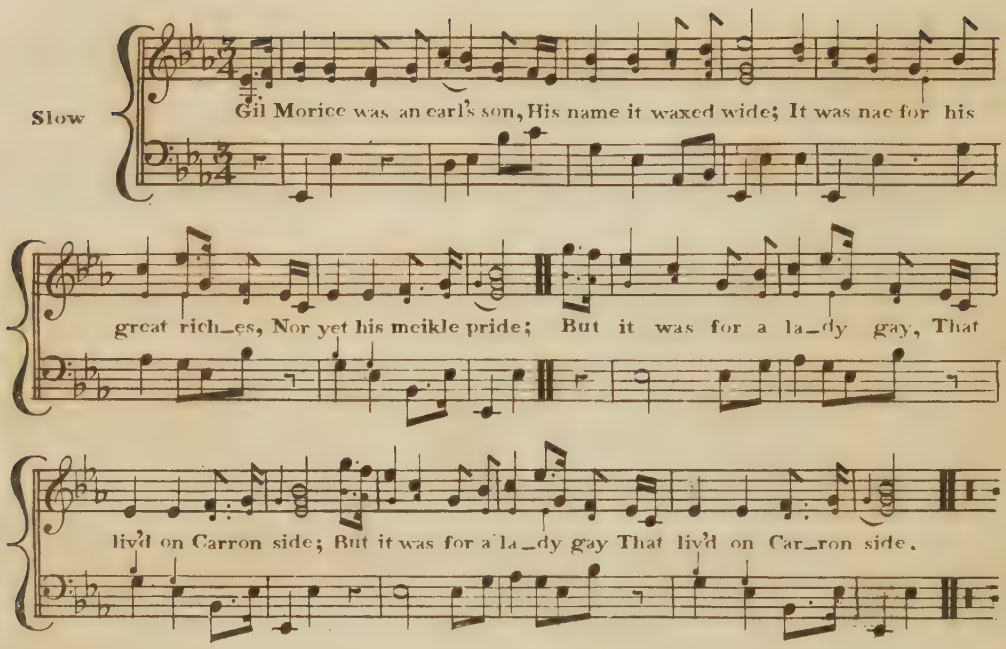
FY, BUCKLE YOUR BELT AN' BRAID SWORD ON.


Fye, buc_kle your belt an' braid sword on, An' tak ye the
ha_ly rude; An' a_wa to the Clans, for they maun rise, To
fight for their ain heart's blude. O, there's a light on Ben_le_di's
tap! It's a blythe, blythe light to me! But there maun be mae to
wel_come hame Our Prince to his ain Coun_trie.

Our gude auld wife has climb'd up the hill,
An' a blythe auld bodie is she:
She has lighted a peat for Charlie's sake,
An' merrie we a' will be.
An' here's a sword, an' a trusty ane,
Wi' a trusty hand I'll draw;
It'll never be sheath'd, it'll never wear rust,
'Till we drive the whigs awa.

Then buckle, buckle, Clansmen, an' on,
Our flags like our thistles wave;
Buckle, buckle, buckle, an' on
For Prince Charlie, or a grave.
Charlie's baith our kith an' kin,
An' by him we'll stand or fa';
Charlie claims but a kinsman's help,
On, on, my brave Clansmen, a'.

GIL MORICE.


Slow
Gil Morice was an earl's son, His name it waxed wide; It was nae for his
great rich_es, Nor yet his meikle pride; But it was for a la_dy gay, That
liv'd on Carron side; But it was for a la_dy gay That liv'd on Car_ron side.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoon;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie;
And ye maun rin wi' speed;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horseback ye sall ride."

'Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's,
For to tryst furth his wife?
"My bird, Willie, my boy, Willie;
My dear Willie," he said,
"How can ye strive against the stream?
For I sall be obey'd."

'But, Oh my master dear!' he cry'd,
'In greenwood ye're your lain;
Gie o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
For fear ye shou'd be ta'en.'
"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' speed:
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar thy body bleed.

"Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' goud but the hem;
Bid her cum to the good green wood,
And bring nane but her lain:
And there it is, a silken sark,
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
And bid her cum to Gil Morice,
Speer nae bauld baron's leave."

'Yes; I will gae your black errand,
Tho' it be to thy cost;
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ye sall find frost.
The baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
As ye will see before it's night,
How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

'Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I's mak a vow, and keep it true,
It sal be done for ill'.
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Bernard's ha',
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
Bot set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,
Tho' twa stood at the gate;
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,
Whair grit folks sat at meat.

'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna wait;
Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
Before that it be late;
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' goud but the hem;
You maun gae to the gude green wood
Ev'n by your sell alane.

'And there it is, a silken sark,
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morice
Speir nae bauld baron's leave.'
The lady stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eye;
But a' that she cou'd say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae be.

"It's surely to my bow'r-woman;
It ne'er could be to me?"
'I brought it to Lady Barnard,
I trow that ye be she.'
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
The bairn upon her knee,
"If it be come frae Gil Morice,
It's dear welcome to me."

'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
I brought it to Lady Bernard:
I trow ye be na she.'
Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In flinders gart a' flee.

'Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the good green wood,
And speak with your leman.'
"O, bide at hame now, lord Barnard!
I warn ye bide at hame!
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane."

Gil Morice sits in good green wood,
He whistl'd and he sang;
"O what means a' these folks coming?
My mother tarries lang."
When Lord Barnard to green wood came,
Wi meikle dule and care;
There first he saw young Gil Morice
Keming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, sure, Oh Gil Morice,
My lady lo'ed ye weel,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'ertheless, now Gil Morice,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
Thy head sall gae wi' me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae;
And thro' Gil Morice fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae.
And he has ta'en Gil Morice' head,
And set it on a spear;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steed,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady on the castle wa'
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Gil Morice' head
Come trailing to the town.

"Far mair I loe that bloody head,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
And fondly seen the sleep;
But now I'll go about thy grave,
The sa't tears for to weep."

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,
And syne his bloody chin;
"Better I loe my son Morice,
Than a' my kith and kin!"
'Away, away, ye ill woman!
An ill death mait ye die;
Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me.'

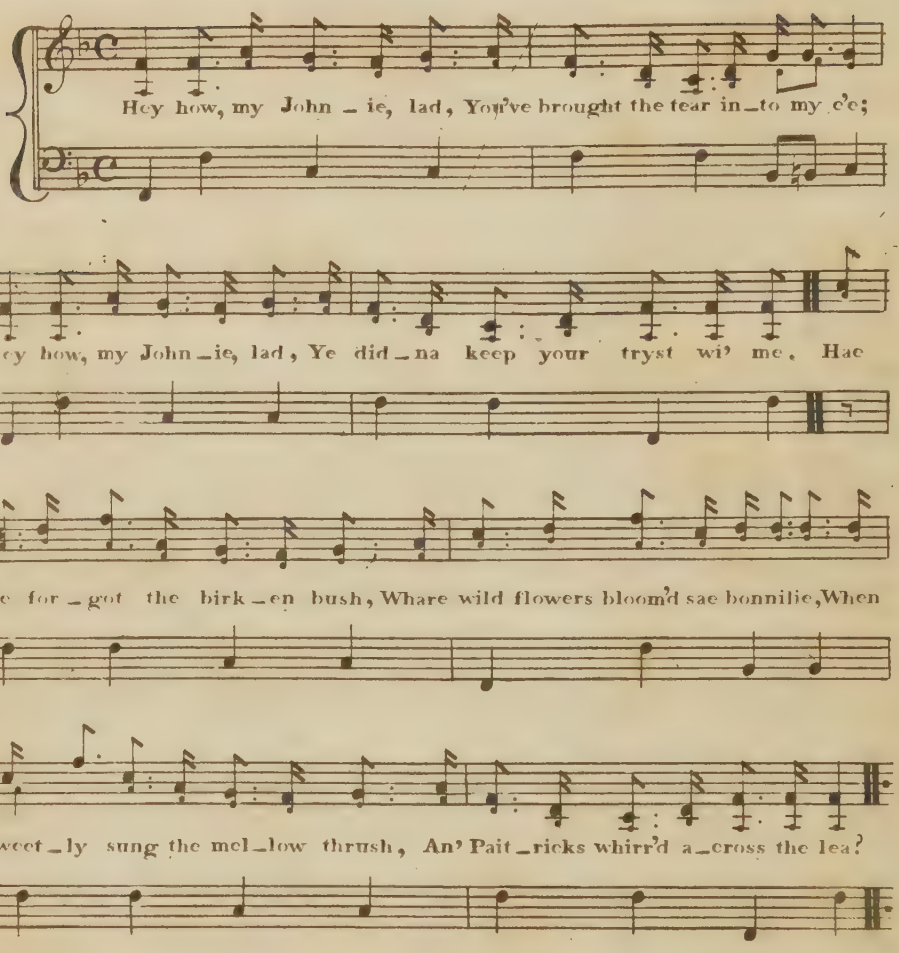
"Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,
Upbraid me not, for shame!
Wi' that same spear, O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since naithing but Gil Morice' head
Thy jealous rage could quell;
Let that same hand now take her life,
That ne'er to thee did ill.

"To me nae after days nor nights
Will e'er be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind."
'Enough o' blood by me's been spilt;
Seek not your death frae me;
I rather it had been mysell,
Than either him or thee.

'With waefu' wae I hear your plaint;
Sair, sair I rue the deed,
That e'er this cursed hand of mine
Did gar his body bleed.
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
You see his head upon my spear,
His heart's blood on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed
The comely youth to kill.
I'll aye lament for Gil Morice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain.'

HEY HOW, JOHNIE, LAD.

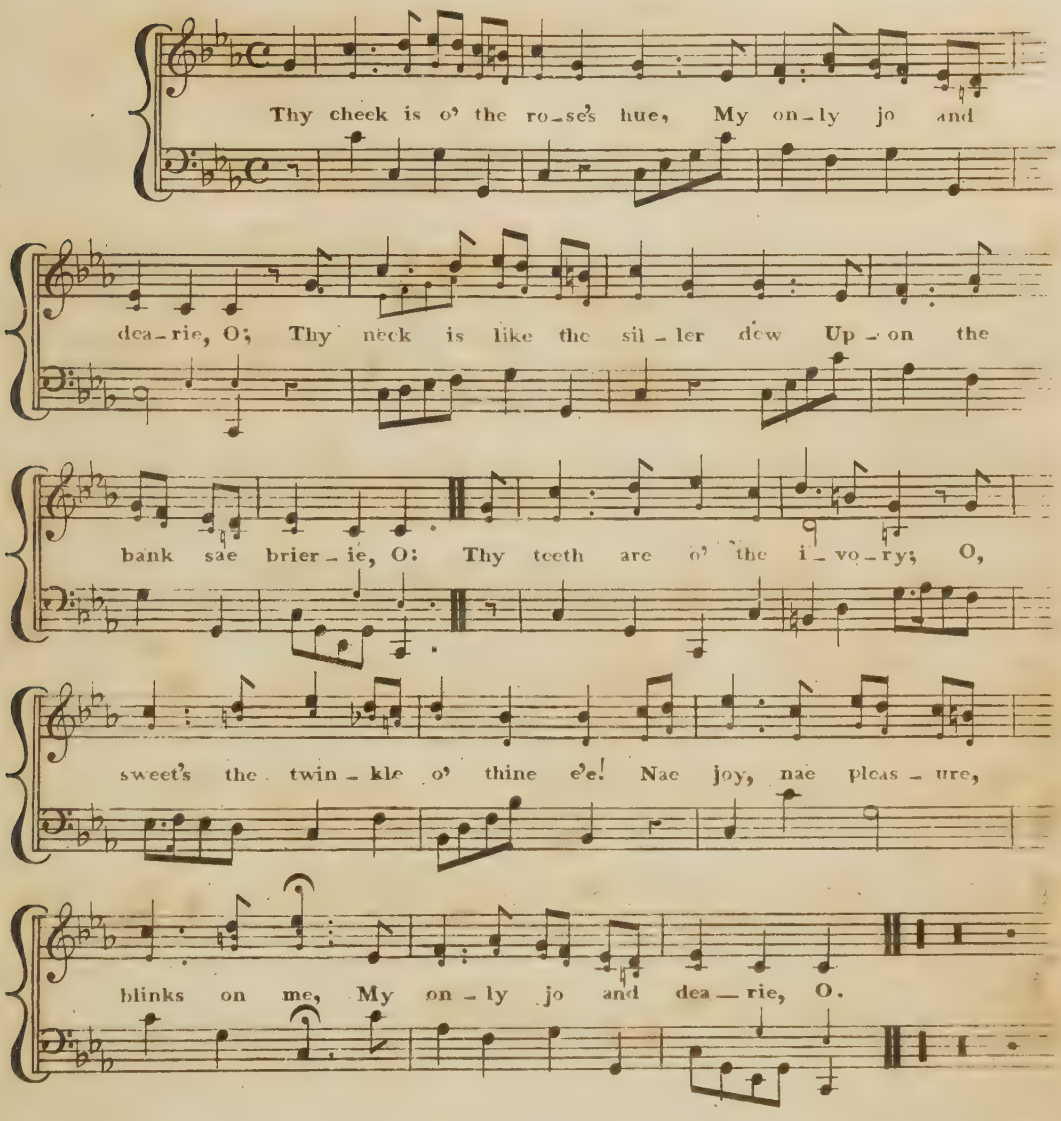

Hey how, my John – ie, lad, You've brought the tear in–to my e'e;
Hey how, my John–ie, lad, Ye did–na keep your tryst wi' me. Hae
ye for–got the birk–en bush, Whare wild flowers bloom'd sae bonnilie, When
sweet–ly sung the mel–low thrush, An' Pait–ricks whirr'd a–cross the lea?

Ye cam'na Johnie to the fauld;
Ye cam'na to the trysting tree;
I trow'd na love wad turn sae cauld,
That ye sae soon wad lightlie me.
I pu'd the rose sae sweet an' fine,
The fairest flower on a' the lea;
Tho' fresh an' fair, it wither'd syne,
E'en like the love ye promis'd me.

Ye said ye lo'ed but me alane,
Nor cou'd ye keep your fancy free,
An' gin that I wad be your ain,
The chains o' love wad lightsome be.
O, gin ye had sincerely lov'd!
They lightsome aye had been to me;
But sin' that ye hae faithless prov'd,
I'll strive to keep my heart a wee.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSES HUE.

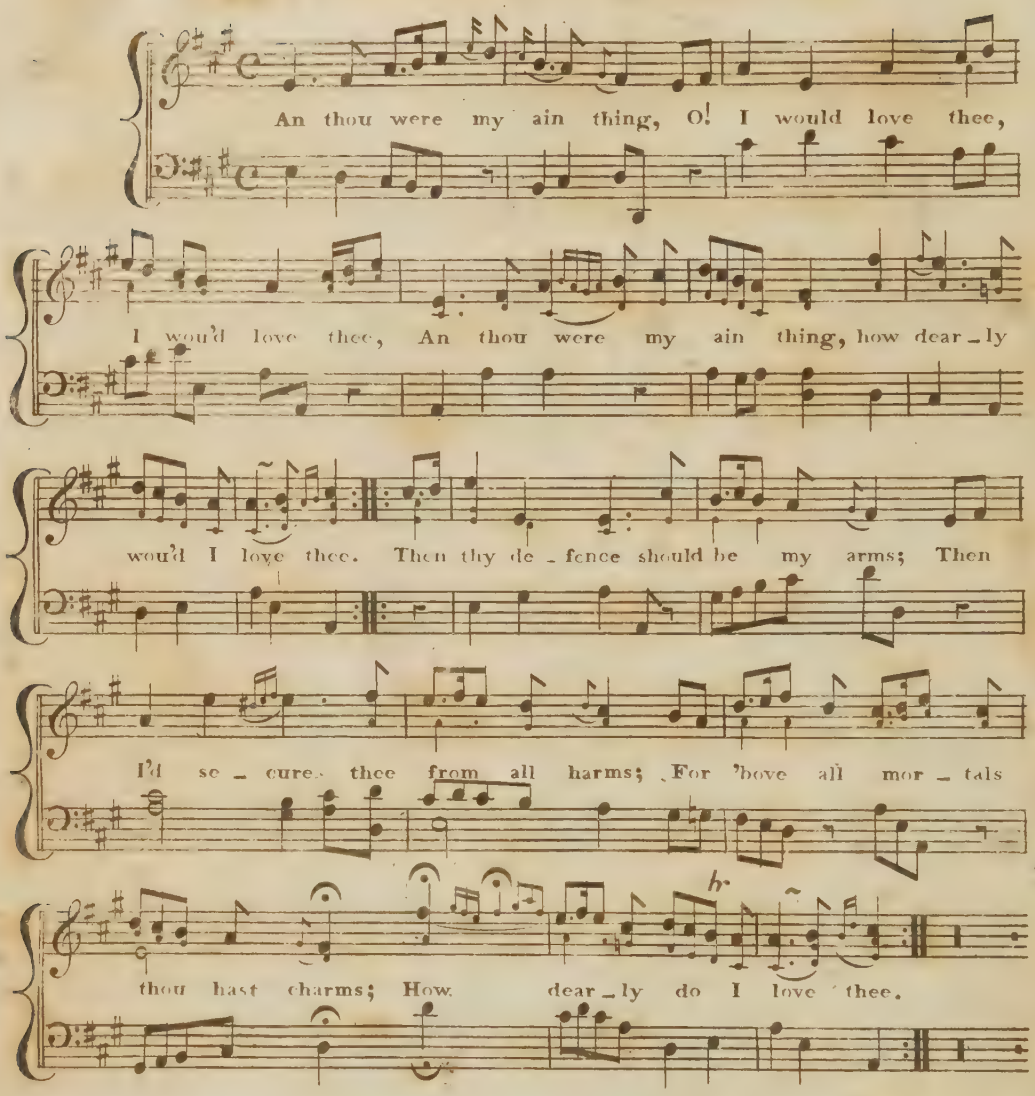

Thy cheek is o' the ro-se's hue, My on-ly jo and
dea-rie, O; Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew Up-on the
bank sae brier-ie, O: Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry; O,
sweet's the twin-kle o' thine e'e! Nae joy, nae pleas-ure,
blinks on me, My on-ly jo and dea-rie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we war bairnies on yon brae,
An' youth was blinkin' bonny O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;
Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thornie tree;
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

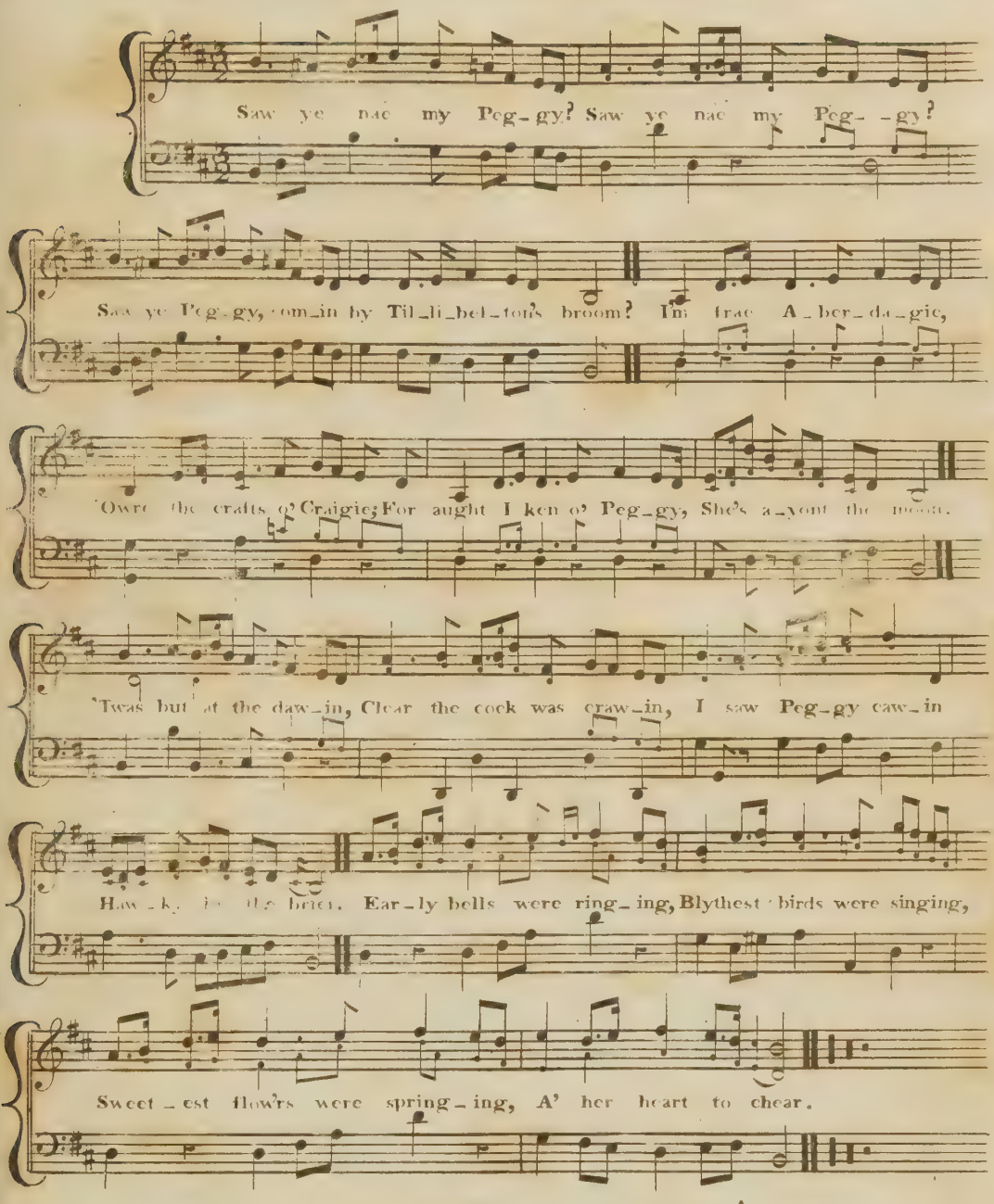
I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither war'ly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.


An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee,
I would love thee, An thou were my ain thing, how dear_ly
would I love thee. Then thy de_fence should be my arms; Then
I'd se_cure thee from all harms; For 'bove all mor_tals
thou hast charms; How dear_ly do I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
With angel pity look on me,
Wha only lives to love thee.
An thou were, &c.

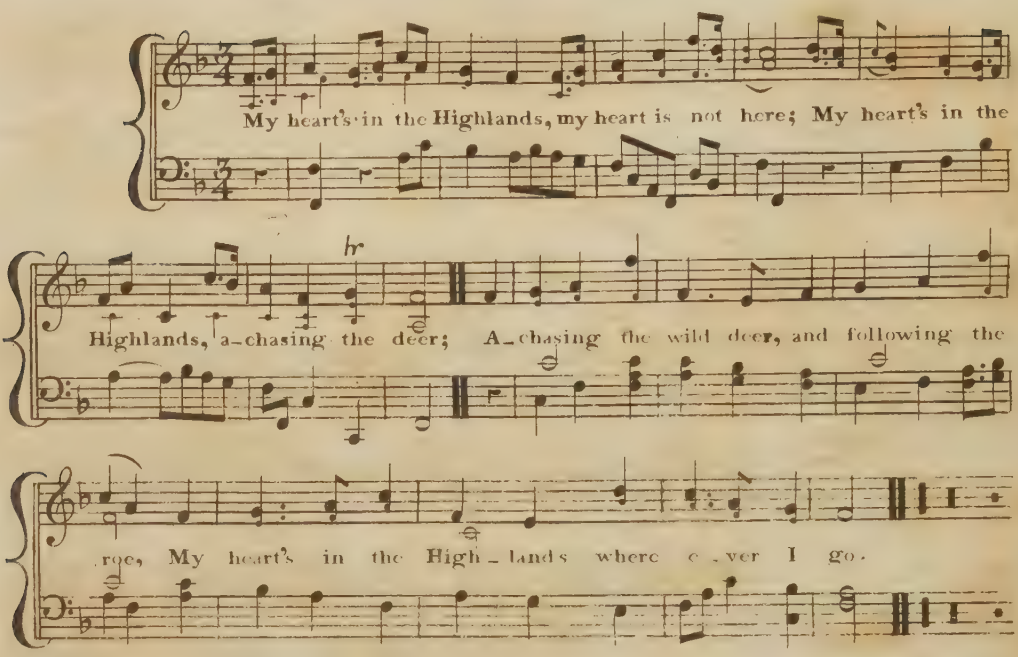
To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and, for thy sake,
What man can do I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou were, &c.


Saw ye nae my Peg-gy? Saw ye nae my Peg- -gy?
Saw ye Peg-gy, com-in by Til-li-bel-tan's broom? I'm frae A-ber-da-gie,
Owre the crafts o' Craigie; For aught I ken o' Peg-gy, She's a-yont the moon.
'Twas but at the daw-in, Clear the cock was craw-in, I saw Peg-gy caw-in
Haw-k- i- the brier. Ear-ly bells were ring-ing, Blythest birds were singing,
Sweet-est flow'rs were spring-ing, A' her heart to chear.

Now the tempest's blowin,
Almond water's flowin,
Deep and ford unknowin,
She maun cross the day.
Almond water, spare her,
Safe to Lyndoch bear her,
Its braes ne'er saw a fairer,
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

O, now to be wi' her!
Or but ance to see her
Skaithless, far or near,
I'd gie Scotland's crown.
Bye-word blinds a lover—
Wha's yon I discover? —
Just yere ain fair rover,
Stately stappin down.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

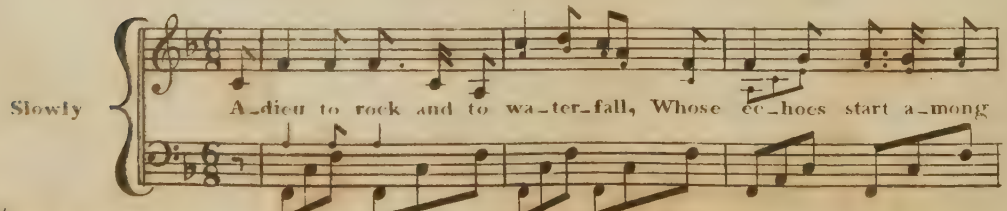

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
Highlands, a-chasing the deer; A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe, My heart's in the High-lands where e-ver I go.

Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the north!
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills o' the Highlands for ever I love.

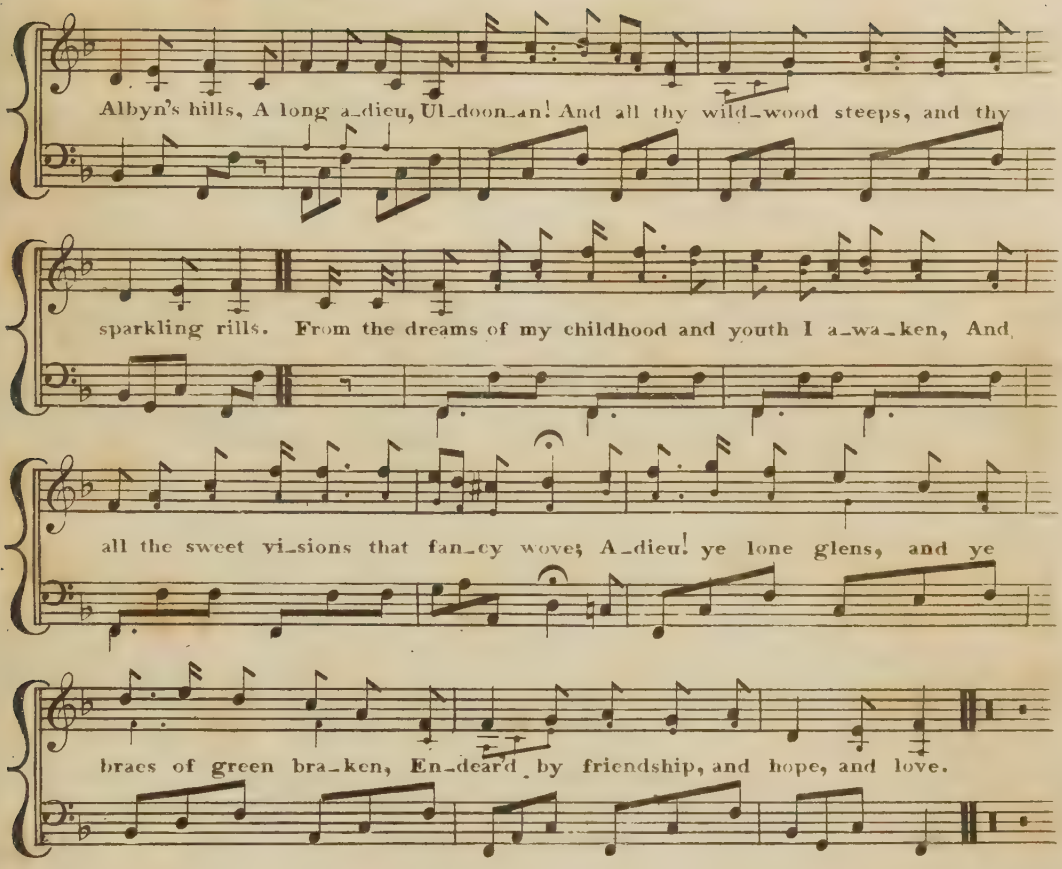
Farewell to the mountains high-cover'd with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging-woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

*THE EXILE OF ULDOONAN.**

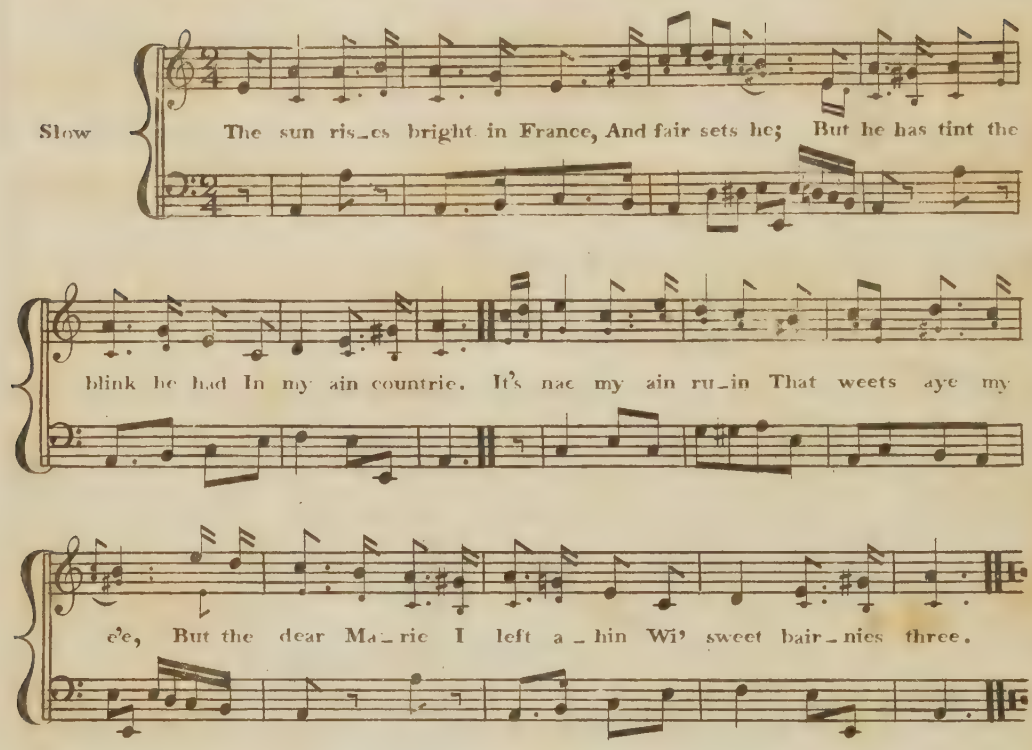


*This Air, lately introduced as Irish under the name of "The Legacy," has been current in the north of Scotland for Sixty Years as the composition of John Mc. Murdo of Kintail. "Capt. Fraser's Melodies."


Albyn's hills, A long a-dieu, Ul-doon-an! And all thy wild-wood steeps, and thy
sparkling rills. From the dreams of my childhood and youth I a-wa-ken, And
all the sweet vi-sions that fan-cy wove; A-dieu! ye lone glens, and ye
braes of green bra-ken, En-deard by friendship, and hope, and love.

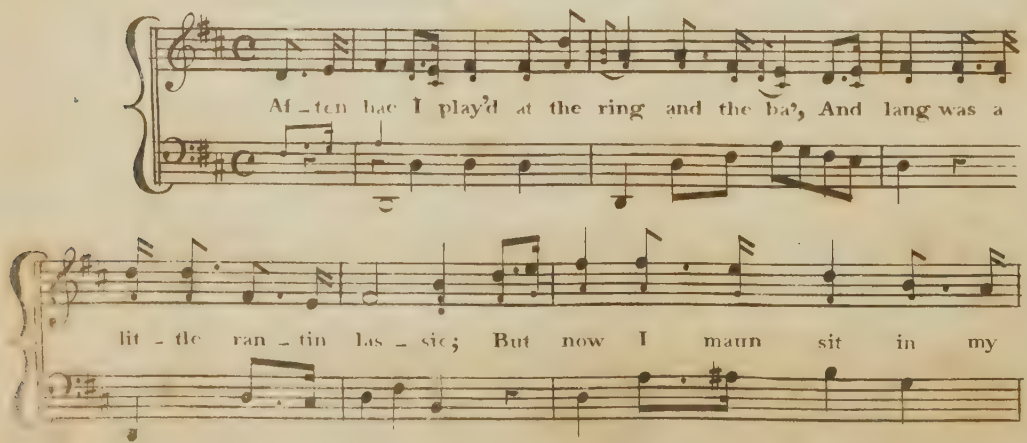
The stranger came, and adversity's wind
Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;
I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find
Among the fields of my father's birth:
But my desolate spirit shall never be severed
From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,
Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all shivered,
And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

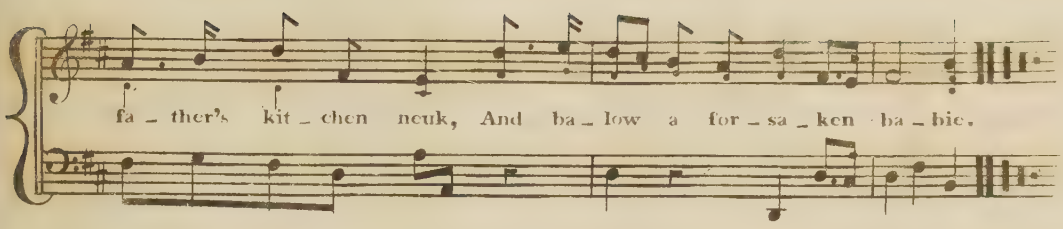
I hear before me the waters roar;
I see the galley in yonder bay,
All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,
And seems to chide my longer stay.
Uldoonan! when lingering afar from thy valley,
At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine,
Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,
Without devotion and love like mine.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Slow
The sun ris_es bright in France, And fair sets he; But he has tint the
blink he had In my ain countrie. It's nae my ain ru_in That weets aye my
e'e, But the dear Ma_rie I left a_hin Wi' sweet bair_nies three.

Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
And smil'd my ain Marie;
O I've left a' my heart behind
In my ain countrie!
O I'm leal to high heaven,
Which aye was leal to me!
And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
Frae my ain countrie.

LORD ABOYNE.





For my father he will not me own,
And my mother she neglects me;
And a' my friends hae lightlied me,
And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command,
As aft times I've had many,
That wad rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

Oh! is he either a laird, or a lord?
Or is he but a cadie?
That ye do him ca' sae aften by name
Your bonny, bonny, rantin laddie.

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord;
Think ye I married a cadie?
But he is the Earl o' bonny Aboyne,
And he is my rantin laddie.

O yese get a servant at your command,
As aft times ye've had many,
That sall rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
A letter to your rantin laddie.

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,
O but he blinket bonie;
But, or he had read three lines of it,
I think his heart was sorry.

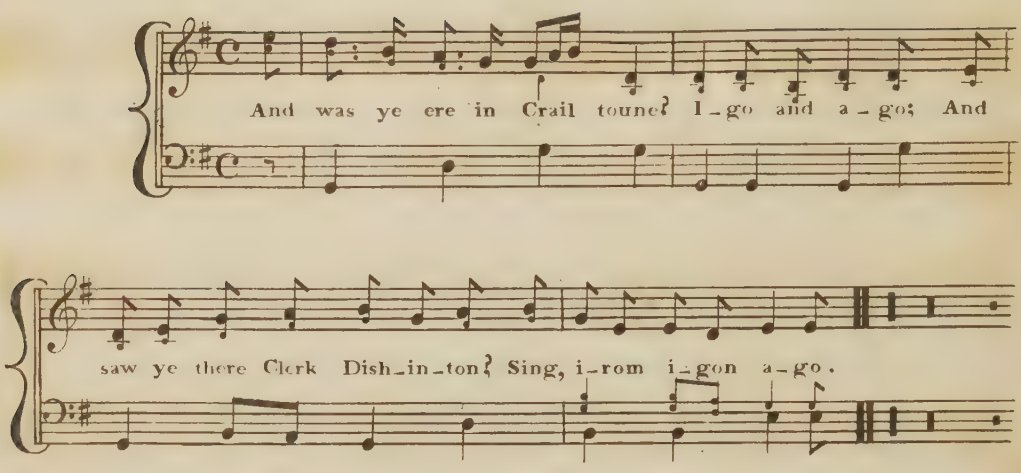
His face it reddened like a flame,
And grasping his sword sae massy,
O wha is this that daur be sae bauld,
Sae cruelly to use my lassie?

For her father he will not her know,
And her mother she does slight her,
And a' her friends hae lightlied her,
And their servants they neglect her.

Go raise to me my five hundred men;
Make haste and make them ready,
With a milk-white steed under every ane,
For to bring hame my lady.

As they came in thro' Buchan-shire,
They were a company bonny,
With a gude claymore in every hand,
And O but they shin'd bonny.

CRAIL TOUNE.



His wig was like a drouket hen,
Igo and ago;
The tail o't like a goose pen,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcom,
Igo and ago;
Gin he be wise enough I mistak him,
Sing, irom igon ago.

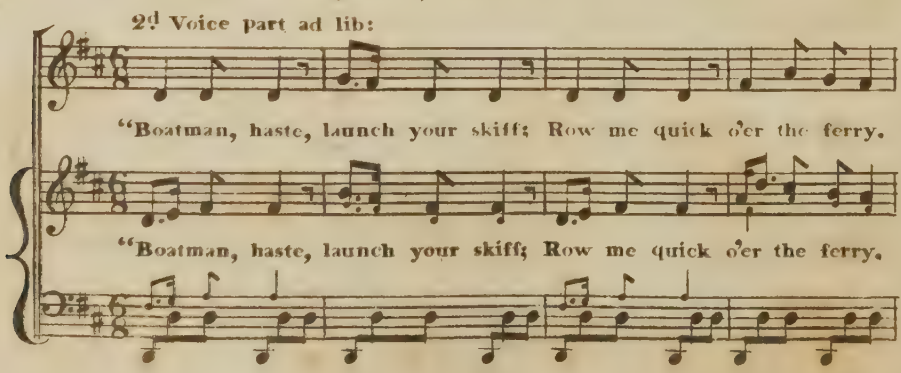
And had ye weel frae Sandy Don,
Igo and ago;
He's muckle dafter nor Sir John,
Sing, irom igon ago.

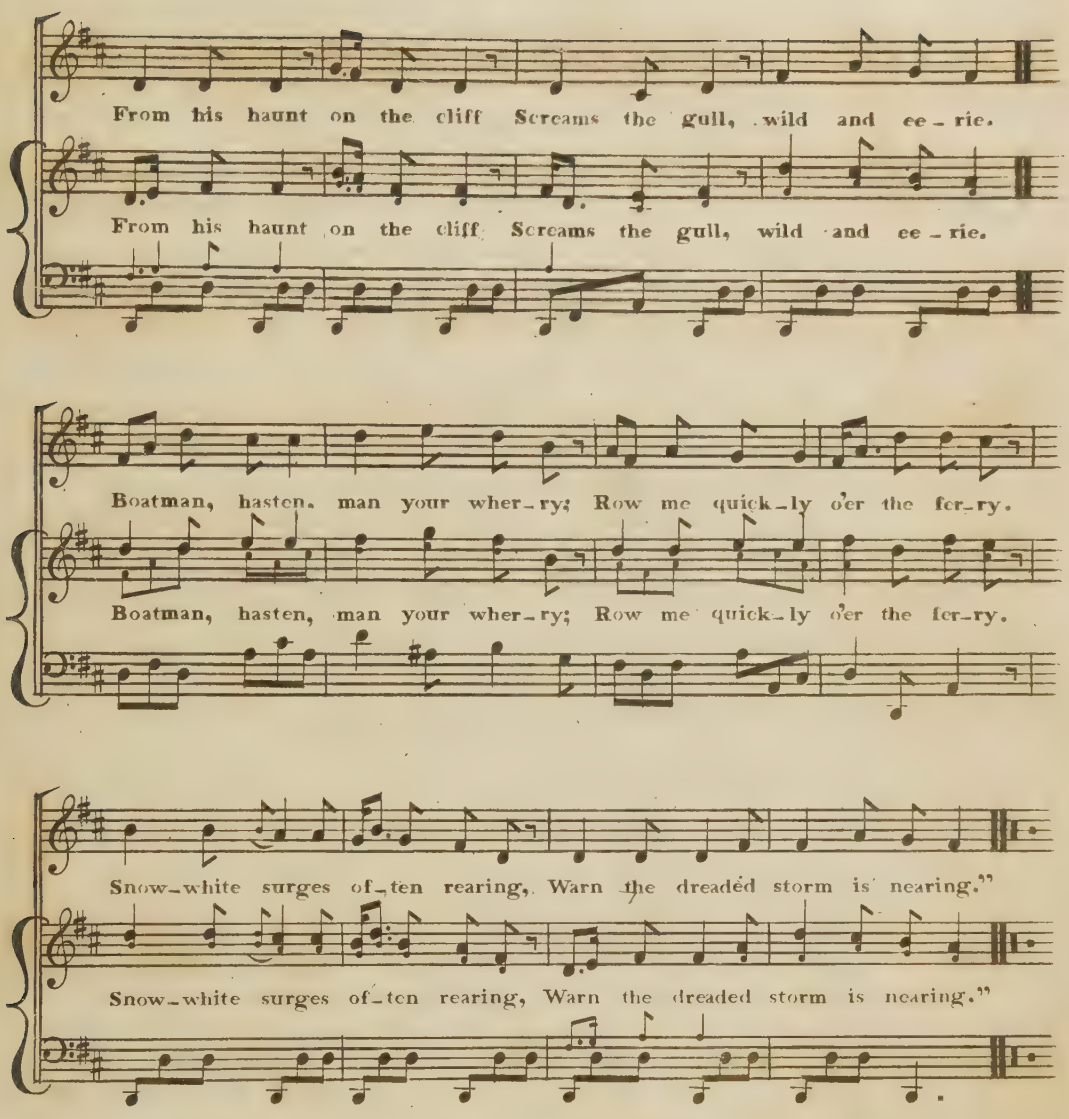
To hear them o' their travels talk,
Igo and ago;
To gae to London's but a walk,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,
Igo and ago;
Would gar a man baith wail and weep,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the Leviathan skip,
Igo and ago;
An' wi' his tail ding owre a ship,
Sing, irom igon ago.

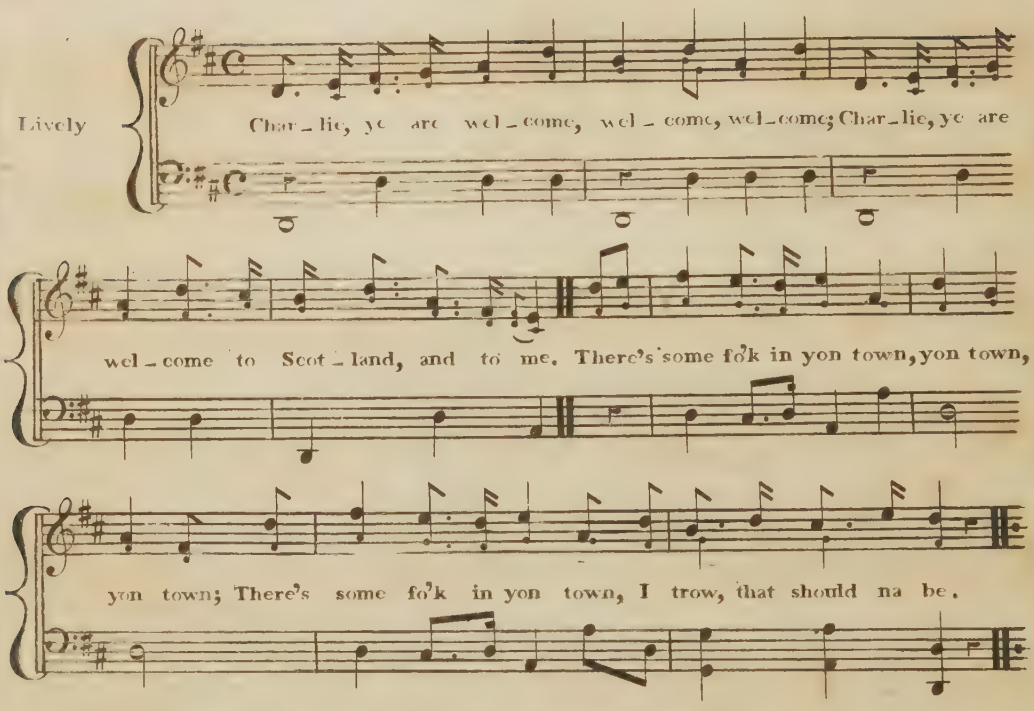
BOATMAN, HASTE.


2d Voice part ad lib:
"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry.
"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry.


From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.
From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.
Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.
Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.
Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."
Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Sail and oar swiftly bore
Him afar from the mooring;
But before he was o'er,
Winds and waves loud were roaring,
Soon, alas! the weltering billow,
Is his cold and restless pillow,
Where he sleeps without commotion,
Sheeted with the foam of ocean.

CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

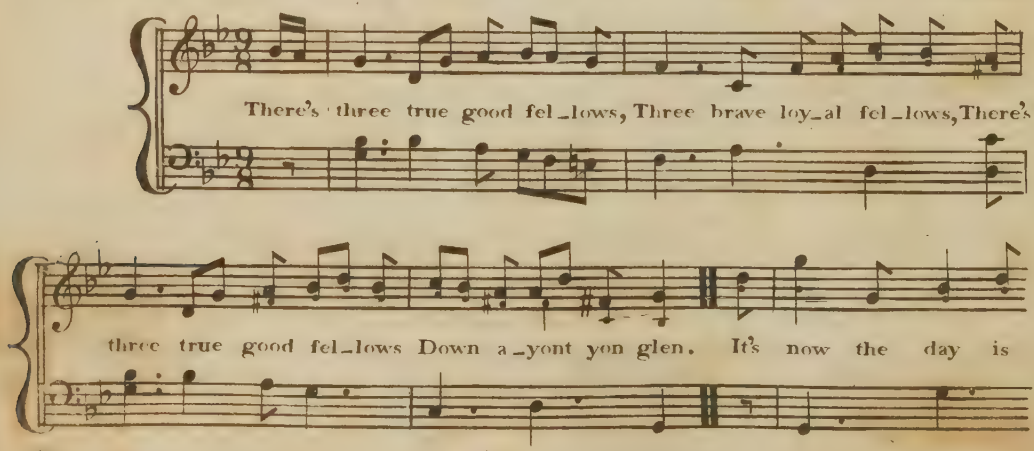

Lively
Char_lie, ye are wel_come, wel_come, wel_come; Char_lie, ye are
wel_come to Scot_land, and to me. There's some fo'k in yon town, yon town,
yon town; There's some fo'k in yon town, I trow, that should na be.

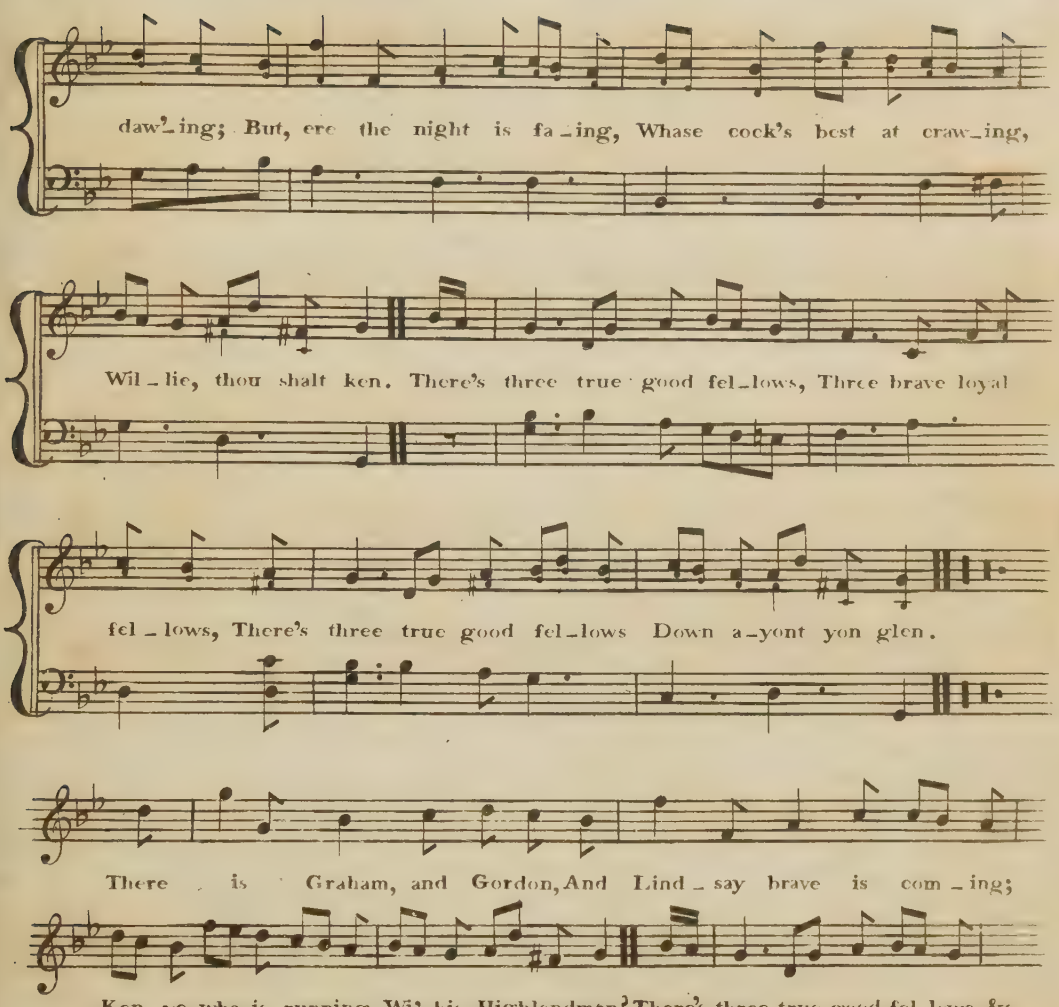
Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them;
Charlie we'll no name them, we ken wha they be.
The swords they are ready, ready, ready;
The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak them flee.

Charlie, ye'll get backing, backing, backing;
Charlie ye'll get backing, baith here and owre the sea:
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering;
The clans they are gathering, to set their kintra free.

Charlie it's the warning, warning, warning;
Charlie it's the warning we hear, owre hill and lea:
The colours they are flying, flying, flying;
The colours they are flying, will lead to victorie.

THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.


There's three true good fel_lows, Three brave loy_al fel_lows, There's
three true good fel_lows Down a_yont yon glen. It's now the day is

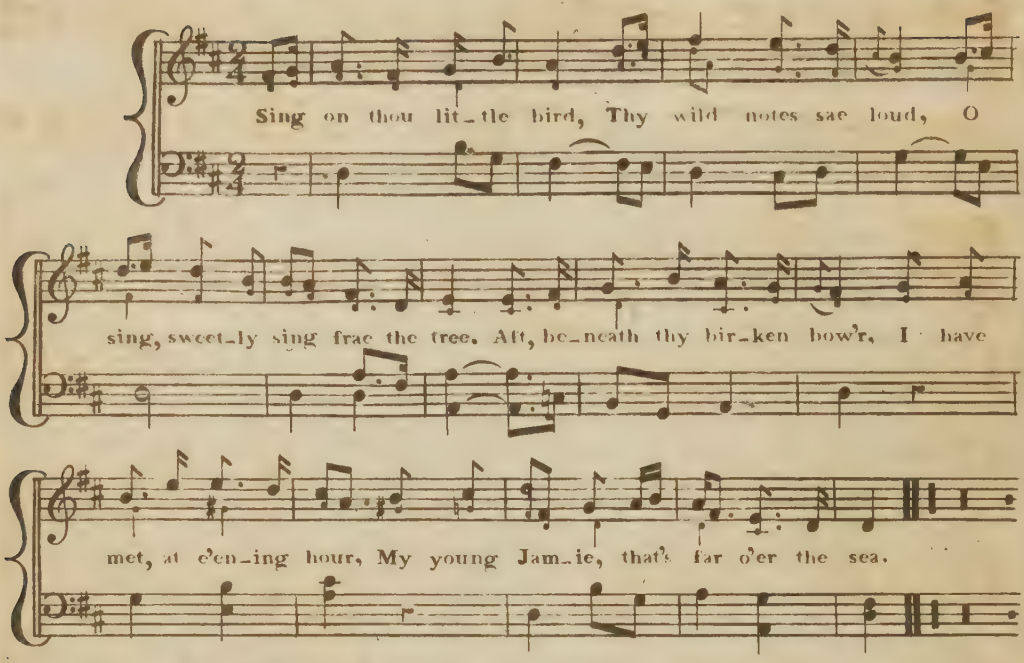

daw'_ing; But, ere the night is fa_ing, Whase cock's best at craw_ing,
Wil_lie, thou shalt ken. There's three true good fel_lows, Three brave loyal
fel_lows, There's three true good fel_lows Down a_yont yon glen.
There is Graham, and Gordon, And Lind_say brave is com_ing;
Ken ye wha is running Wi' his Highlandmen? There's three true good fel_lows, &c.

'Tis he that's ay the foremost,
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlandmen.
There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,
Hector and bold Evan,
Reoch, Bane Macrabach
And the true Maclean.
There's three true good fellows, &c

There's now no retreating,
The clans are a' waiting,
And ilk heart is beating
For honour and fame.
There's three true good fellows,
Whate'er they may tell us,
Thrice three good fellows
Down ayont yon glen.

SING ON, THOU LITTLE BIRD.

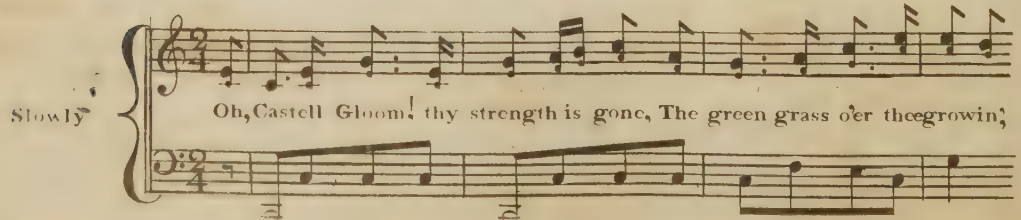

Sing on thou lit_tle bird, Thy wild notes sae loud, O
sing, sweet_ly sing frae the tree. Aft, be_neath thy bir_ken bow'r, I have
met, at e'en_ing hour, My young Jam_ie, that's far o'er the sea.

On yon bonnie heather knowes
We pledged our mutual vows,
And dear is the spot unto me;
Tho' pleasure I hae nane,
While I wander alane,
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

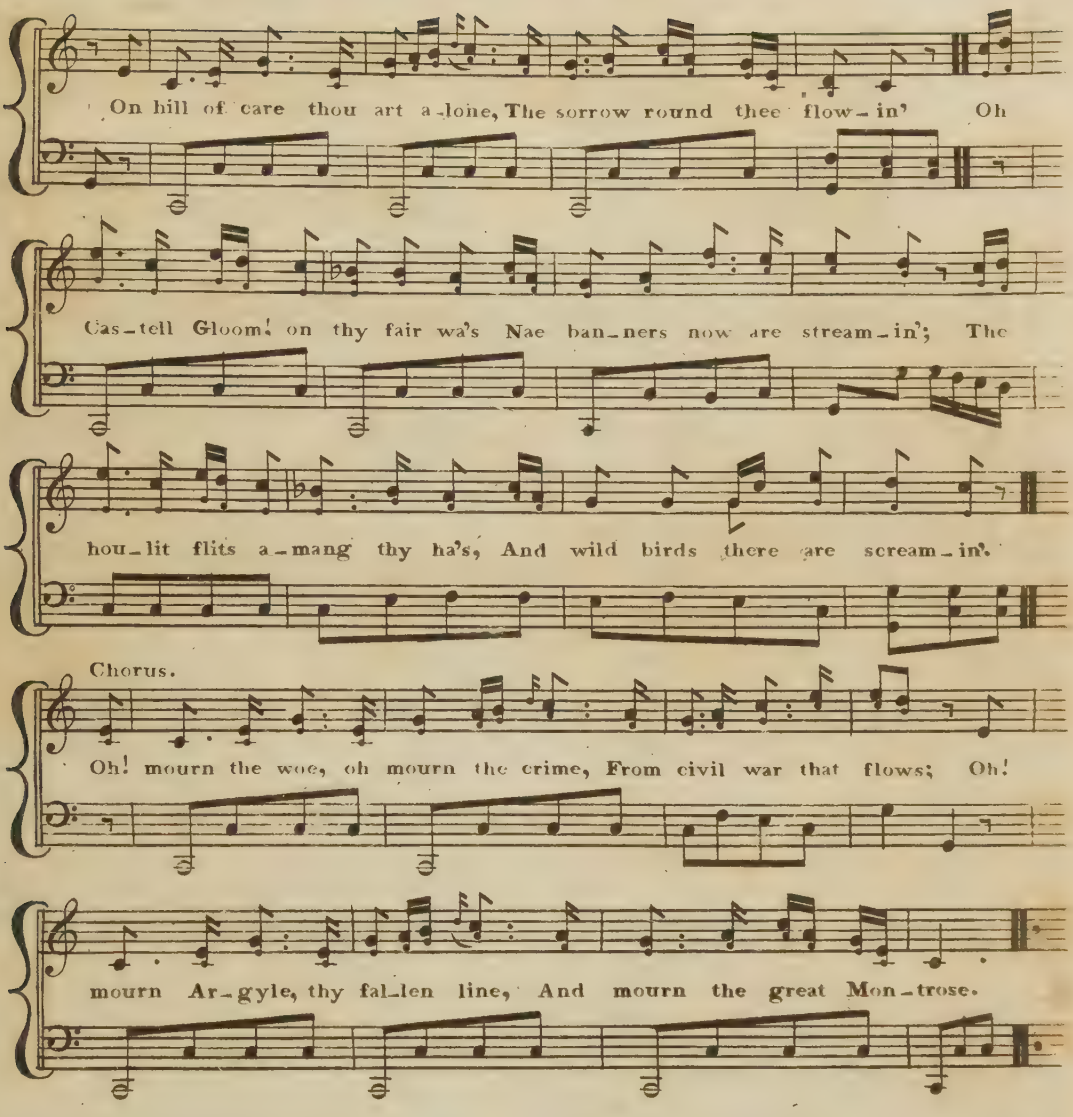
But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow'rets shall spring,
And the saft breeze shall bring
My dear Laddie again back to me.

Thou star! give thy light,
Guide my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I hae in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall he sail o'er the sea.

CASTELL GLOOM.*



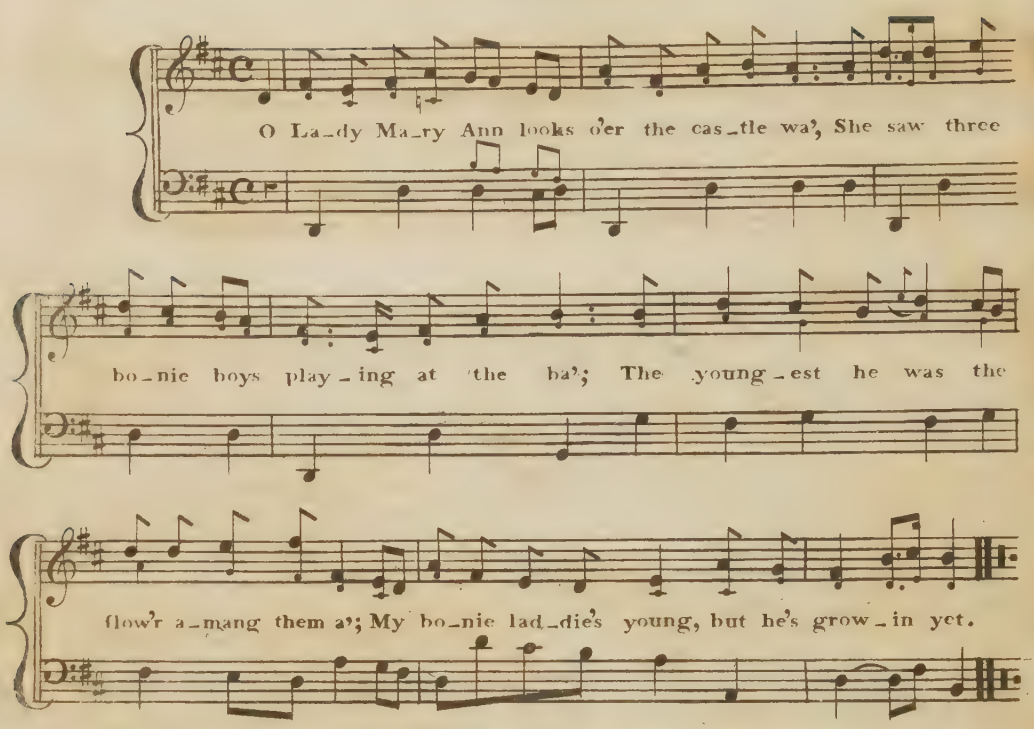
* Castell Gloom belonging to the family of Argyle, was burned down [illegible] wars by Montrose about 1643.


On hill of care thou art a-lone, The sorrow round thee flow-in' Oh
Cas-tell Gloom! on thy fair wa's Nae ban-ners now are stream-in'; The
hou-lit flits a-mang thy ha's, And wild birds there are scream-in'.
Chorus.
Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime, From civil war that flows; Oh!
mourn Ar-gyle, thy fal-len line, And mourn the great Mon-trose.

Here ladies bricht were aften seen,
Here valient warriors trod;
And here great Knox has often been,
Who fear'd nought but his God!
But a' are gane! the guid, the great,
And naething now remains,
But ruin sittin on thy wa's,
And crumblin doune the stanes!
Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

The lofty Ochills bricht did glow,
Tho' sleepin' was the sun;
But mornin's licht did sadly show
What ragin' flames had done:
Oh mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,
That hangs o'er thy wild wood;
Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,—
And all was solitude.
Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

LADY MARY ANN.


O La-dy Ma-ry Ann looks o'er the cas-tle wa', She saw three
bo-nie boys play-ing at the ba'; The young-est he was the
flow'r a-mang them a'; My bo-nie lad-die's young, but he's grow-in yet.

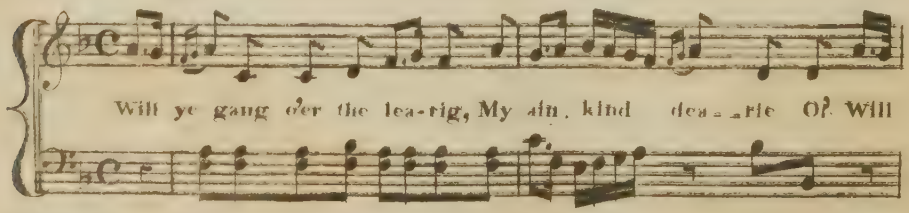
O Father! O Father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet;
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

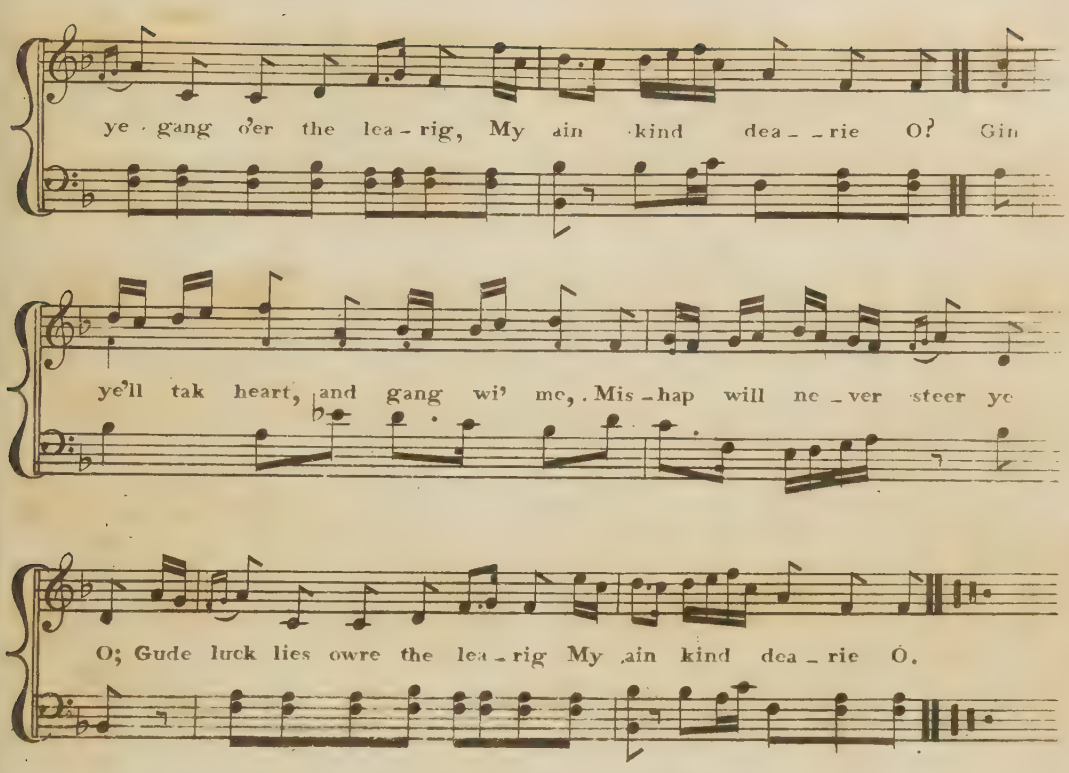
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,
And the langer it blossom'd the fairer it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa that we hae seen;
But far better days, I trust will come again,
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.




ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dea-rie O? Gin
ye'll tak heart, and gang wi' me, Mis-hap will ne-ver steer ye
O; Gude luck lies owre the lea-rig My ain kind dea-rie O.

There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O;
There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.
It's neither land, nor gowd, nor braws,
Let them gang tapsey teerie O;
It's walth o' peace o' love, and truth,
My ain kind dearie O.

WHEN O'ER THE MUIR THE TWILIGHT GREY.

Same Air.

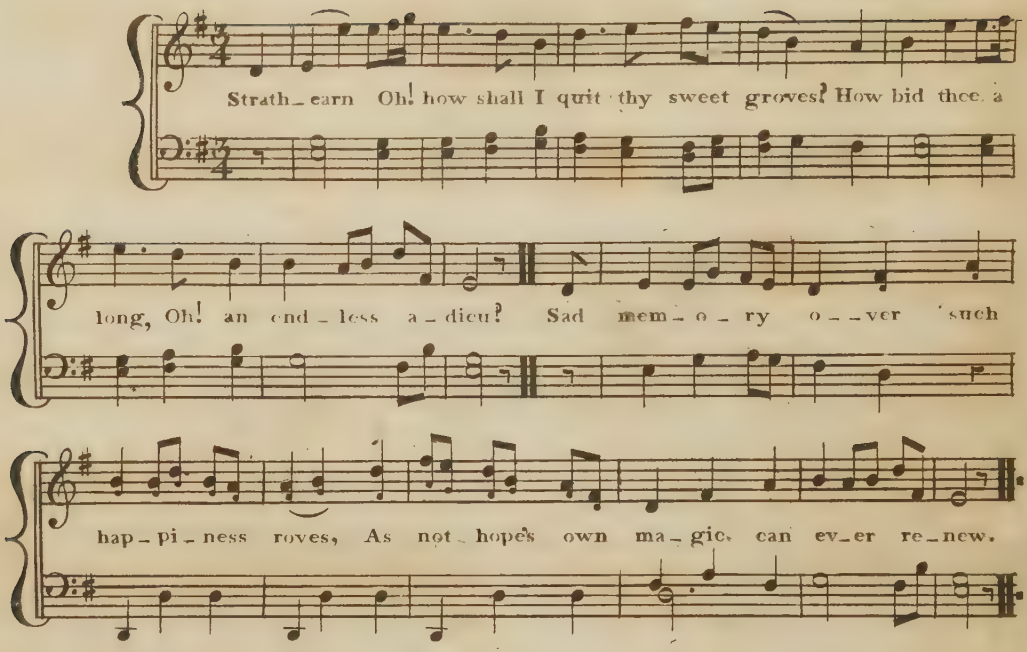
When o'er the muir the twilight grey
Spreads o'er the lawn sae eerie O,
And frae the hill the weary hind
Comes hame baith douf and weary O;
Out o'er the sward I tak my road,
Nae bog or hag can fear me, Jo,
To meet thee on the lea-rig
My ain kind dearie O.

When labour's o'er, at close of day,
How blythsome is the ingle en';
The joke, the laugh, the langsyne crack,
Gaes roun' and roun', baith but and ben.
But frae their mirth I steal awa,
Altho' I'm wet an' weary O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

Tis sweet, in yonder lonely glen,
At gloamin when the moon shines hie,
To see the burnie trotting down
Out-o'er the lin beneath the tree;
When at thy side upon the brae,
My heart grows light and cheery O,
Upon the trysting lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

At morning sun the lavrock sings,
And in the air he tunes his lay,
And frae the scented dewy woods
The blackbird chaunts at close of day;
But at the gloamin', happy hour!
When a' is dull and dreary O,
O meet me on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

STRATHEARN.


Strath_earn Oh! how shall I quit thy sweet groves? How bid thee a
long, Oh! an end_less a_dieu? Sad mem_o_ry o_ver such
hap_pi_ness roves, As not hope's own ma_gic, can ev_er re_new.

Sweet scene of my childhood, delight of my youth!
Thy far-winding waters, no more I must see;
Thy high-waving bowers, thy gay woodland flowers,
They wave now, they bloom now, no longer for me!

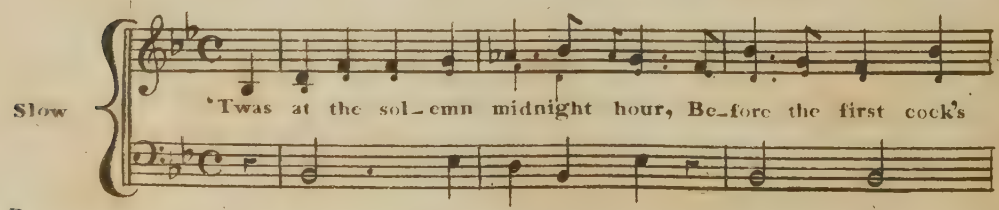
A HEAVENLY MUSE.

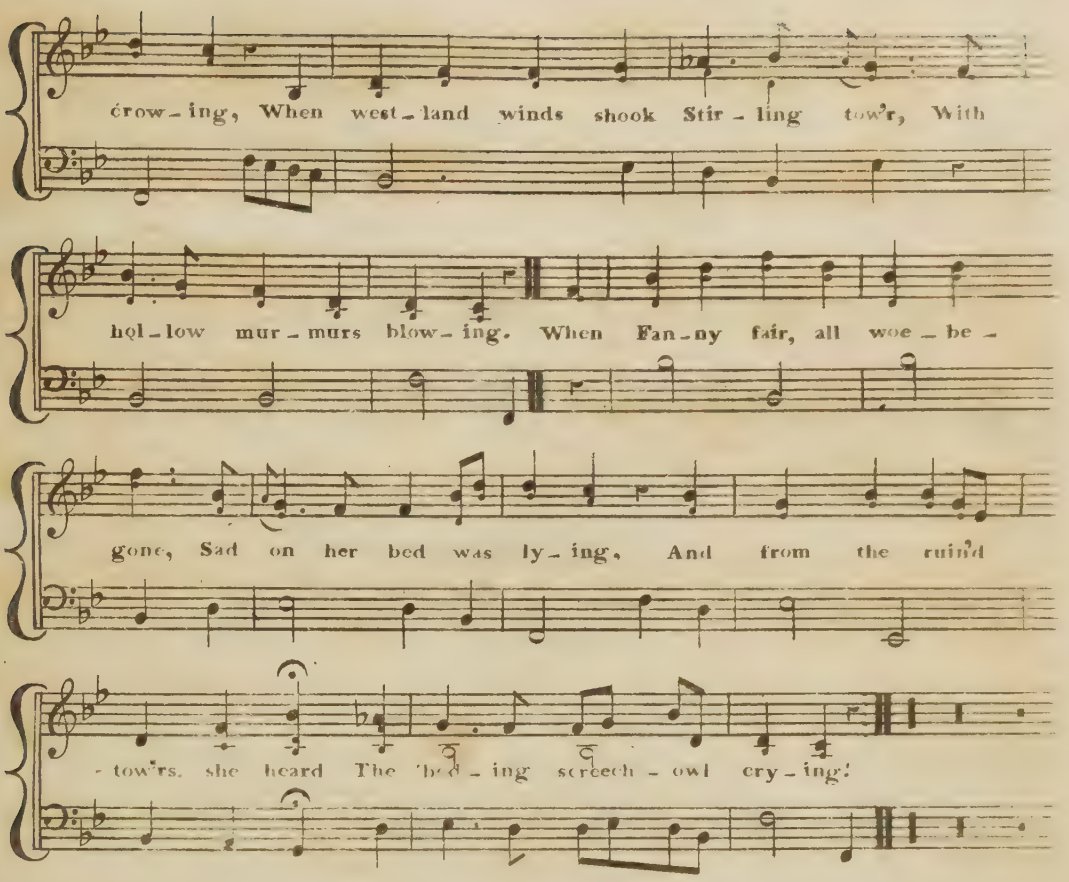
Same Air.

A heavenly muse in green Erin is singing,
His strains all seraphic ascend to the skies!
Fair blossoms of Eden, around him all springing,
The soft balmy ether perfume as they rise.

Sweet poet! be true to thy lofty aspiring,
While bound by thy magic, the skies half unfurl'd,
Youth, beauty, and taste, are with rapture admiring;
Oh! spread not around them the fumes of this world!

COLONEL GARDINER.




crow-ing, When west-land winds shook Stir-ling tow'r, With
hol-low mur-murs blow-ing. When Fan-ny fair, all woe-be-
gone, Sad on her bed was ly-ing. And from the ruin'd
-tow'rs she heard The bod-ing screech-owl cry-ing!

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;
"O night presaging sorrow!
O dismal night! she said, and wept;
"But more I dread to-morrow.
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

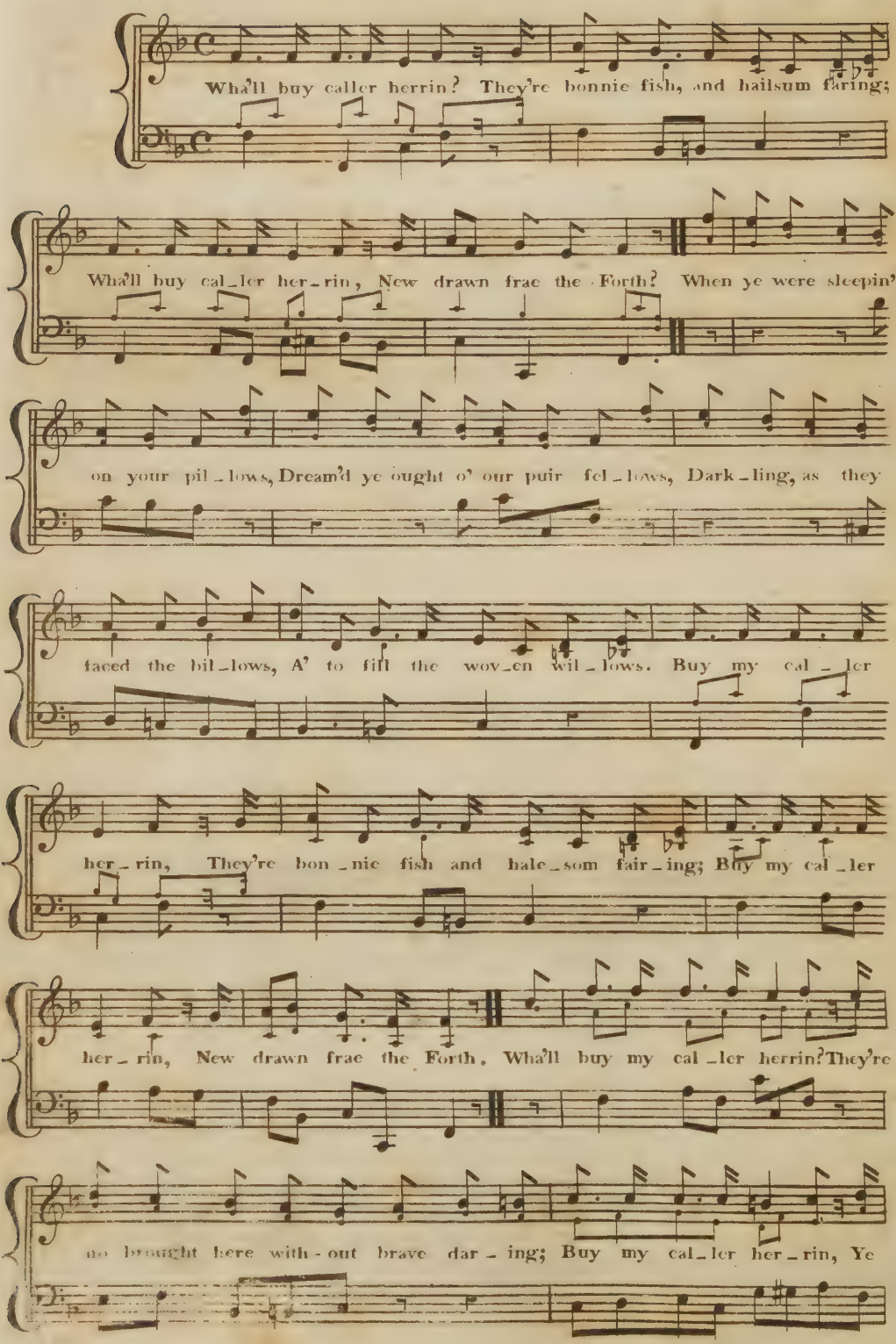
"Even in the visions of the night,
I saw fell death wide sweeping,
And all the matrons of the land,
And all the virgins, weeping."
And now she heard the massy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

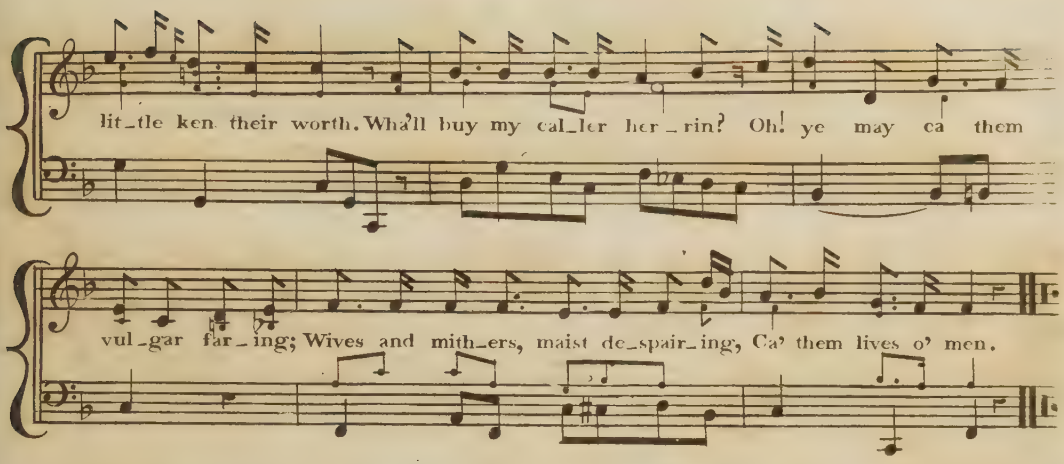
Aghast, she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading.
"O, speak!" she cry'd, "my fathers slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!"

'A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

'Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
With many a wound deformed;
A braver knight, nor better man,
This fair Isle ne'er adorned.'
While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
A deadly swoon invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining.
But, why complain, the hero's soul
Is high in heaven shining:
May providence defend our isle
From all our foes designing.

CALLER HERRIN.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish, and hailsum faring;
Wha'll buy cal_ler her_rin, New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin'
on your pil_lows, Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fel_lows, Dark_ling, as they
faced the bil_lows, A' to fill the wov_en wil_lows. Buy my cal_ler
her_rin, They're bon_nie fish and hale_som fair_ing; Buy my cal_ler
her_rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal_ler herrin? They're
no brought here with_out brave dar_ing; Buy my cal_ler her_rin, Ye


lit_tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal_ler her_rin? Oh! ye may ca them
vul_gar far_ing; Wives and mith_ers, maist de_spair_ing, Ca' them lives o' men.

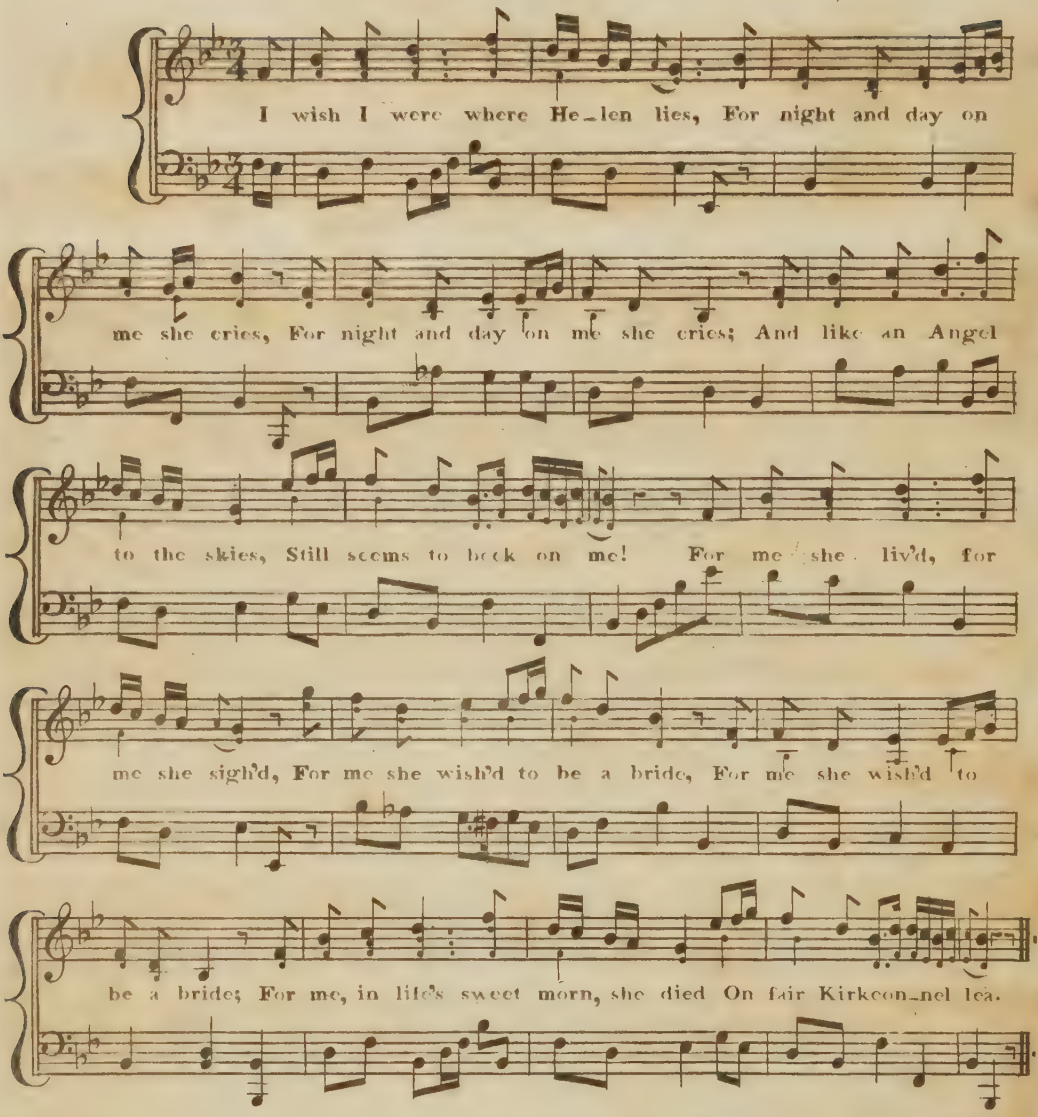
Wha'll buy caller herrin?
Bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy caller herrin;
Hauled thro' wind and rain?
A' our lads at herrin' fishin',
Costly vampum, dinner dressin',
Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',
Fine folks scorn shoals o' Dressin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin?
Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin';
Buy my caller herrin,
Hauled thro' wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
What they've cost ye're little carin';
Buy my caller herrin,
Aye the puir man's friend.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
What they've cost ye're little carin';
Siller canna pay
For the lives o' honest men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
When the creel o' herrin passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw Polisses,
Cast their heads, &screw their faces,
Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
Caller herrin's no to lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a singin',
Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

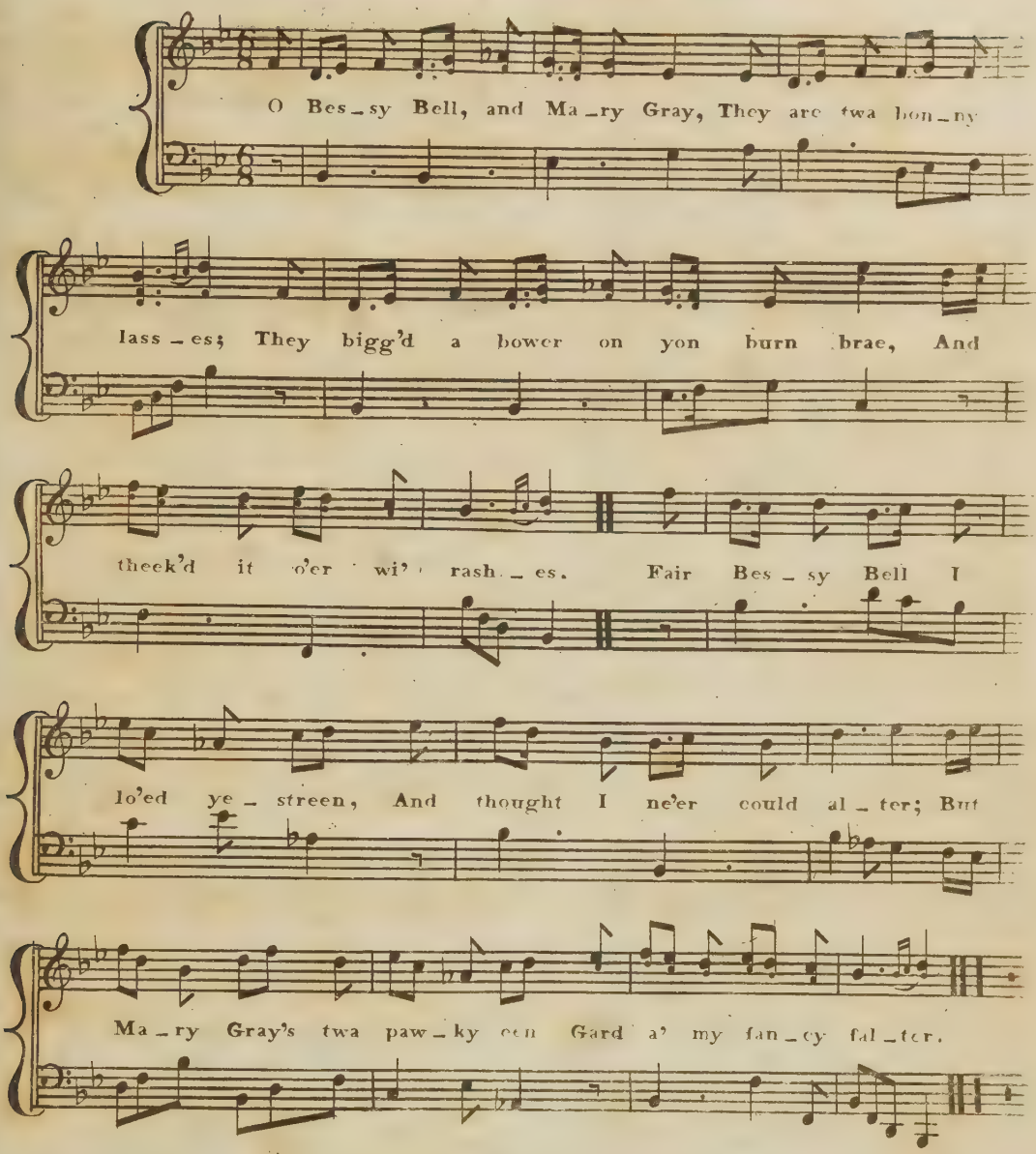
Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
Neibour wives, now tent my tellin',
When the bonny fish ye're sellin'
At a word aye be your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin',
Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.


I wish I were where He-len lies, For night and day on
me she cries, For night and day on me she cries; And like an Angel
to the skies, Still seems to look on me! For me she liv'd, for
me she sigh'd, For me she wish'd to be a bride, For me she wish'd to
be a bride; For me, in life's sweet morn, she died On fair Kirkcon-nel lea.

Where Hirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclin'd,
A rival, with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

O! when I'm sleepin' in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May he who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel lea.

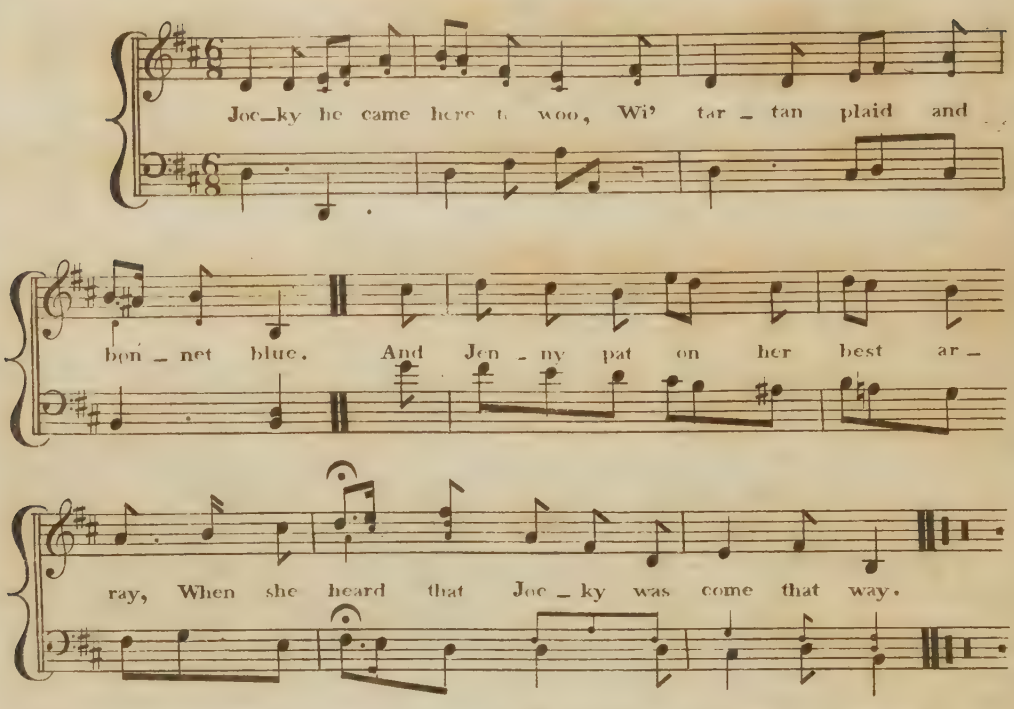

O Bes_sy Bell, and Ma_ry Gray, They are twa bon_ny
lass_es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And
theek'd it o'er wi' rash_es. Fair Bes_sy Bell I
lo'ed ye_streen, And thought I ne'er could al_ter; But
Ma_ry Gray's twa paw_ky een Gard a' my fan_cy fal_ter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning.
White is her neck, soft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command;
O wow! but she is dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She, blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her air sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
To ane by law we're stented,
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK.


Joc_ky he came here t. woo, Wi' tar _ tan plaid and
bon _ net blue. And Jen _ ny pat on her best ar _
ray, When she heard that Joc _ ky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
Sae privily, to change her smock;
And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she came bobbin andbeckin ben;
Her stays they were lacd, &her waist it was jimp,
And a braw new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand;
O, Jenny, can ye fancy me?
My father is dead & has left me some land,
And braw houses twa or three:

And I will gie them a' to thee.
A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock:
Then, foul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

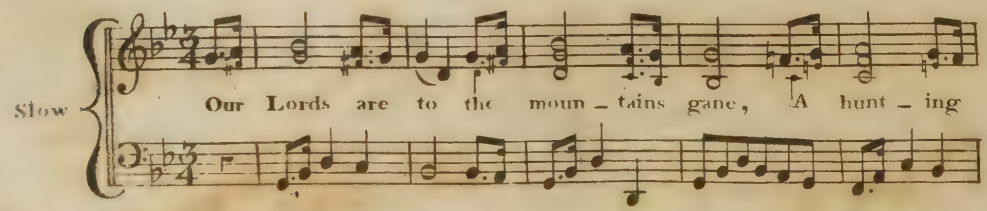
Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh;
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:
A weel, guidwife, and what say ye?
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

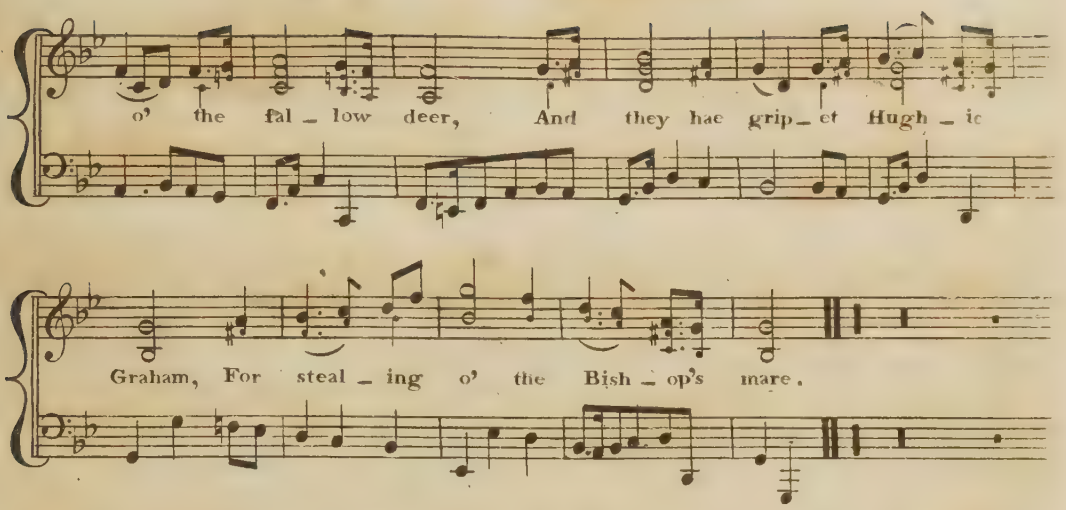
Jenny to her mither did say,
O mither, fetch us some gude meat;
A piece of the butter was kirn'd the day,
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
It was nae for meat that I came here,
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
Vow, sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.





And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee;
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
And wi' your pleading let me be;
For, tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady, fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be,
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
It's for my honor he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,
He looked to the gallows-tree;
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy;
And there he saw his auld Father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

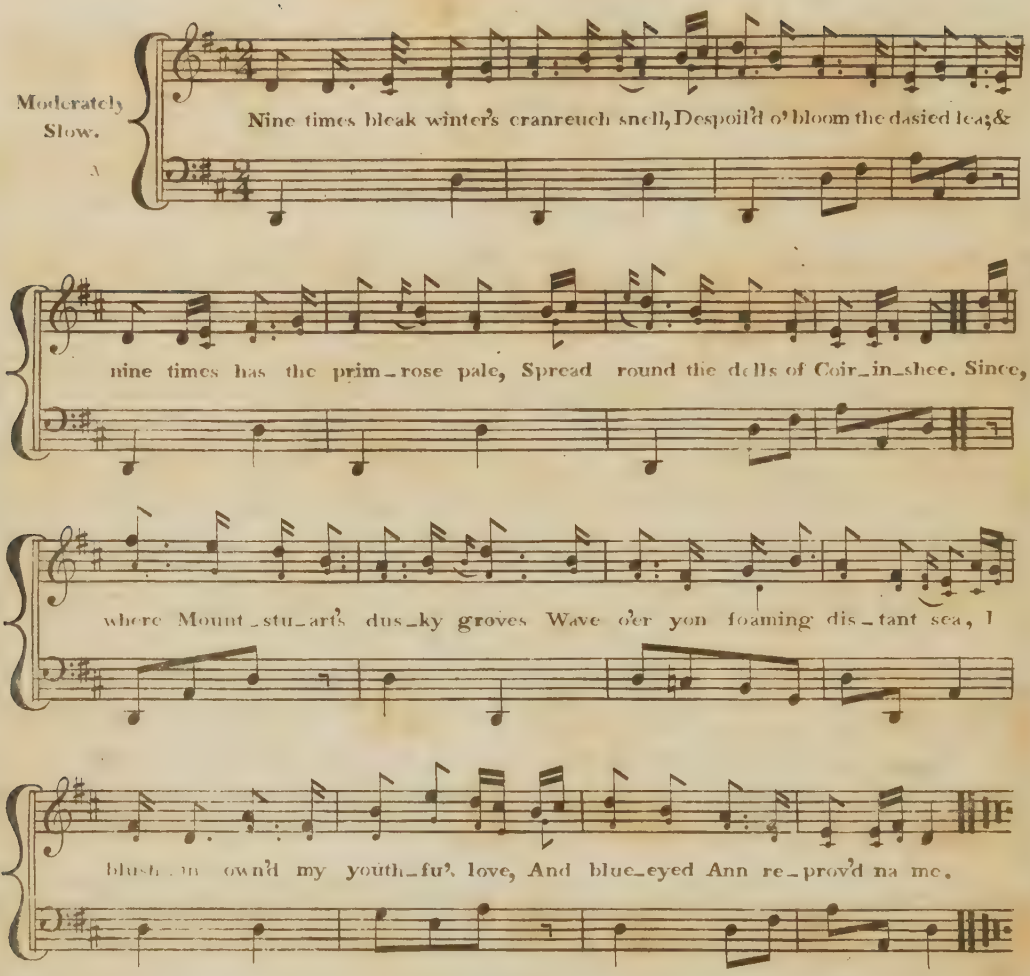
O haud your tongue, my Father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me

And ye may gie my brother John,
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

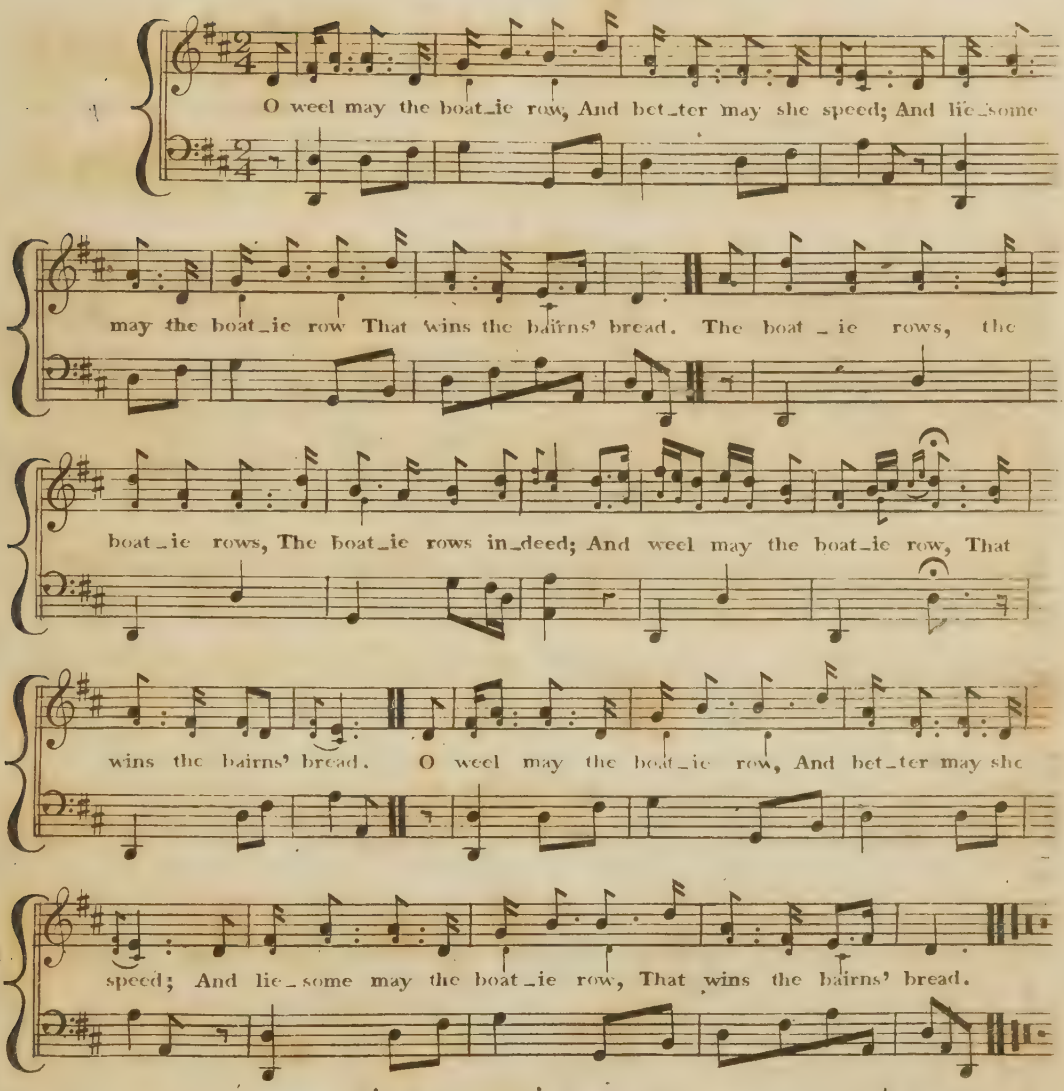
And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
To mak it shorter by the hood.

BLUE-EYED ANN.

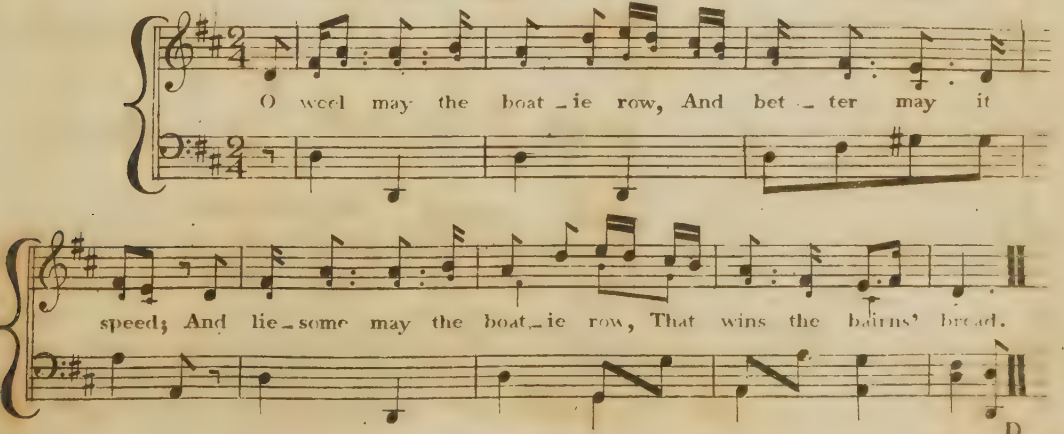

Moderately Slow.
Nine times bleak winter's cranreuch snell, Despoil'd o' bloom the dasied lea; &
nine times has the prim-rose pale, Spread round the dells of Coir-in-shee. Since,
where Mount-stu-art's dus-ky groves Wave o'er yon foaming dis-tant sea, I
blush-in own'd my youth-fu' love, And blue-eyed Ann re-prov'd na me.

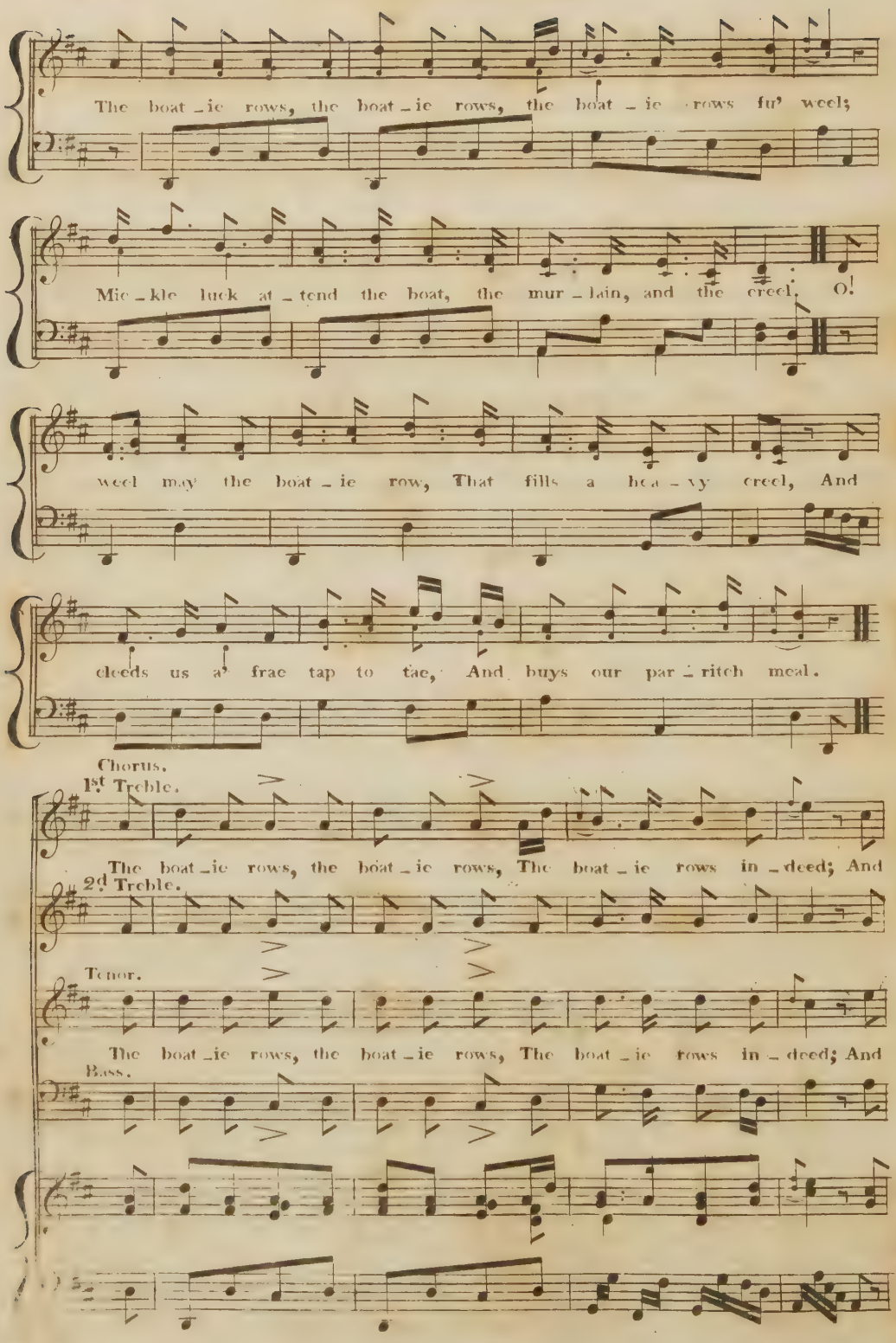
Wha then could think our joys wad fade?
Love's dearest pleasure's a' we knew;
And not a cloud was seen to shade
The blisstul scenes young fancy drew.
But ah! misfortune overcasts
Our fairest hopes full oft we see.
Alas! I've borne her rudest blasts,
Yet blue-eyed Ann still smiles on me.

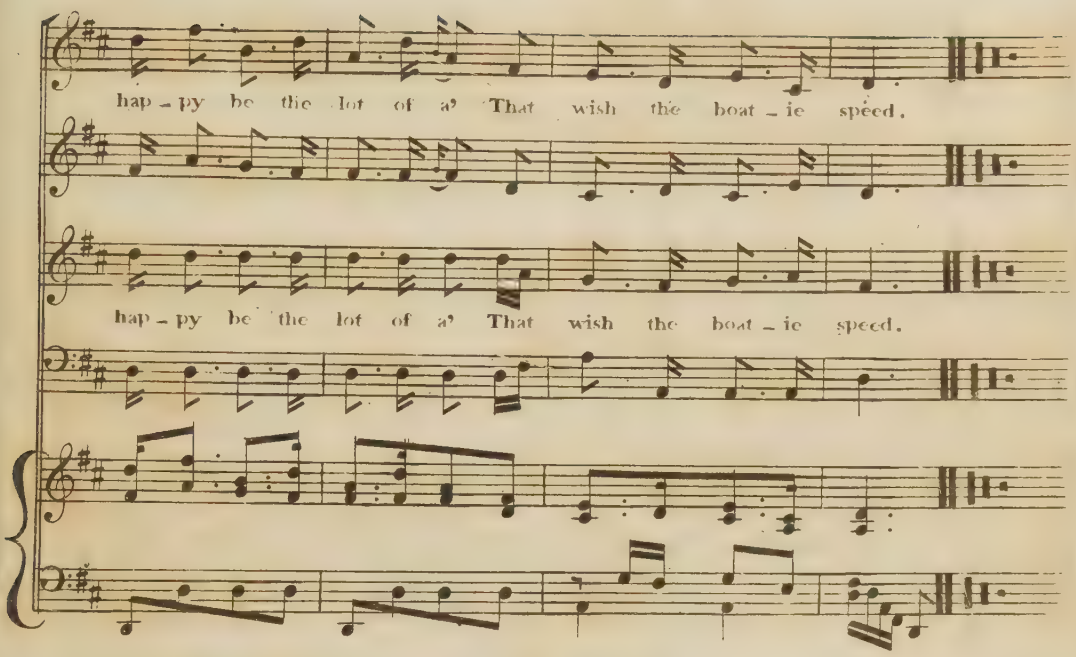
Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray
Ambition's faithless path alang;
But calmly spend the careless day
Dunoon's green winding vales amang:
And oft I'll climb the hoary pile,
When spring revives each flower and tree,
To view yon sweet-sequester'd isle,
Where blue-eyed Ann first smiled on me.


O weel may the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may she speed; And lie_some
may the boat_ie row That wins the bairns' bread. The boat_ie rows, the
boat_ie rows, The boat_ie rows in_deed; And weel may the boat_ie row, That
wins the bairns' bread. O weel may the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may she
speed; And lie_some may the boat_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

THE BOATIE ROWS. 2d Set.




The boat_ie rows, the boat_ie rows, the boat_ie rows fu' weel;
Mic_kle luck at_tend the boat, the mur_lain, and the creel, O!
weel may the boat_ie row, That fills a hea_vy creel, And
cleeds us a' frae tap to tae, And buys our par_ritch meal.
Chorus.
1st Treble.
The boat_ie rows, the boat_ie rows, The boat_ie rows in_deed; And
2d Treble.
Tenor.
The boat_ie rows, the boat_ie rows, The boat_ie rows in_deed; And
Bass.

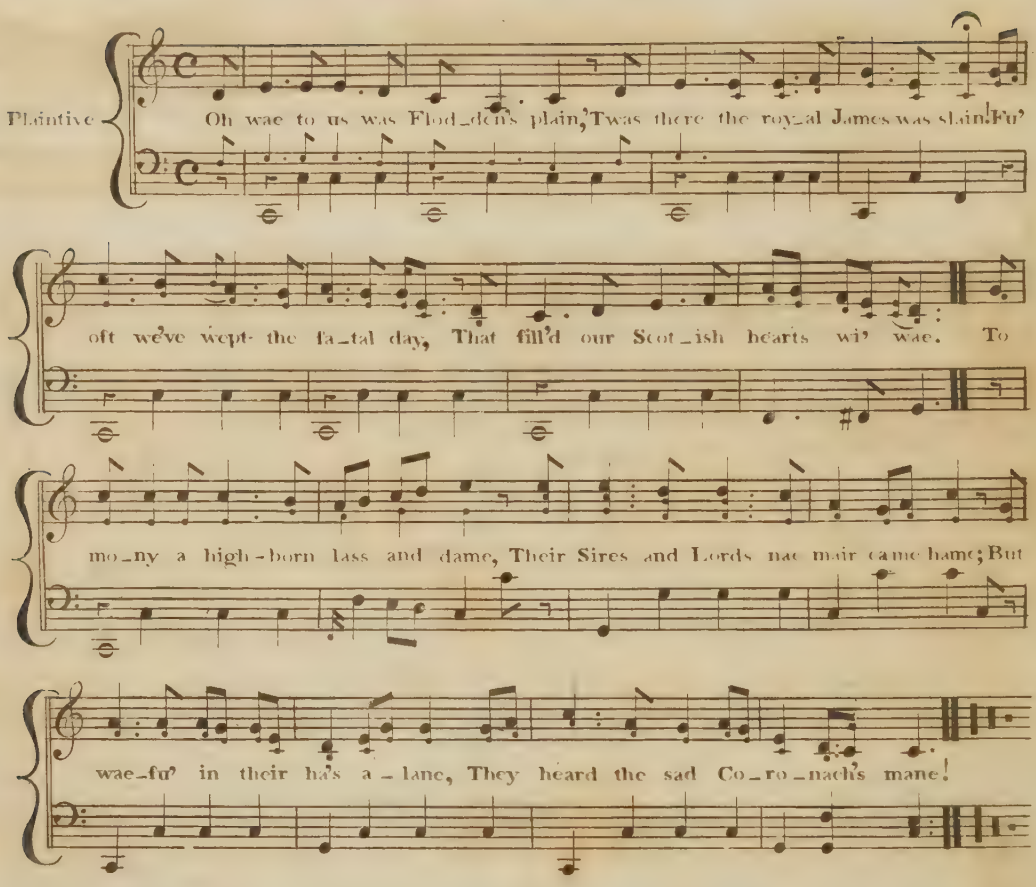


When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O mickle lighter grew my creel;
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And mickle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
But, dowie, dowie was my heart
When Jamie gaed awa.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy, Jock, an' Janetie,
Are up an' gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart, that bears
The murlain an' the creel.

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,
And hirplin' at the door,
They'll row, to keep us dry an' warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
And better may it speed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

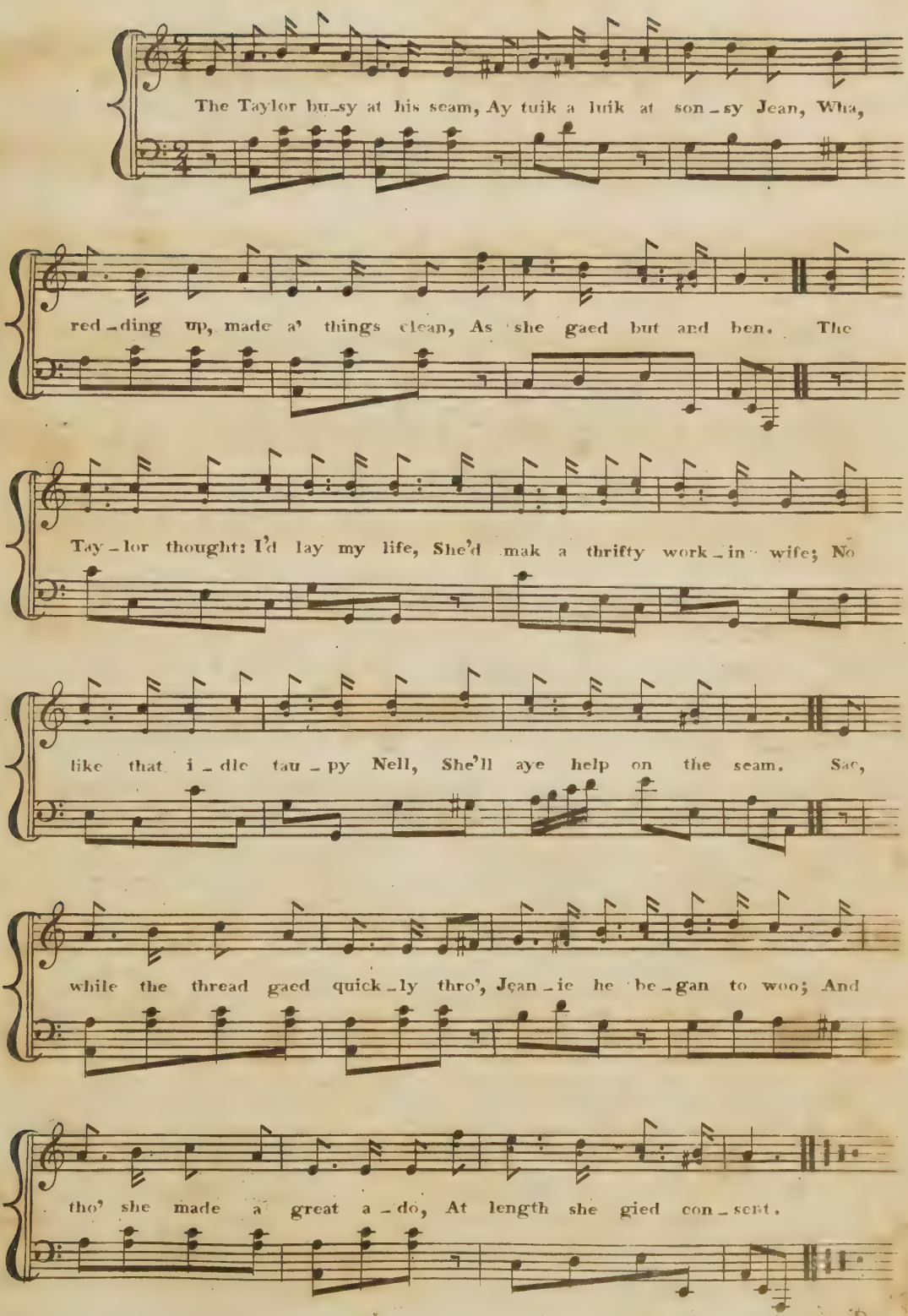

Plaintive
Oh wae to us was Flod_den's plain, 'Twas there the roy_al James was slain! Fu'
oft we've wept the fa_tal day, That fill'd our Scot_ish hearts wi' wae. To
mo_ny a high-born lass and dame, Their Sires and Lords nae mair came hame; But
wae_fu' in their ha's a_lane, They heard the sad Co_ro_nach's mane!

Coronachs, that not heavy now,
Are left to sing o'er thousands low;
Are rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,
That with their King to battle came.
That round him there remain'd to die,
Fighting till death, right royally,
How many, that fought at morn so brave,
Before e'en-tide had found their grave!

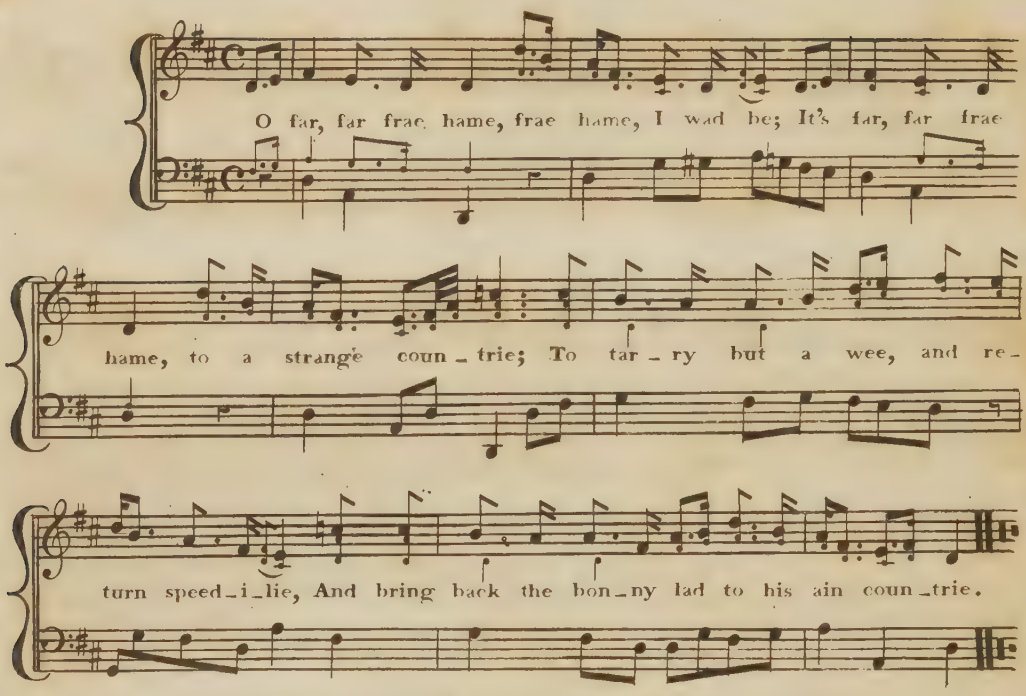
Oh! there amongst fu' many a name,
Still dear to Scotland and to fame,
Brave Hume,* that led the right hand wing,
Sank down in death beside his King.
And with him fell his daughter's spouse,
The noble laird of Cockburn's house;
Two Sons, and twice four knights beside,
Of Cockburn's chieftain bravely died.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,
Let every Highland glen reply,
And sadly let each lowland plain
Return the waefu sound again!
Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;
Sad Scotland's choicest flow'rs are shorn.
Let Berwick's tow'rs be rob'd in gloom!
Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's and on Langton's tow'rs
The cloud of desolation low'rs!
Their widows wail their perish'd lords,
Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words,
Demand their Sire, whose face no more
Shall bless with smiles, which once it wore,
Those ha's shall neer be gay again,
Their chiefs are in the battle slain!

*Earl of Home. The chief of Cockburn (Son in law to Earl of Home) with his two sons, and eight knights of his name and kindred, died with their King. In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled. The two principal seats of the Cockburns, in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburn's path Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.

The Taylor bu-sy at his seam, Ay tuik a luik at son-sy Jean, Wha,
red-ding up, made a' things clean, As she gaed but and ben. The
Tay-lor thought: I'd lay my life, She'd mak a thrifty work-in wife; No
like that i-dle tau-py Nell, She'll aye help on the seam. Sae,
while the thread gaed quick-ly thro', Jean-ie he be-gan to woo; And
tho' she made a great a-do, At length she gied con-sent.

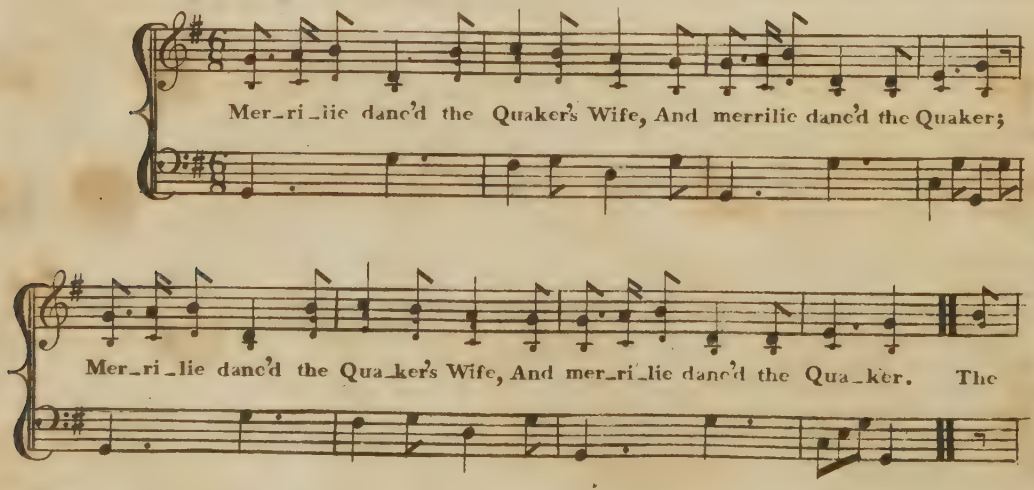
OUR AIN COUNTRIE.

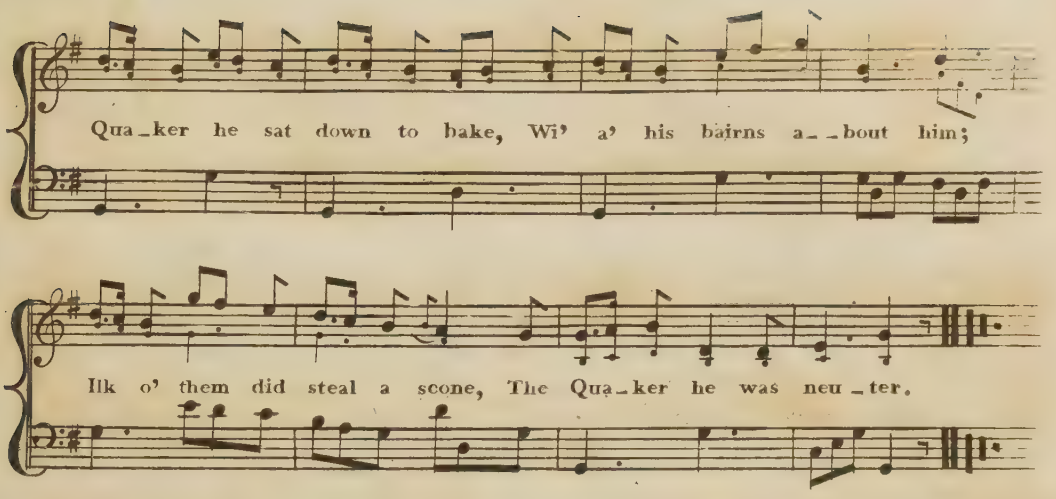

O far, far frae hame, frae hame, I wad be; It's far, far frae
hame, to a strange coun_trie; To tar_ry but a wee, and re_
turn speed_i_lie, And bring back the bon_ny lad to his ain coun_trie.

O doukit be the Dutch in their ain sleepy sea,
Cadogan and all such, wherever they may be;
Wae worth the volunteers, and shame to them be,
That wad fight against their Prince in his ain countrie.

Blest be our royal King, from danger keep him free,
When he conquers all his foes that oppose his majesty;
And bless the duke of Mar, and all his cavalry,
Wha first began the war for the King and our countrie.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.


Mer_ri_lie dance'd the Quaker's Wife, And merrilie dance'd the Quaker;
Mer_ri_lie dance'd the Qua_ker's Wife, And mer_ri_lie dance'd the Qua_ker. The



When ben then came the Quaker's Wife,
And O she was in a passion;
Bairns, says she, ye plague my life,
To steal is a very bad fashion:
Nae sooner can my back be turned,
But what the cakes are eat or burned;
O'a' that I left there's nane to be seen,
Ye' ve eaten the cakes and licket the cream.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Same Air.

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought, and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy;
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing.
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass green-sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

THE REGALIA.

Same Air.

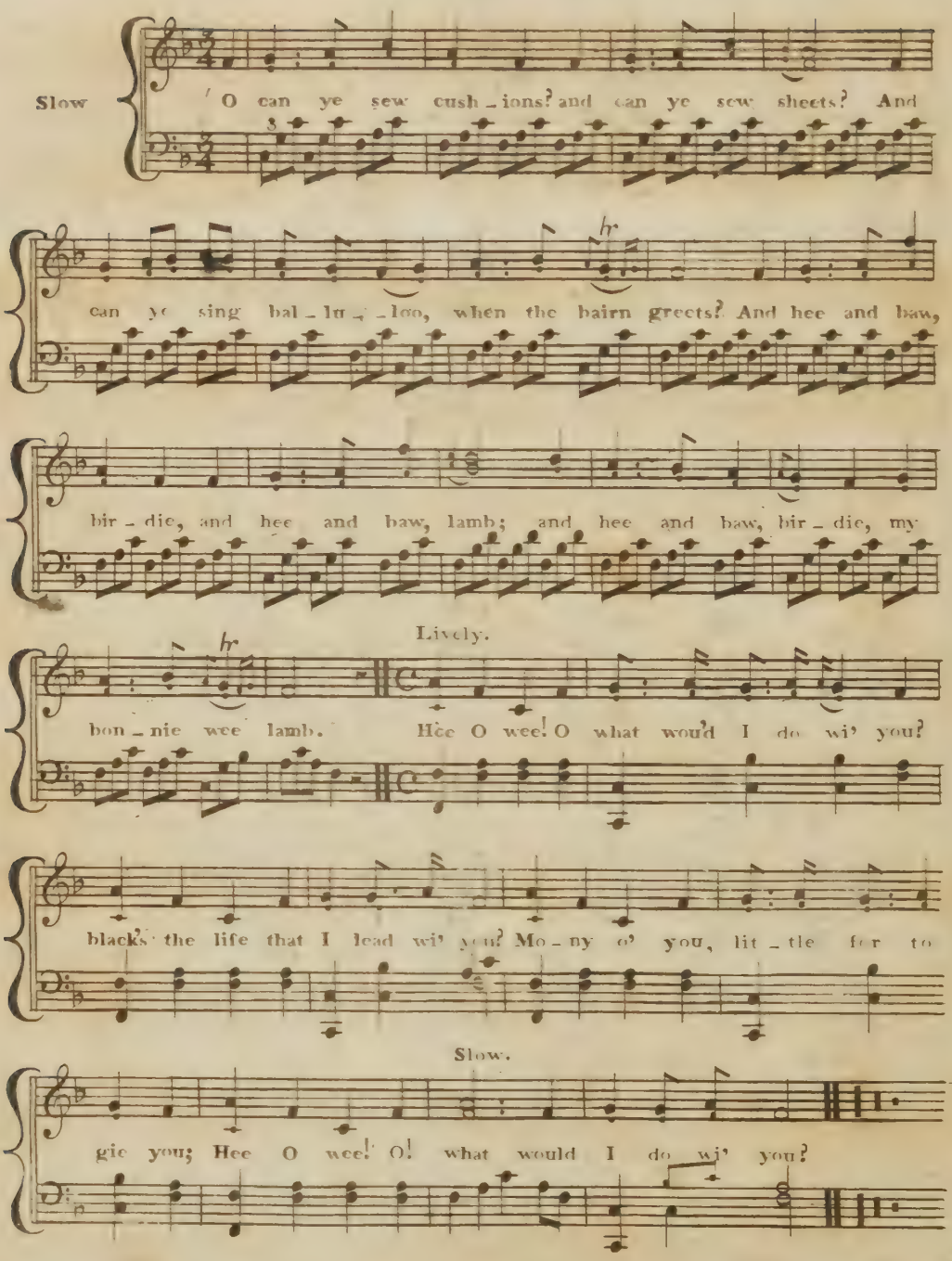
We hae the Crown without a head,
The Sceptre but a hand O;
The ancient warlike royal blade
Might be a willow wand O.
Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs,
That laid them useless bye a';
Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot
Could boast his cheek was dry a'.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,
The bye-gane back to bring a,
And gie us ae lang simmer's day,
O' a true born Scotish King a.
We'd put the Crown upon his head,
The Sceptre in his hand a',
We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout,
Bruce and his native land a'.

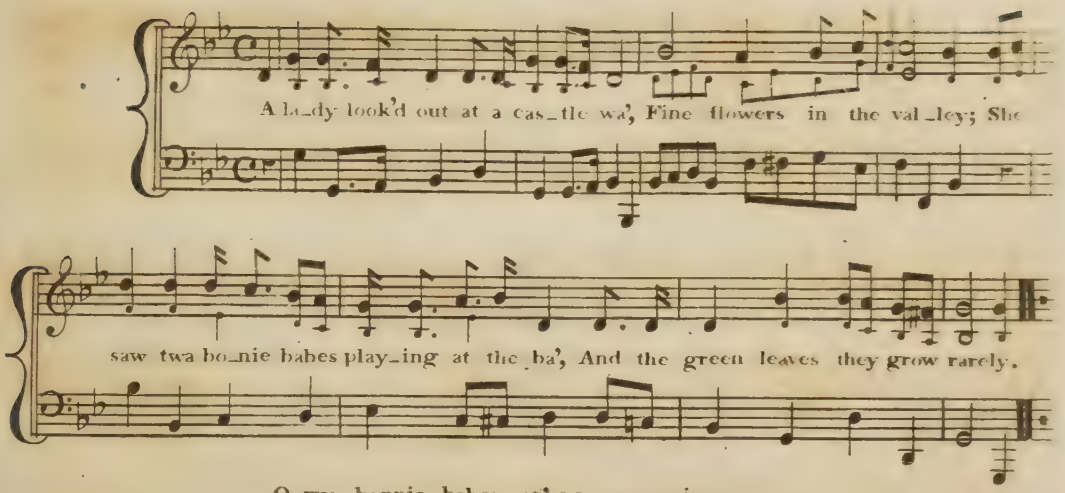
The thistle ance it flourish'd fair,
An' grew maist like a tree a;
They've stunted down its stately tap,
That roses might luik hie a.
But tho its head lie in the dust;
The stump is stout and steady;
The thistle is the warrior yet;
The rose its tocher'd lady.

Then flourish, thistle, flourish fair,
Tho' ye' ve the crown nae langer,
They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet;
Your jags grow aye the stranger.
The rose it blooms in safter soil,
And strangers up could root it;
Aboon the grund was ne'er the hand,
That pu'd the thistle out yet.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.


Slow
O can ye sew cush - ions? and can ye sew sheets? And
can ye sing bal - lu - loo, when the bairn greets? And hee and baw,
bir - die, and hee and baw, lamb; and hee and baw, bir - die, my
Lively.
bon - nie wee lamb. Hee O wee! O what would I do wi' you?
blacks the life that I lead wi' you? Mo - ny o' you, lit - tle for to
Slow.
gie you; Hee O wee! O! what would I do wi' you?

I biggit the cradle on the tree top,
And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock.
And hee and baw, birdie, &c.


A la_dy look'd out at a cas_tle wa', Fine flowers in the val_ley; She
saw twa bo_nie babes play_ing at the ba', And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O my bonnie babes, an' ye were mine,
Fine flowers in the valley;
I would cleed ye i' the scarlet sae fine,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'd lay ye saft in beds o' down,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And watch ye morning, night, and noon,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mither dear, when we were thine,
Fine flowers in the valley;
Ye didna cleed us i' the scarlet sae fine,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye took out yere little pen knife,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And parted us frae our sweet life,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

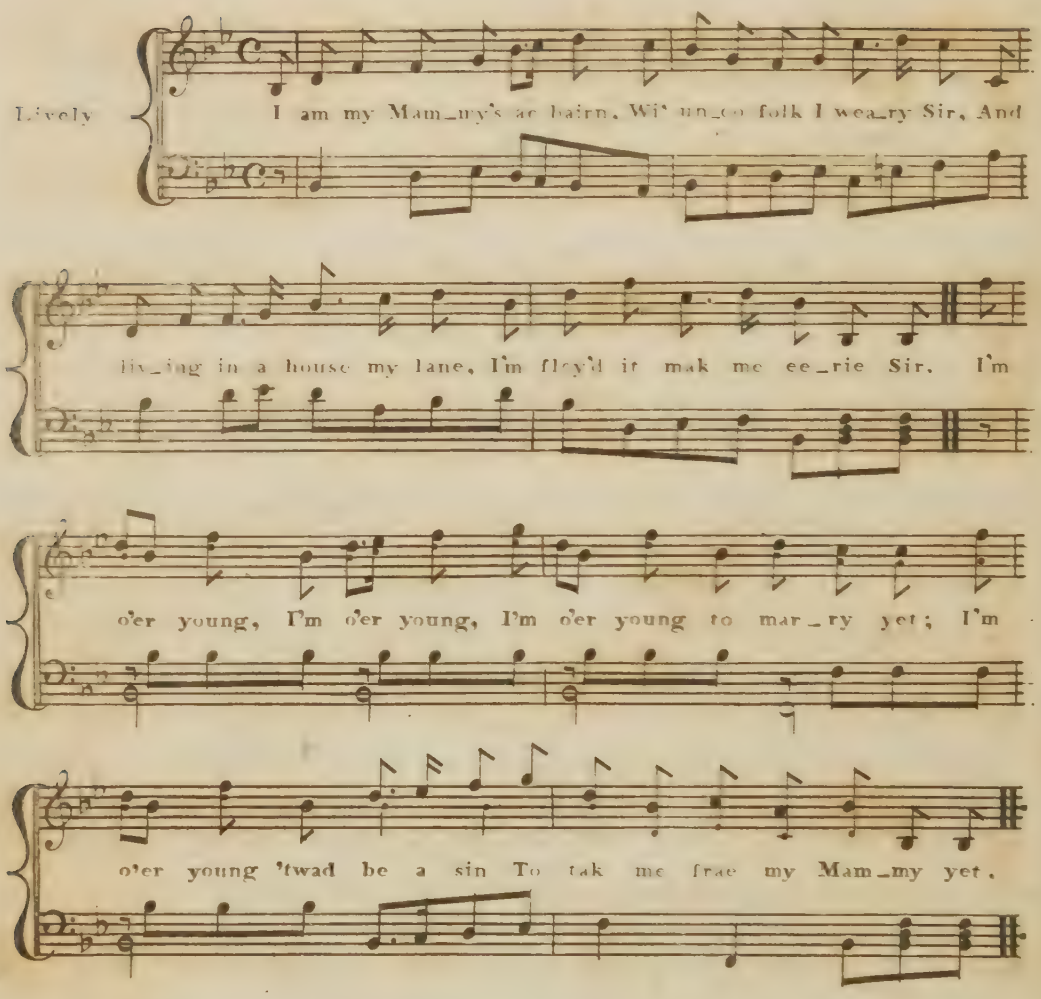
Ye howkit a hole aneath the moon,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there ye laid our bodies down,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye happit the hole wi' mossy stanes,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there ye left our wee bit banes,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye ken weel, O mither dear,
Fine flowers in the valley;
Ye never cam that gate for fear,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And see sic sights as ye darna tell,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

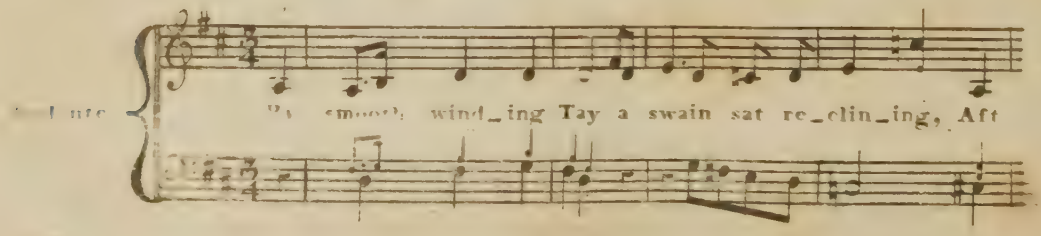
I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

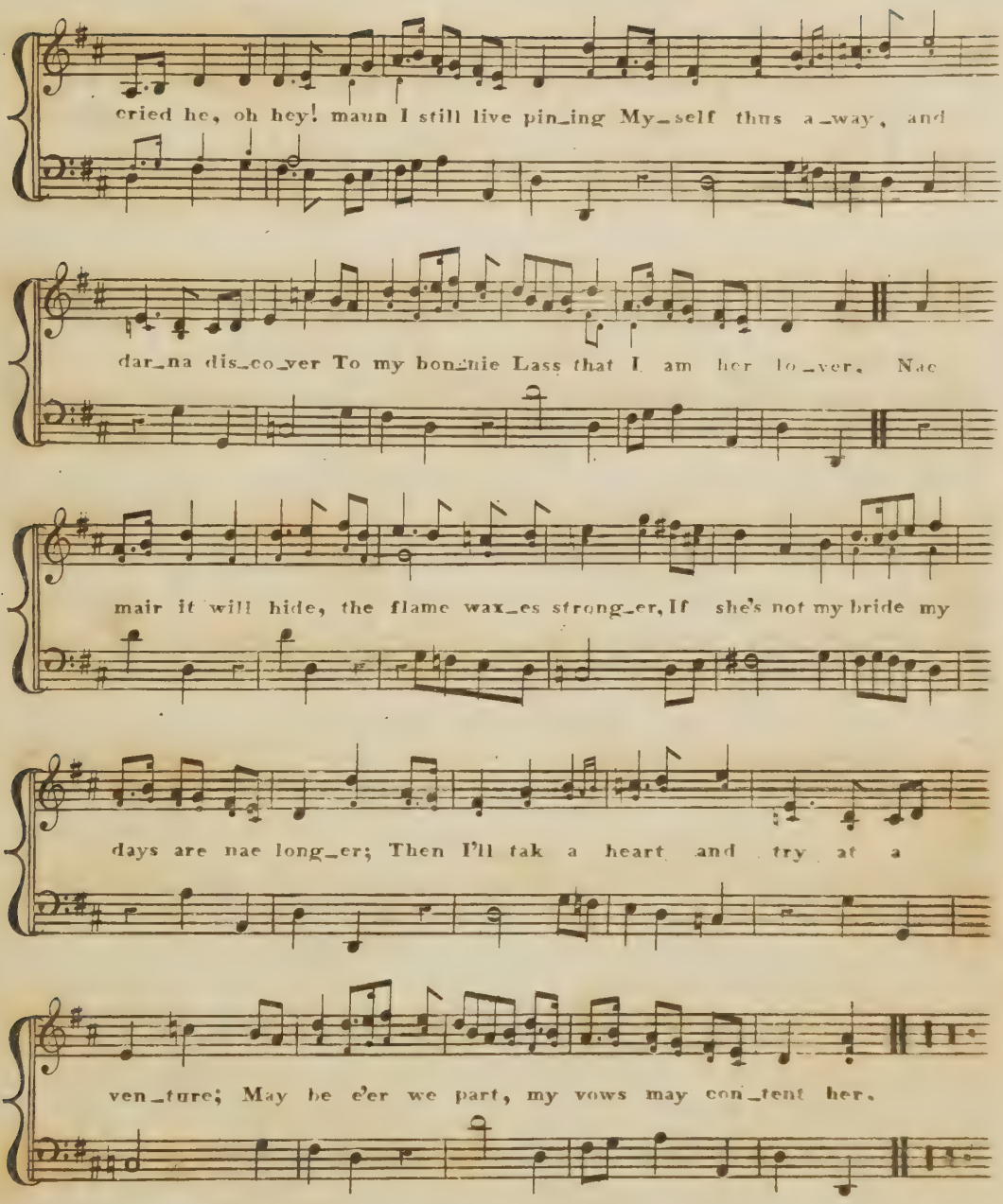

Lively
I am my Mam_my's ae bairn, Wi' un_co folk I wea_ry Sir, And
liv_ing in a house my lane, I'm fley'd it mak me ee_rie Sir. I'm
o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar_ry yet; I'm
o'er young 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my Mam_my yet.

For I've aye had my ain will,
Nane dar'd to contradict me, Sir,
And now to say I wad obey,
In troth, I dar na venture, Sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmers, Sir:
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

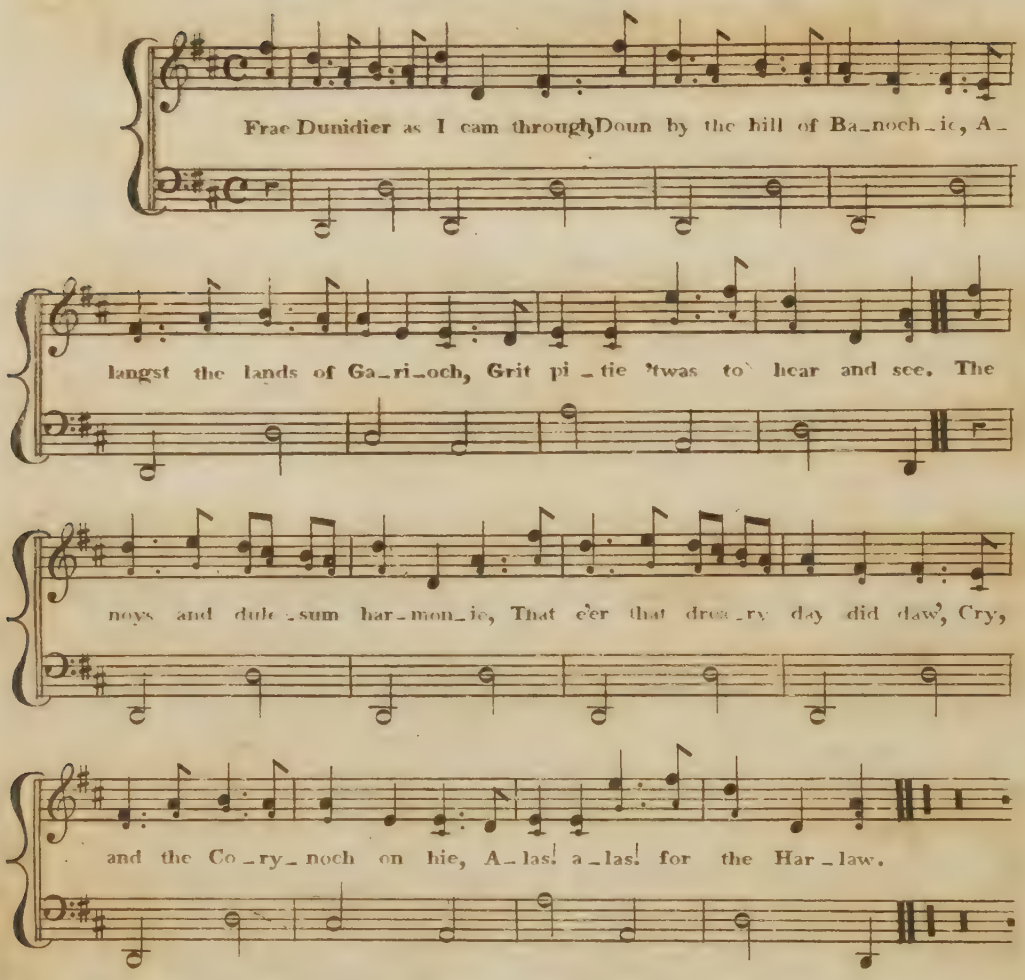



cried he, oh hey! maun I still live pin_ing My_self thus a_way, and
dar_na dis_co_ver To my bon_nie Lass that I am her lo_ver. Nae
mair it will hide, the flame wax_es strong_er, If she's not my bride my
days are nae long_er; Then I'll tak a heart and try at a
ven_ture; May be e'er we part, my vows may con_tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flo'wrs smell the sweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.*


Frae Dunidier as I cam through, Doun by the hill of Ba_noch_ie, A_
langst the lands of Ga_ri_och, Grit pi_tie 'twas to hear and see. The
noys and dule_sum har_mon_ie, That e'er that drea_ry day did daw', Cry,
and the Co_ry_noch on hie, A_las! a_las! for the Har_law.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy;
I wist nocht qua was fae or friend,
Zit quietly I did me carrie.
But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit, on the way
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requeisting him to mäk me quaint
Of the beginning, and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw.
Then he entreited me tak tent
And he the truth should to me shaw.

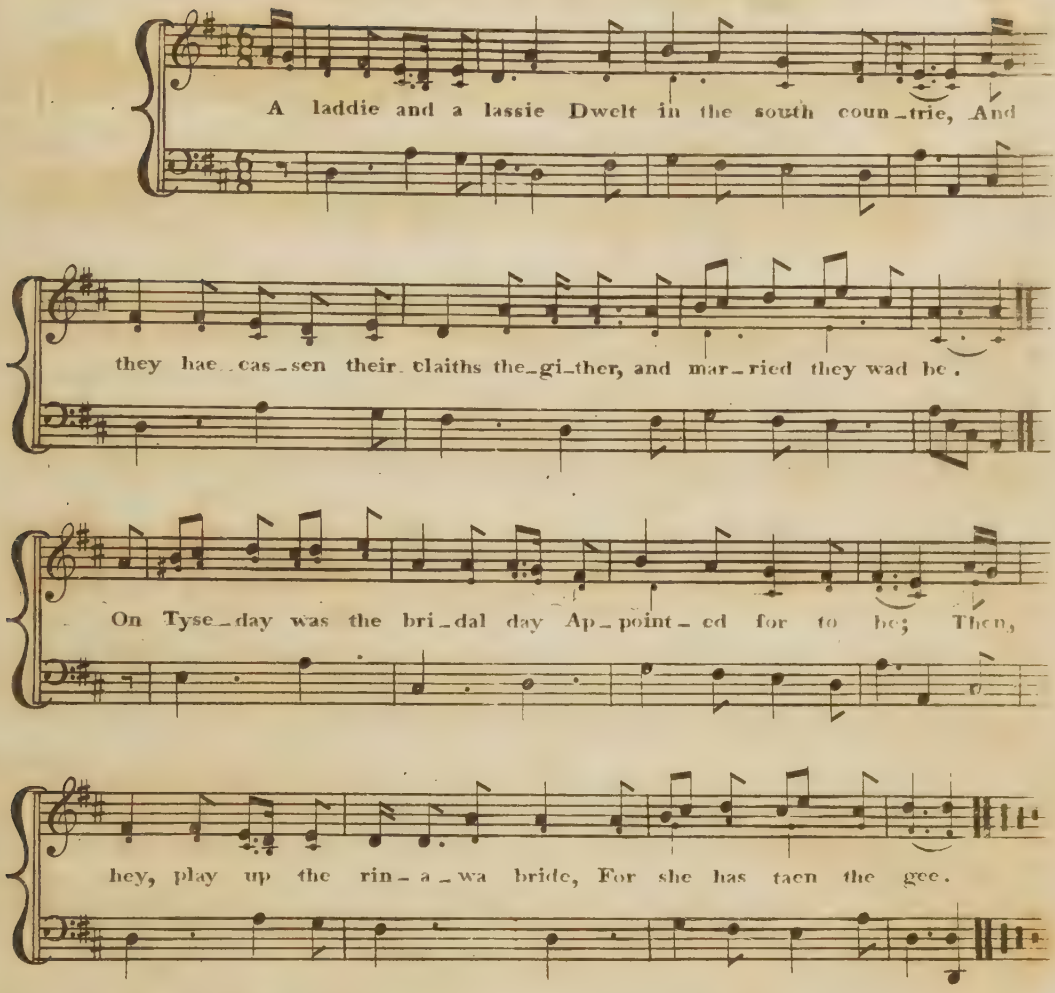
Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross some right,
And to the Governour† he came,
Thaim for to haif gif that he micht;
Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
And thairfore answert wi' disdain;
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald, richt impatient,
Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowed to God omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
Or ells be graithed in his graif;
He wald not quat his richt for nocht;
Nor be abusit like a slaif,
That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

* Fought upon Friday July 24th 1411 against Donald of the Isles.

† Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle to king James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

THE RINAWA BRIDE.


A laddie and a lassie Dwelt in the south coun-trie, And
they hae cas-sen their claiths the-gi-ther, and mar-ried they wad be.
On Tyse-day was the bri-dal day Ap-point-ed for to be; Then,
hey, play up the rin-a-wa bride, For she has taen the gee.

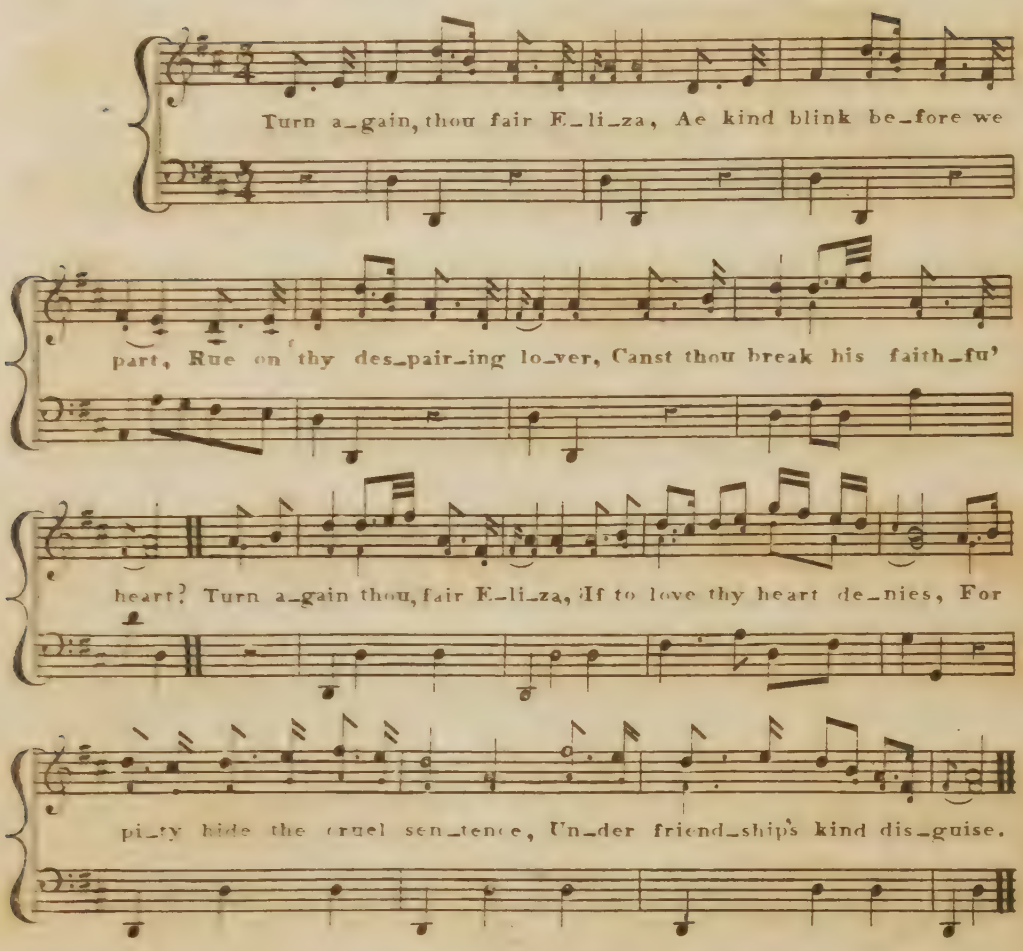
She had nae run a mile or twa,
When she began to consider
The angering of her father dear,
The displeasing of her mither,
The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,
The weel warst o' the three;
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mother
Ran after her wi' speed,
And ay they ran until they cam
Unto the water of Tweed;
And when they came to Kelso town,
They gart the clap gae thro';
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue;
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue;
And the tail lin'd round wi' green
Saw ye a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle
Sud been married on Tysday 'teen,
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
For she has taen the gee.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
He was as saft as butter;
For, had she play'd the like to me,
I'd neer made sic a splutter;
I'd ta'en a tune o' my hoboy,
And set my fancy free;
And, syne, play'd up the rin-awa bride,
And lutten her tak the gee.

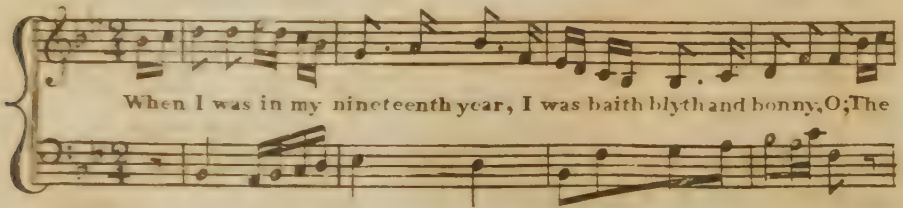
TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

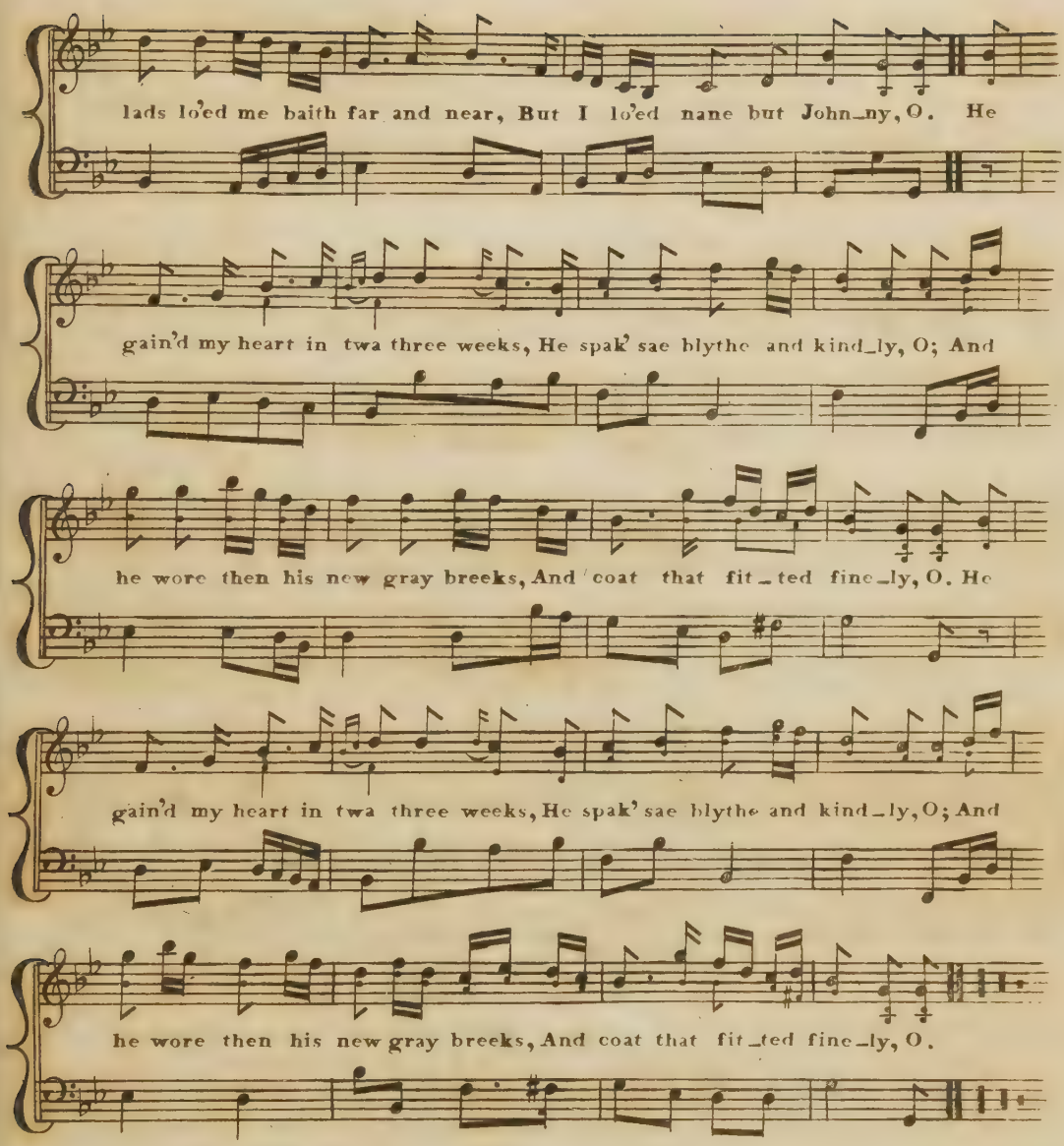

Turn a_gain, thou fair E_li_za, Ae kind blink be_fore we
part, Rue on thy des_pair_ing lo_ver, Canst thou break his faith_fu'
heart? Turn a_gain thou, fair E_li_za, If to love thy heart de_nies, For
pi_ty hide the cruel sen_tence, Un_der friend_ship's kind dis_guise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon:
Not the Poet, in the moment,
Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

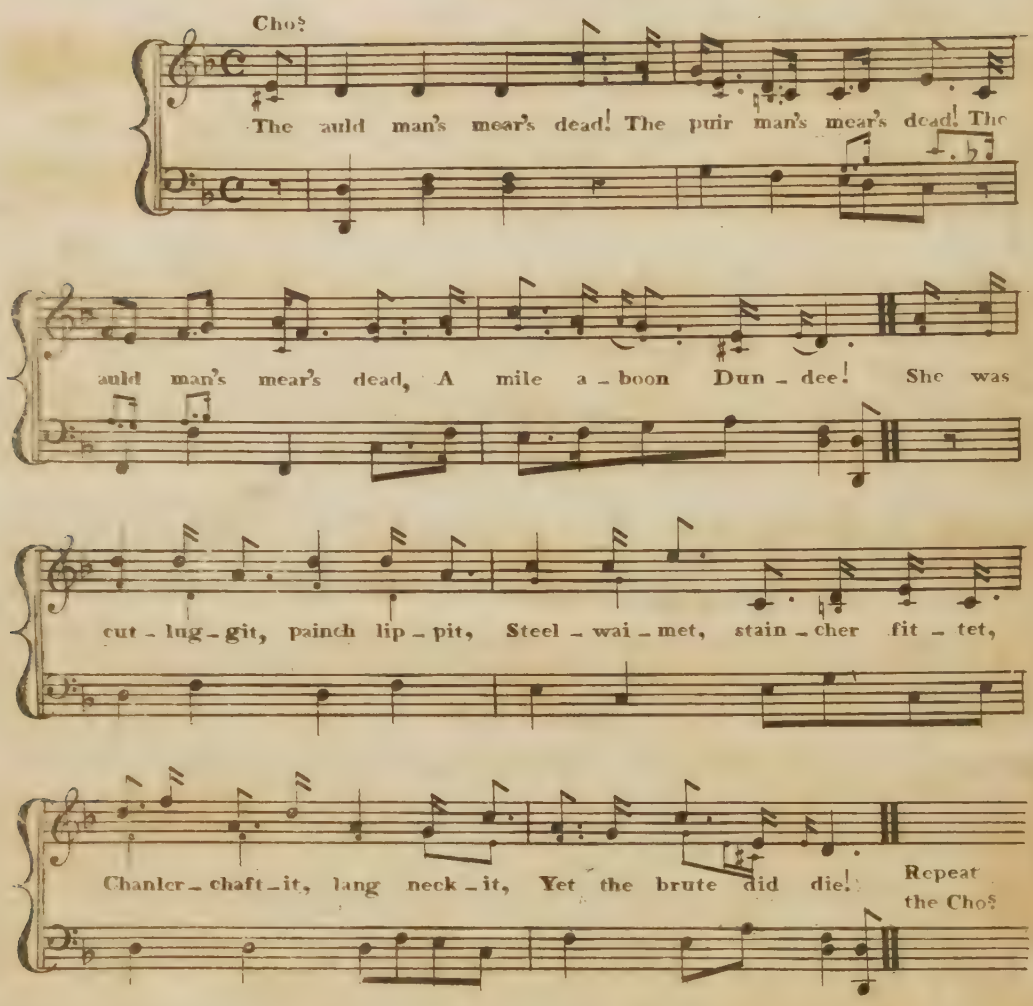



lads lo'ed me baith far and near, But I lo'ed nane but John_ny, O. He
gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind_ly, O; And
he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted fine_ly, O. He
gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind_ly, O; And
he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted fine_ly, O.

His coat was blue, his waistcoat red,
His bannet just a thought a jee;
His bonny hair sae yellow,
Like goud it glittered in my ee;
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy, O,
I think ye canna wonder now,
That I lo'ed weel my Johnny, O.

He waited for a year and mair,
Till Faither his consent wad gie;
His coat was tashed and thread-bare,
His breeks were clouted on the knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I had right mony, O,
I'll spin a wab o' new gray,
And mak claes to my Johnny, O.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

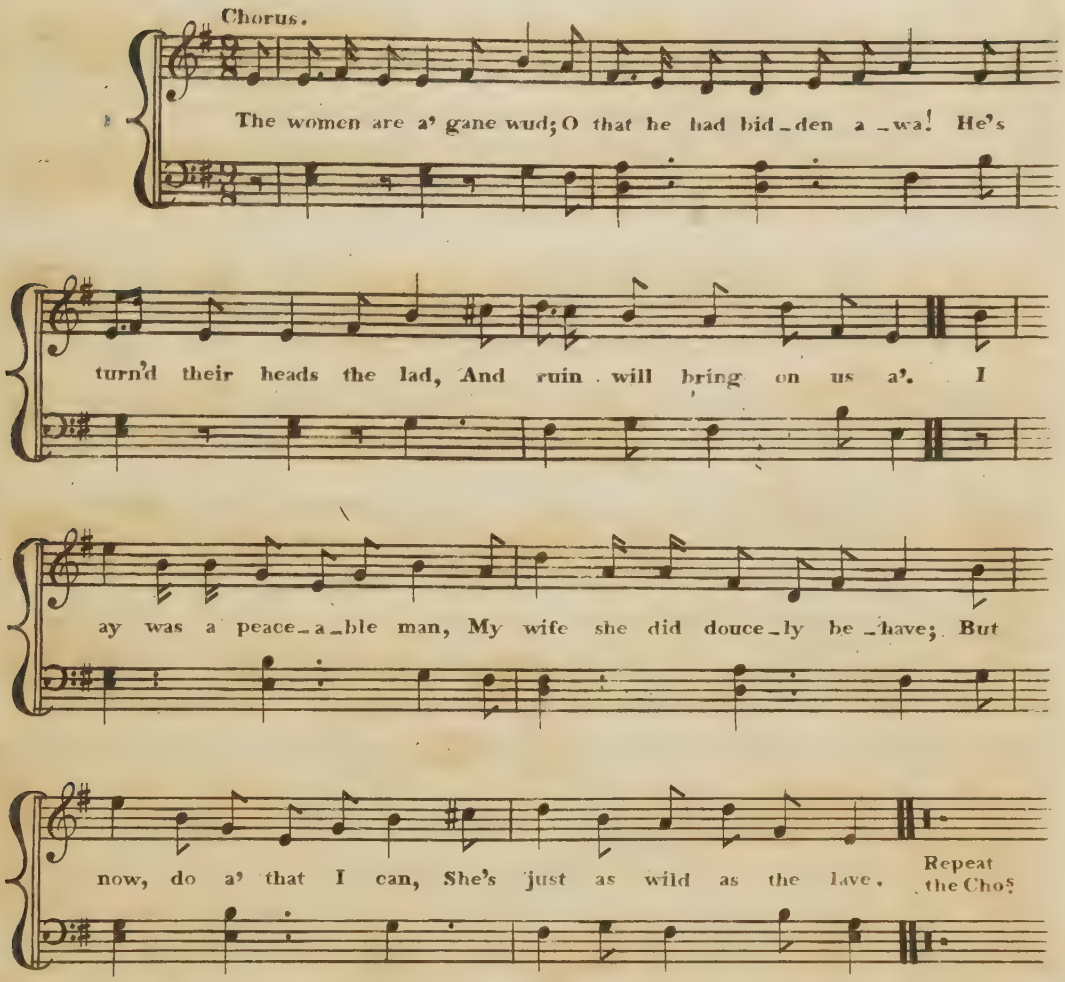

Cho?
The auld man's mear's dead! The puir man's mear's dead! The
auld man's mear's dead, A mile a-boon Dun-dee! She was
cut-lug-git, painch lip-pit, Steel-wai-met, stain-cher fit-tet,
Chanler-chaft-it, lang neck-it, Yet the brute did die!
Repeat the Cho?

The auld man's mear's dead!
The puir man's mear's dead!
The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,
And she is gane—waes me!
The auld, &c.

The puir man's head's sair,
Wi' greetin for his grey mear;
He's like to die himsel wi' care,
Aside the green kirk-yard.
The auld, &c.

He's thinkin on the bygane days,
And a' her douce and canny ways;
And how his ain gudewife, auld Meg,
Micht maist as weel been spared.
The auld, &c.

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.


Chorus.
The women are a' gane wud; O that he had bid-den a-wa! He's
turn'd their heads the lad, And ruin will bring on us a'. I
ay was a peace-a-ble man, My wife she did douce-ly be-have; But
now, do a' that I can, She's just as wild as the lave.
Repeat the Cho.

My wife she wears the cockaude,
Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I hate;
There's ane too prined on her maid,
An' baith will tak their ain gate.
The women, &c.

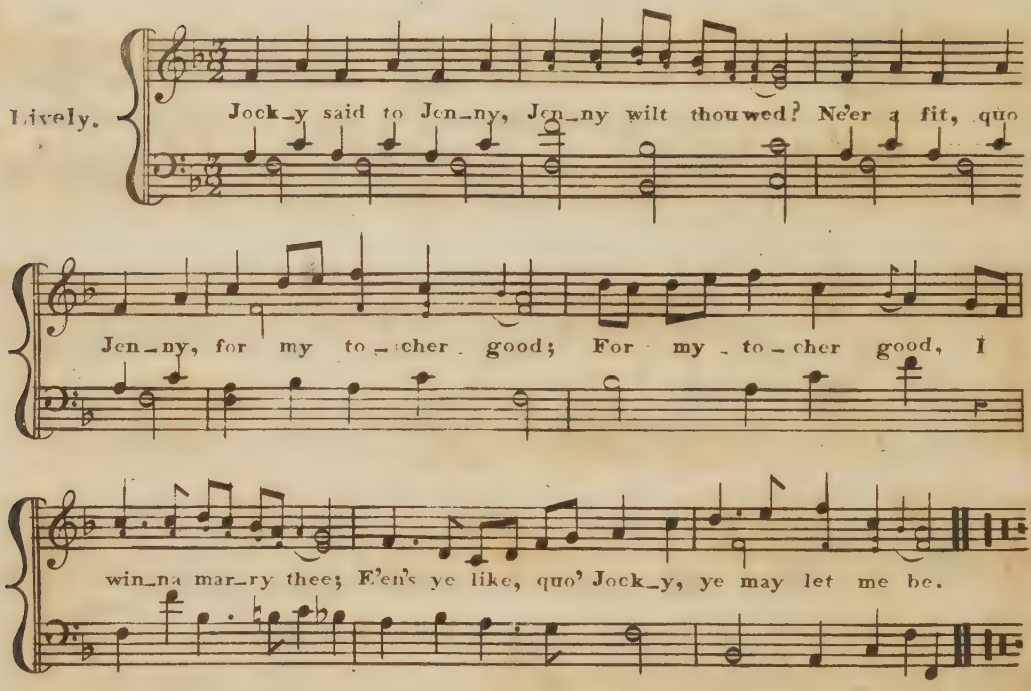
I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;
Now Tories infest me at hame;
An' tho' I tak nae part at a',
Baith sides do gie me the blame.
The women, &c.

The senseless creatures ne'er think,
What ill the lad would bring back;
We'd hae the Pope and the Deil,
An' a' the rest o' his pack.
The women, &c.

The wild Hieland Lads they did pass,
The yetts wide open did flee;
They eat the very house bare,
And spiered nae leave o' me.
The women, &c.

But when the red coats gaed bye,
D'ye think they'd let them alane;
They aye the louder did cry,
Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.
The women, &c.

JOCKY SAID TO JENNY.

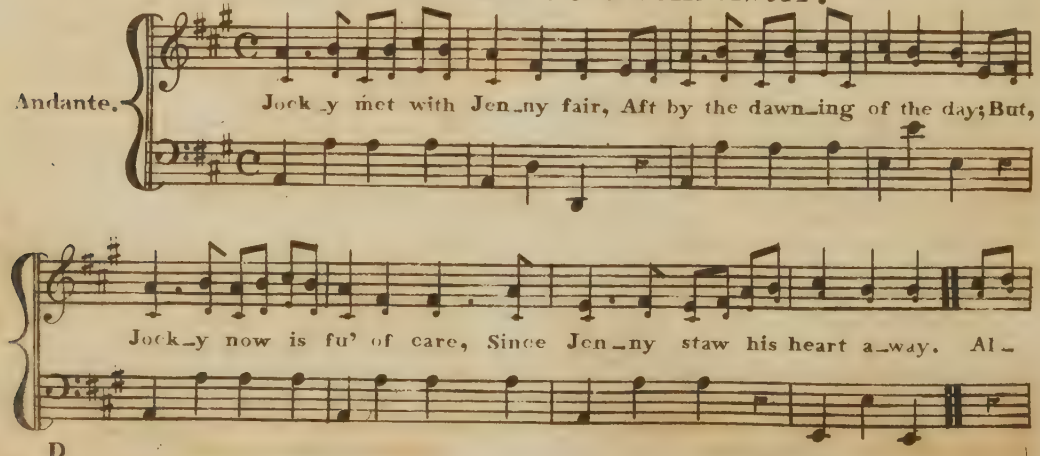

Lively.
Jock_y said to Jen_ny, Jen_ny wilt thou wed? Ne'er a fit, quo
Jen_ny, for my to_cher good; For my _ to_cher good, I
win_na mar_ry thee; E'en's ye like, quo' Jock_y, ye may let me be.

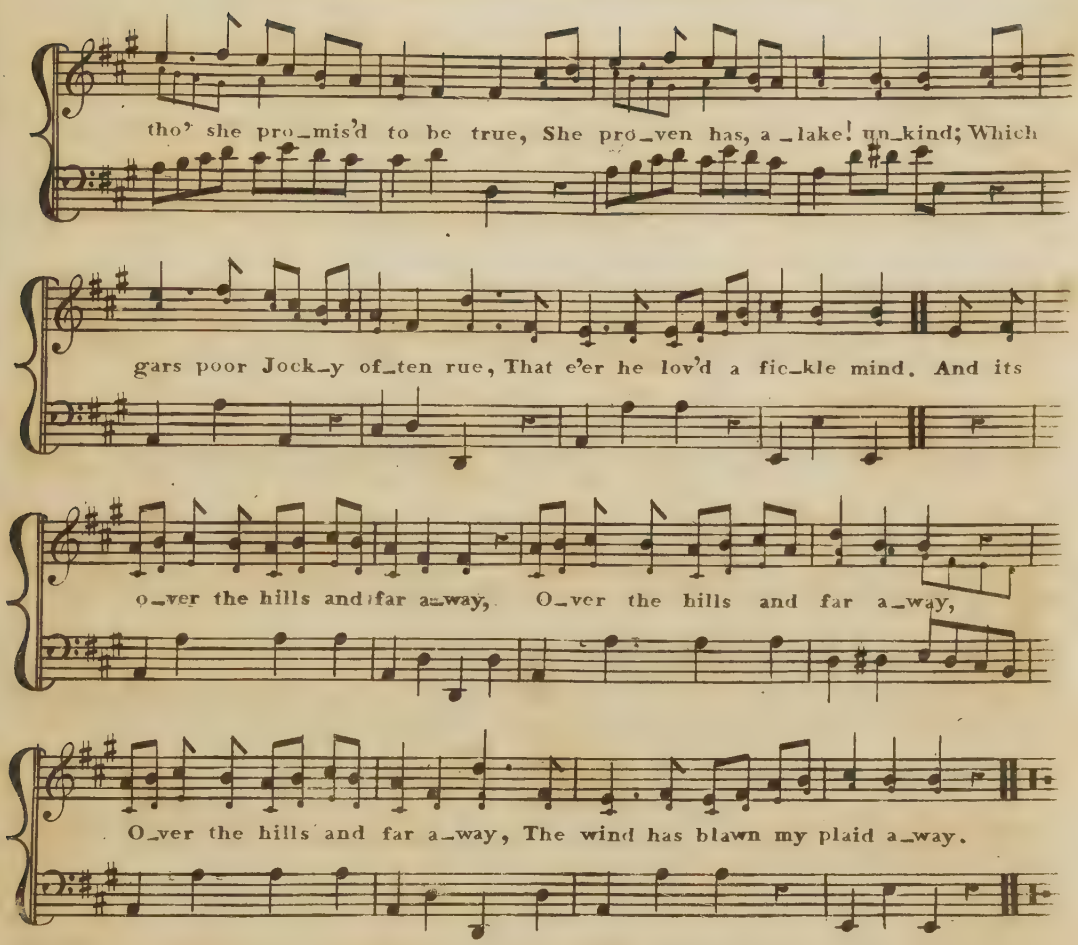
I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh;
I hae sax good owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

OE'R THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.


Andante.
Jock_y met with Jen_ny fair, Aft by the dawn_ing of the day; But,
Jock_y now is fu' of care, Since Jen_ny staw his heart a_way. Al_


tho' she pro_mis'd to be true, She pro_ven has, a_lake! un_kind; Which
gars poor Jock_y of_ten rue, That e'er he lov'd a fic_kle mind. And its
o_ver the hills and far a_way, O_ver the hills and far a_way,
O_ver the hills and far a_way, The wind has blawn my plaid a_way.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung: When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

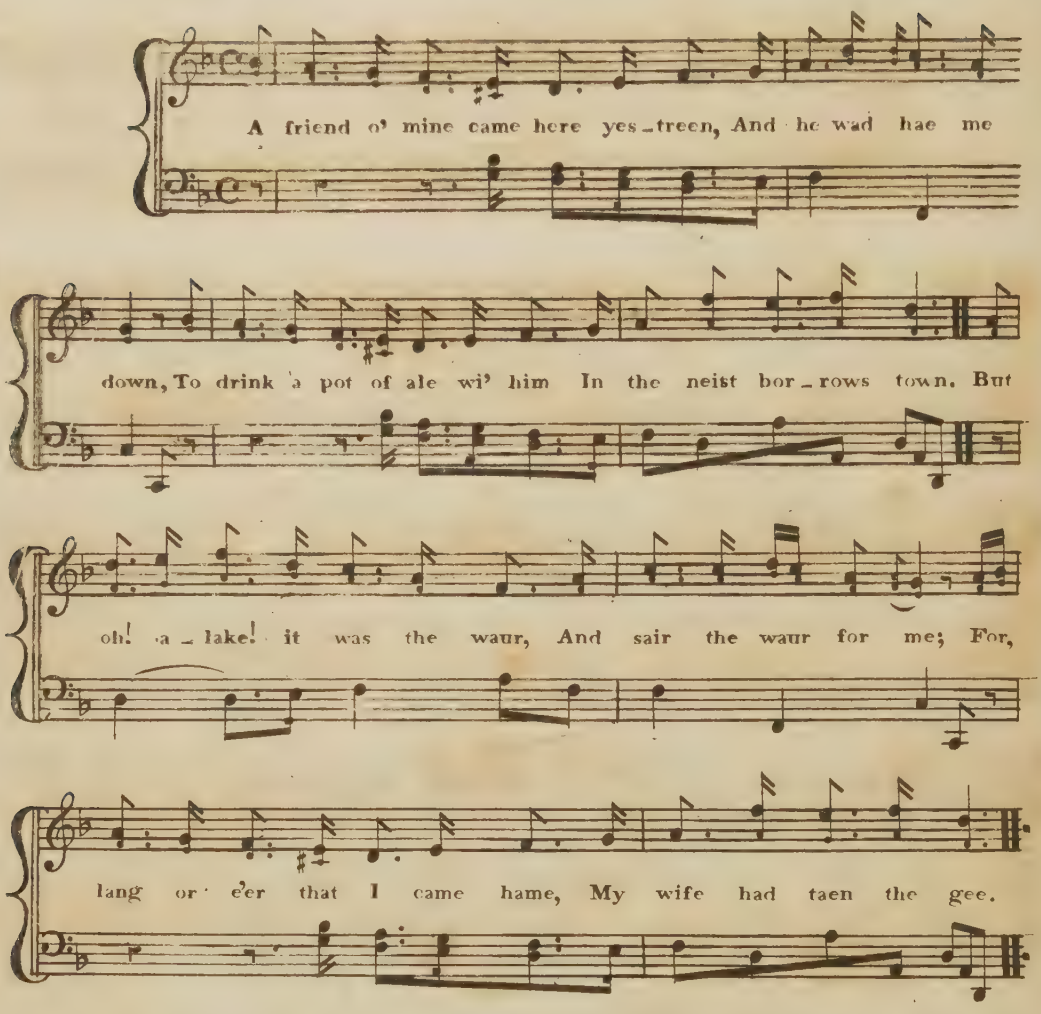
Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She could nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With ane that does sae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore;
But, to my grief, alake! I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
And its o'er the hills, &c.

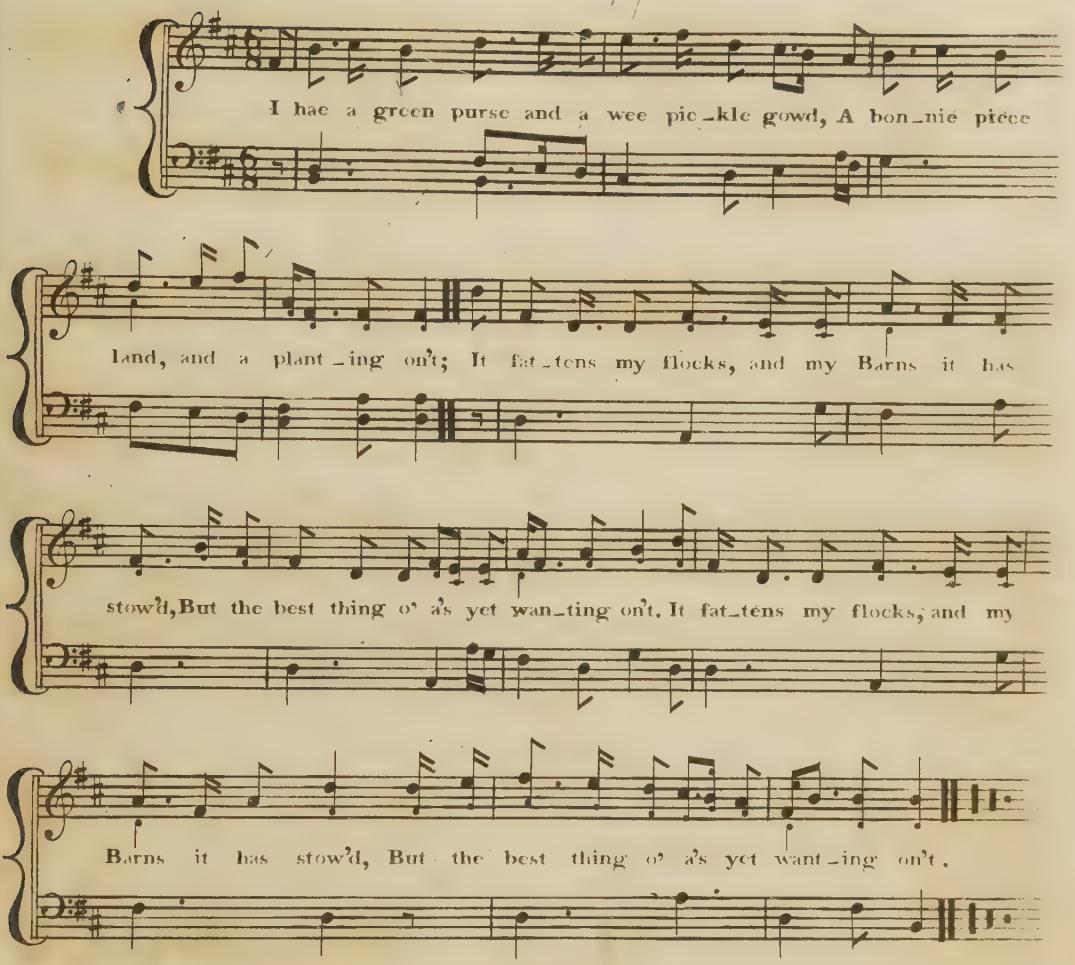
MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.


A friend o' mine came here yes-treen, And he wad hae me
down, To drink a pot of ale wi' him In the neist bor-rows town. But
oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me; For,
lang or e'er that I came hame, My wife had taen the gee.

We sat-sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or ever midnight came
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tear blinds ay her ee;
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head she'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me;
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses, in a crack,
And poor wee thing she grat:
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wife,
That's never tak the gee.


I hae a green purse and a wee pic-kle gowd, A bon-nie piece
land, and a plant-ing on't; It fat-tens my flocks, and my Barns it has
stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet wan-ting on't. It fat-tens my flocks, and my
Barns it has stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet want-ing on't.

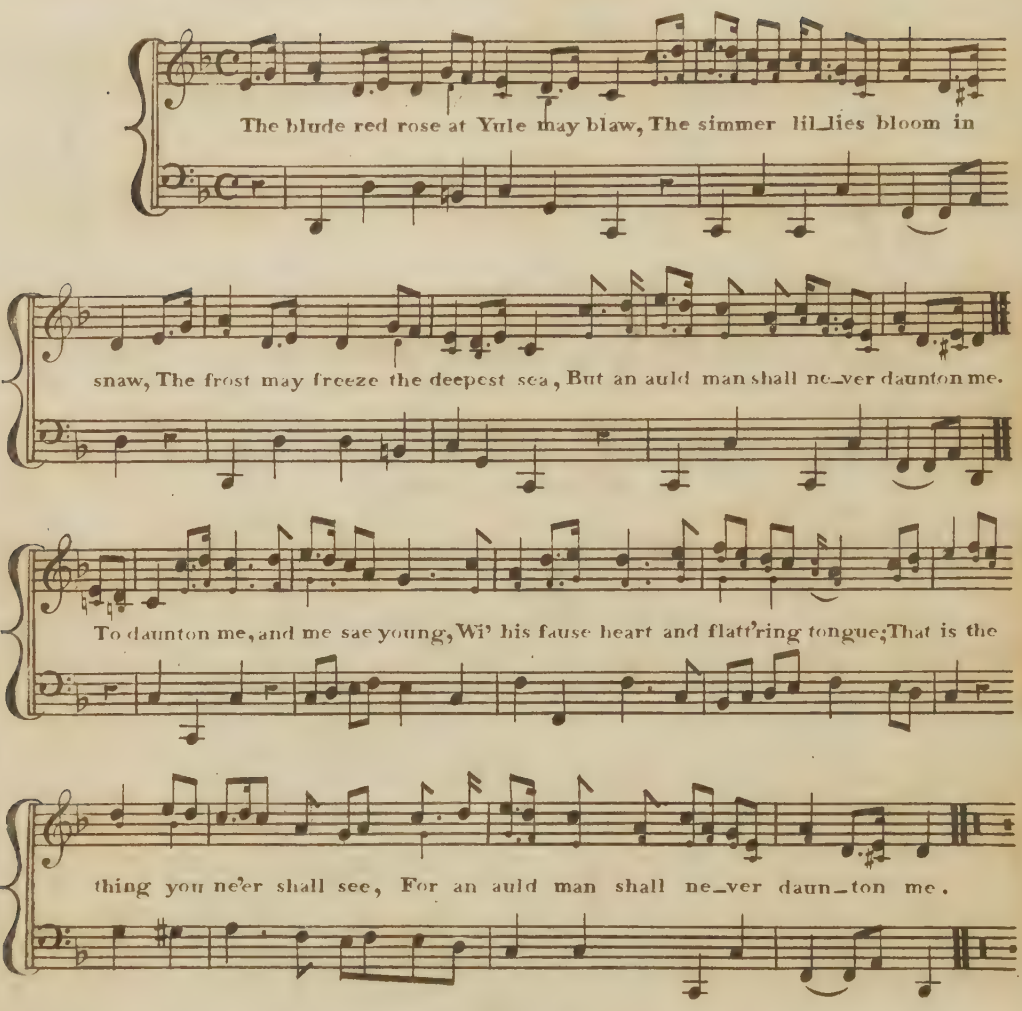
There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,
A gude kail yard, and a weel snecket yet,
Wi' plenty o' peats to throw i' the fire;
But the best thing o' a's a-wanting yet.

I thought o' a wife for ten years and mair,
But nane will answer that stops here about,
And I hae nae time to gang here and there;
A wanter I am, and I'll bide sae, I doubt.

A bonny tame patrick I wared upon Bell,
A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I geed,
To Betty I plainly did offer my sel;
She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; fareweel to all folly!
I tak up my buik, and I sit in my chair,
Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,
Contented and cheerfu', tho' sixty and mair.

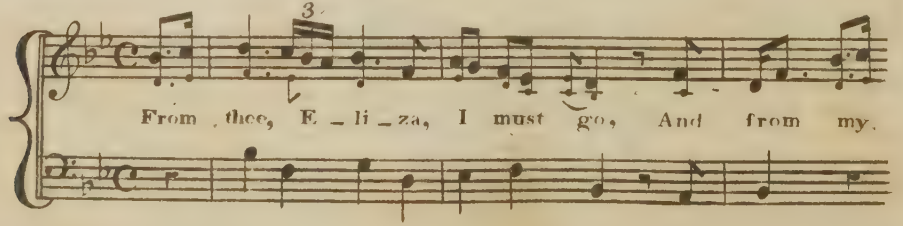
TO DAUNTON ME.

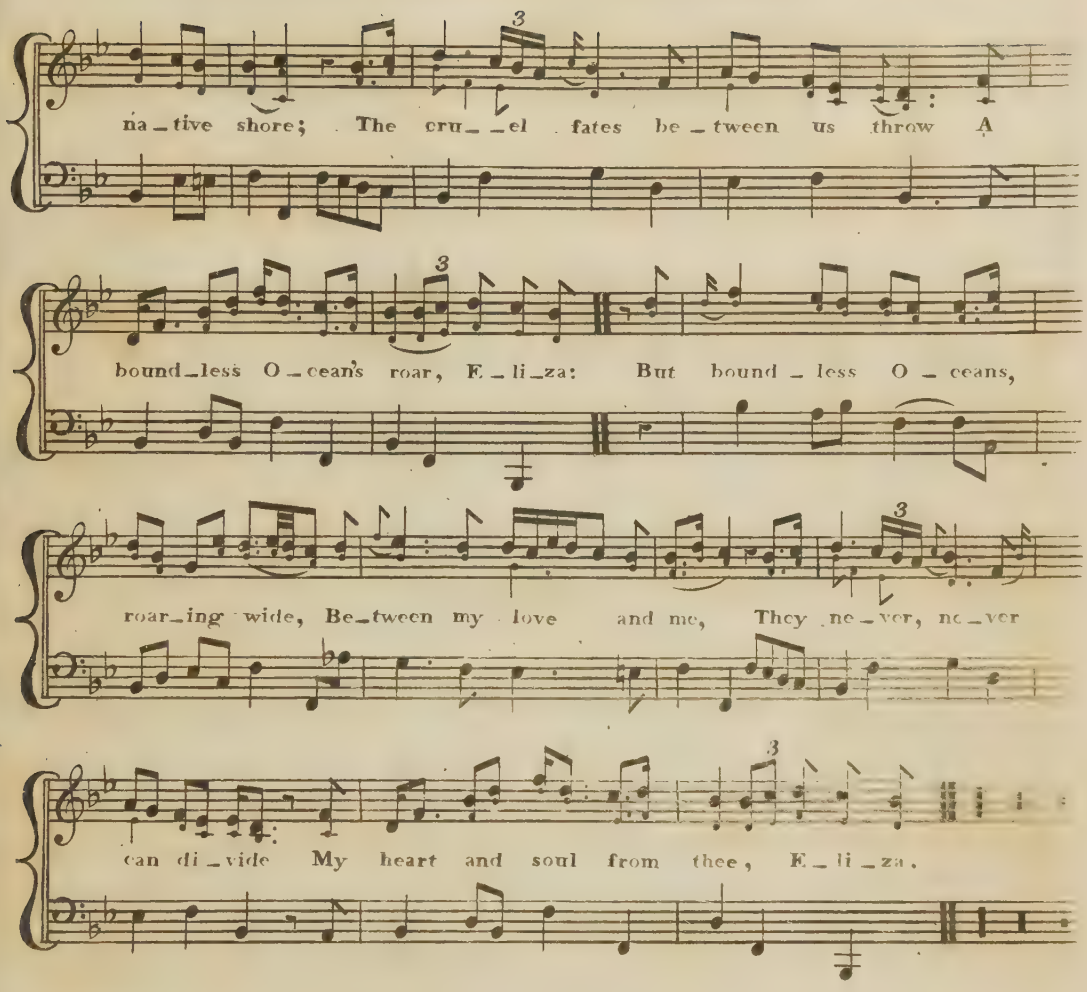

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The simmer lil_lies bloom in
snaw, The frost may freeze the deepest sea, But an auld man shall ne_ver daunton me.
To daunton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue; That is the
thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall ne_ver daun_ton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye & yowes,
His gear may buy him glens & knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.




na_tive shore; The cru_ _el fates be_tween us throw A
bound_less O_cean's roar, E_li_za: But bound_less O_ceans,
roar_ing wide, Be_tween my love and me, They ne_ver, ne_ver
can di_vide My heart and soul from thee, E_li_za.

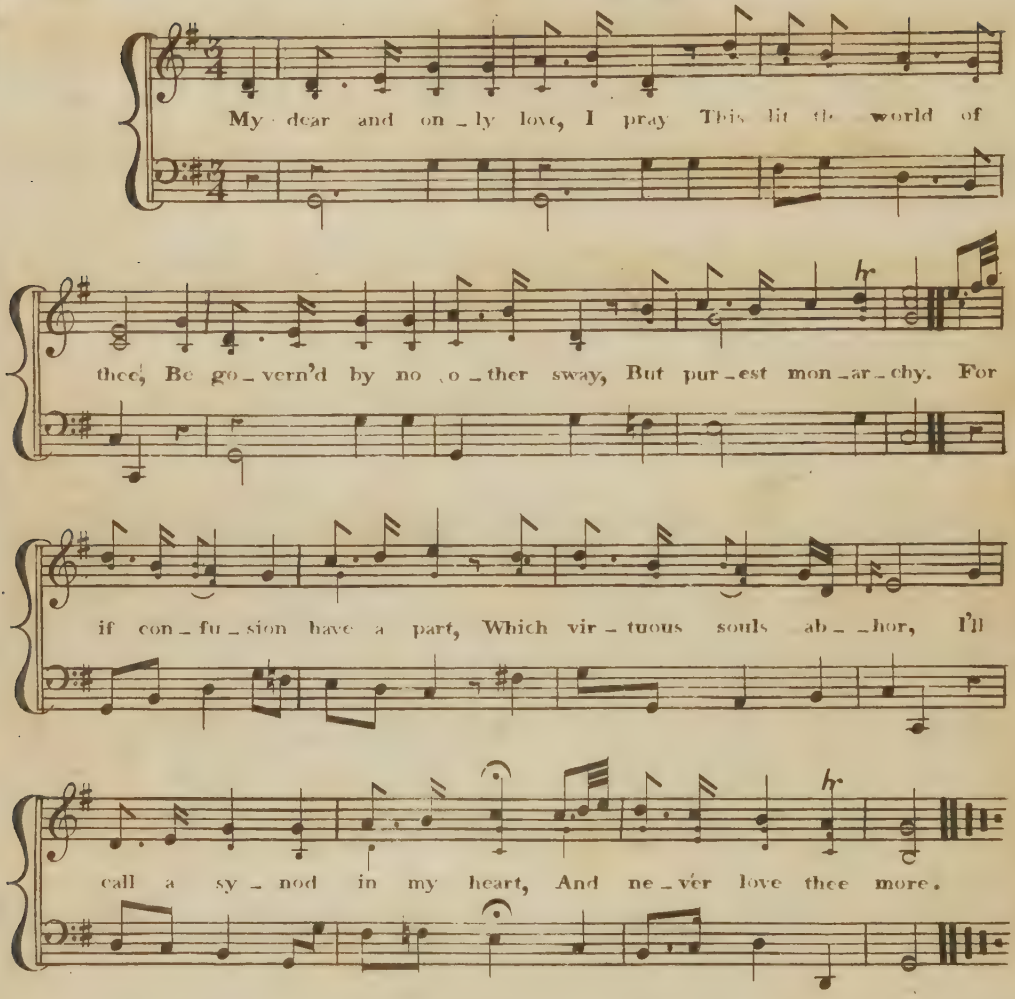
Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more, Eliza!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh, Eliza.

DONALD.

When first you courted me, I own,
I fondly favour'd you;
Apparent worth and high renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn,
The man esteem'd by me,
But now the masks thrown off, I scorn
To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, forever haste away,
Away from love and me;
Go seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone,
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

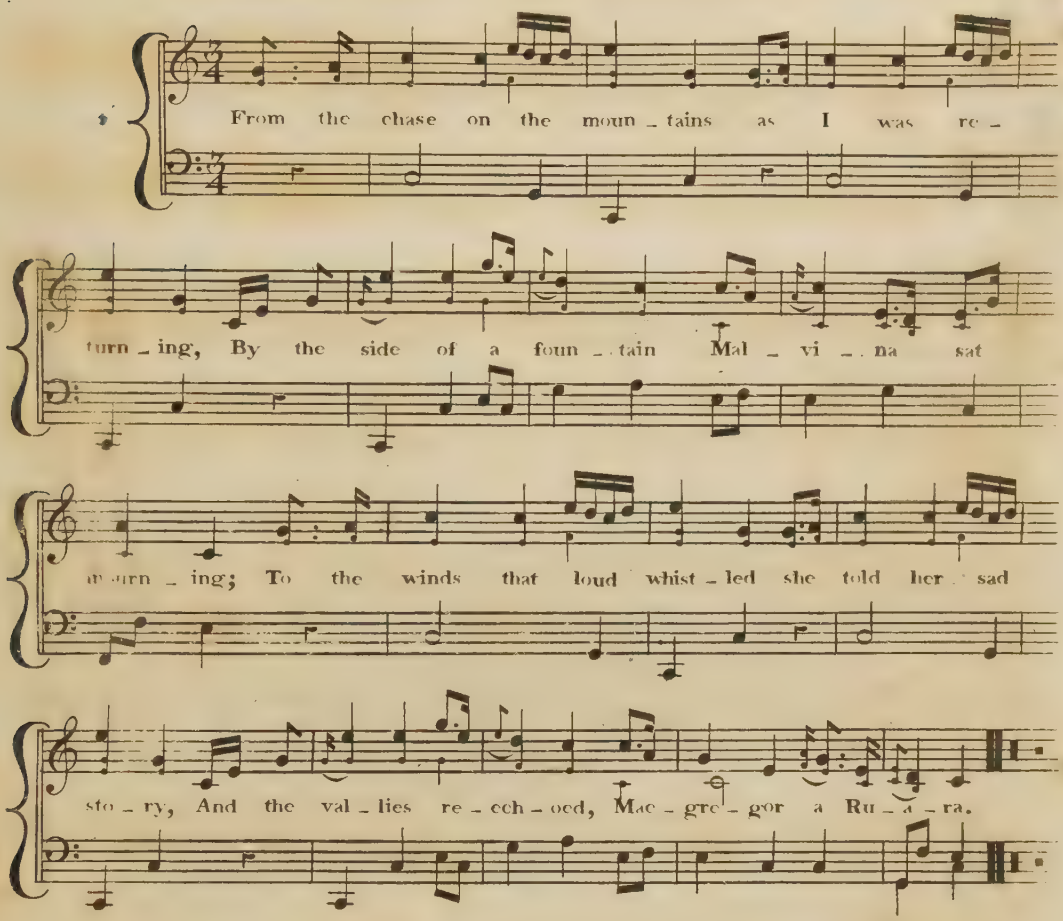
II'L NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.


My dear and on ly love, I pray This lit tle world of
thee, Be go vern'd by no o ther sway, But pur est mon ar chy. For
if con fu sion have a part, Which vir tuous souls ab hor, I'll
call a sy nod in my heart, And ne ver love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
And if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at the neglect,
And never love the more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword:
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love the more and more.

From the chase on the moun - tains as I was re -
turn - ing, By the side of a foun - tain Mal - vi - na sat
mourn - ing; To the winds that loud whist - led she told her sad
sto - ry, And the val - lies re - ech - oed, Mac - gre - gor a Ru - a - ra.

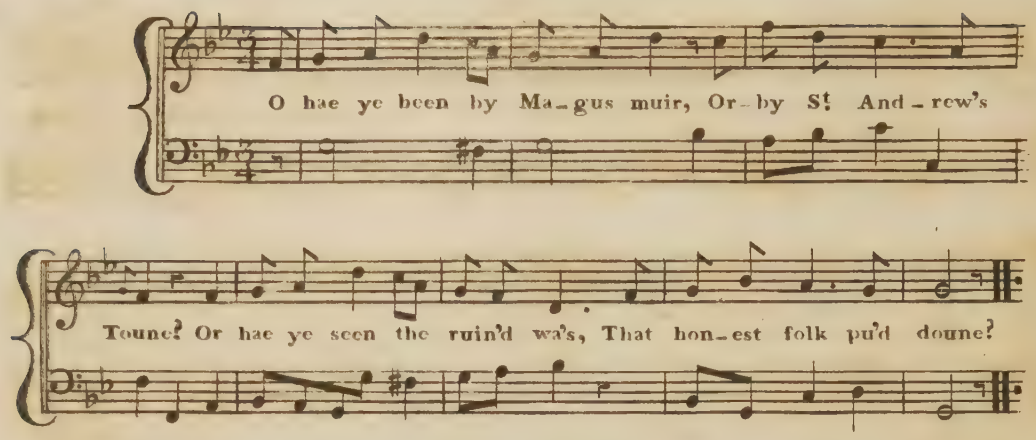
Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara;
Oh! where is Macgregor? Say where does he hover?
Thou son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded:
Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded!
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him!

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom,
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;
Macgregor, Macgregor, loud echo resounded,
And the hills rung in pity, Macgregor is wounded!

Near the brook in the valley the green turf did hide her,
And they laid down Macgregor sound sleeping beside her;
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander,
Near the roaring-loud waters their spirits oft wander.

S^{t} ANDREW'S TOUNE.



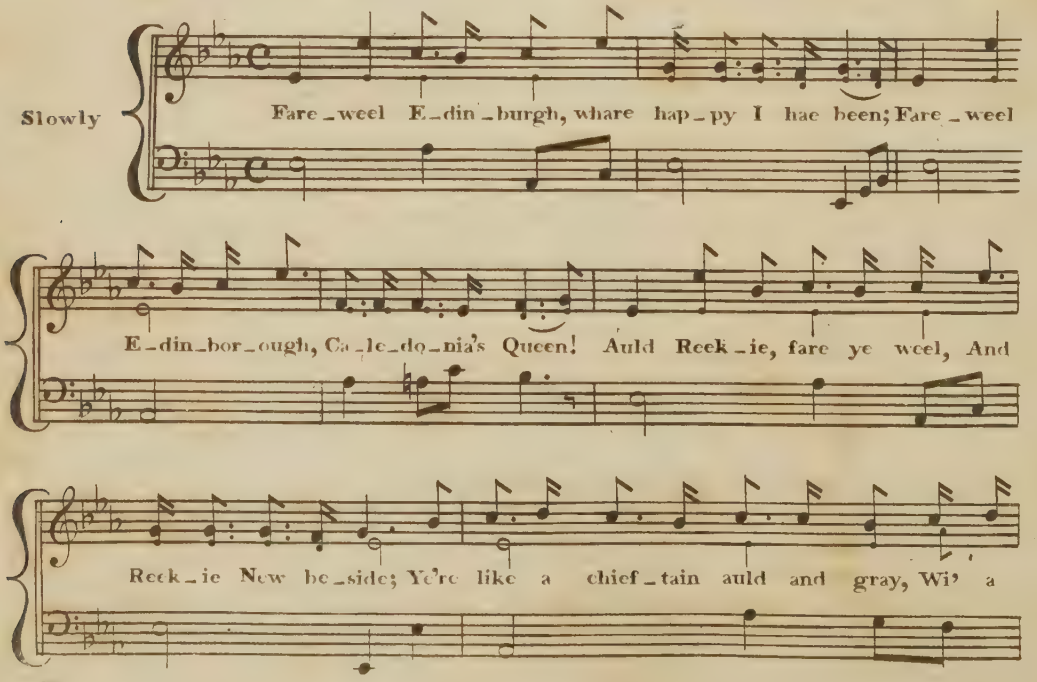
And o' the bluidy Cardinal,
Ye surely hae heard tell?
And the persecutin Bishop Sharpe,
And a' that them befell?

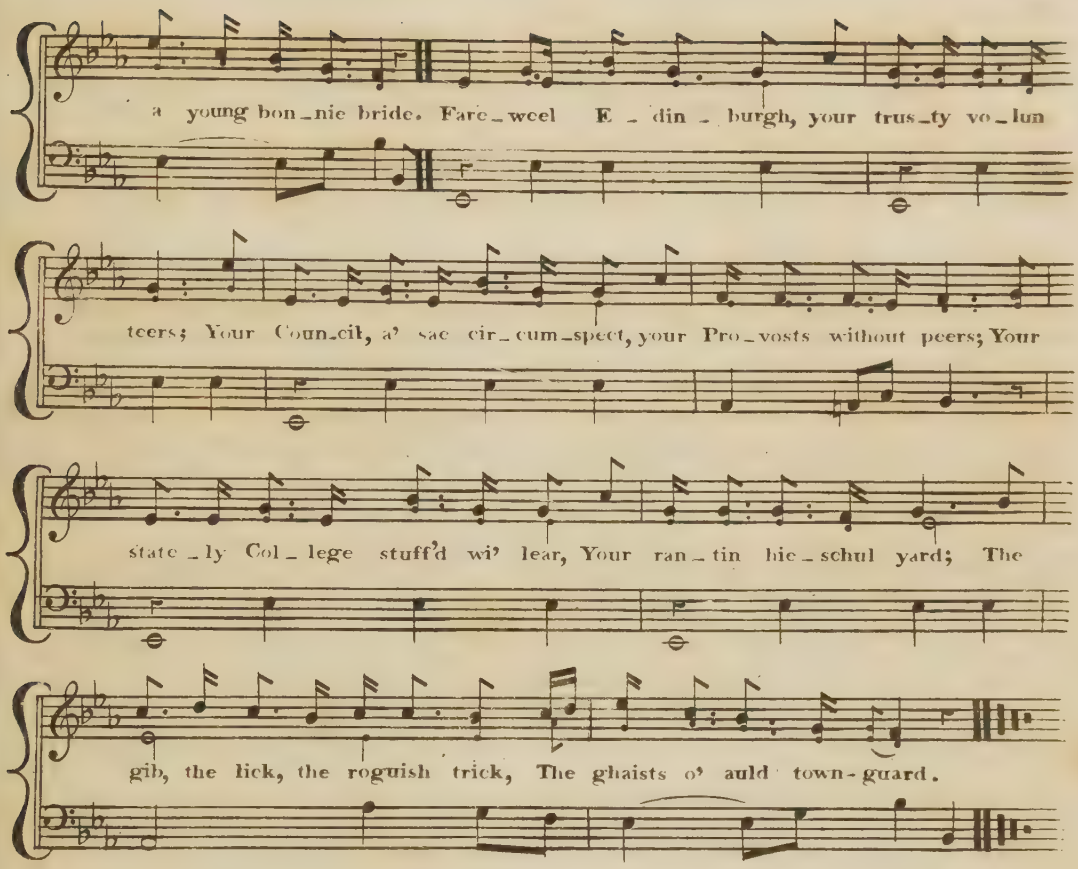
The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw,
Red-risin oure the sea;
I wat it soon cam to the land,
And brake on the castelle hie.

The death the wicked Bishop dee'd,*
Some folk will murder ca';
But, by a' it is agreed,
That he is weel awa.

*May 3^{d} 1679.

FAREWEEL EDINBURGH.


Slowly
Fare-weel E-din-burgh, whare hap-py I hae been; Fare-weel
E-din-bor-ough, Ca-le-do-nia's Queen! Auld Reek-ie, fare ye weel, And
Reek-ie New be-side; Ye're like a chief-tain auld and gray, Wi' a

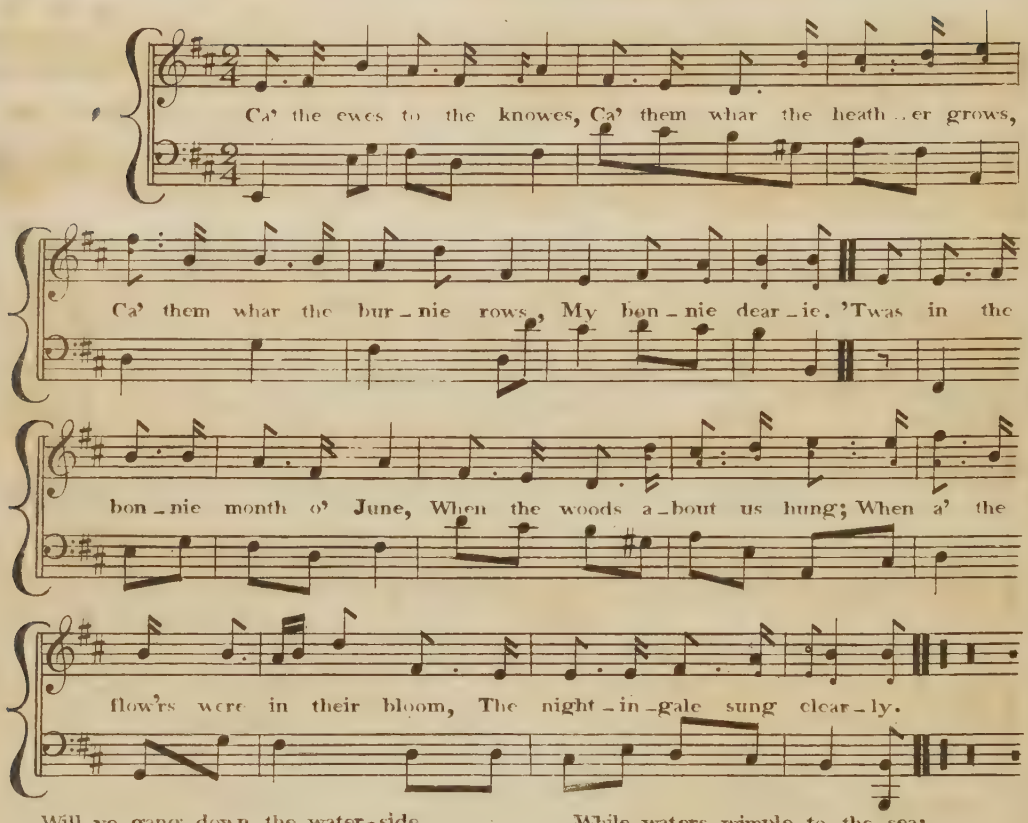

a young bon_nie bride. Fare_weel E_din_burgh, your trus_ty vo_lun
teers; Your Coun_cil, a' sae cir_cum_spect, your Pro_vosts without peers; Your
state_ly Col_lege stuff'd wi' lear, Your ran_tin hie_schul yard; The
gib, the lick, the roguish trick, The ghaists o' auld town-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
Your Scribes, that set ye a' to rights, and wield the golden pen;
The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs, and lang gowns a';
And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
Your Bernards well your Calton hill whar every breath is health
An', spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales, if ony chance to dee,
It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your Hospitals, and Ha's,
The rich man's friend, the Cross lang kend, auld Ports, and city wa';
The Kirks that grace their honoured place, and peacefu as they stand;
Whare'er they're fund on Scotish grund, the bulwarks o' the land.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin line;
A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just whan its forgot,
Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
Your palace in the shelter'd glen, your castelle in the air;
Your rocky brows, your grassy knows, and eke your mountain bauld;
Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad ne'er be tauld.
Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, whare happy we hae been;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin sun,
And blessin's be on Edinburgh, till time his race has run!

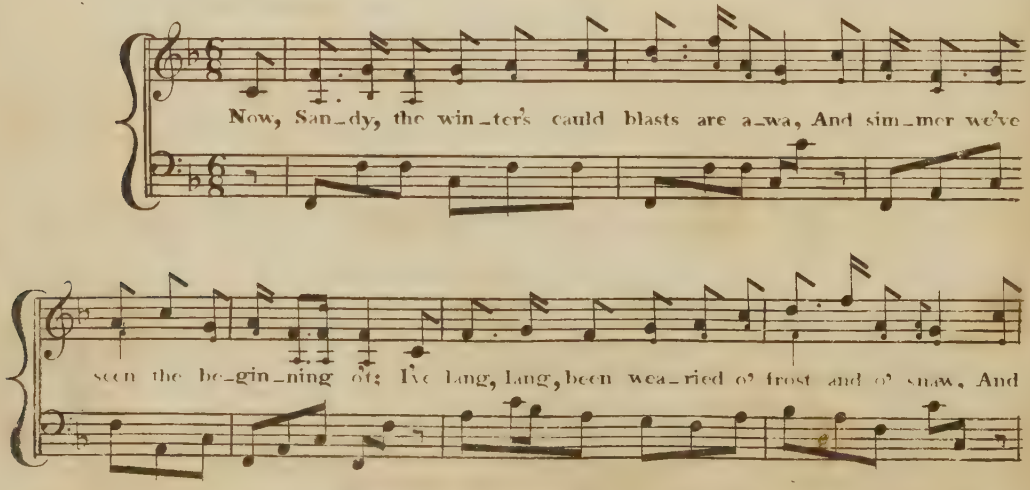
CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

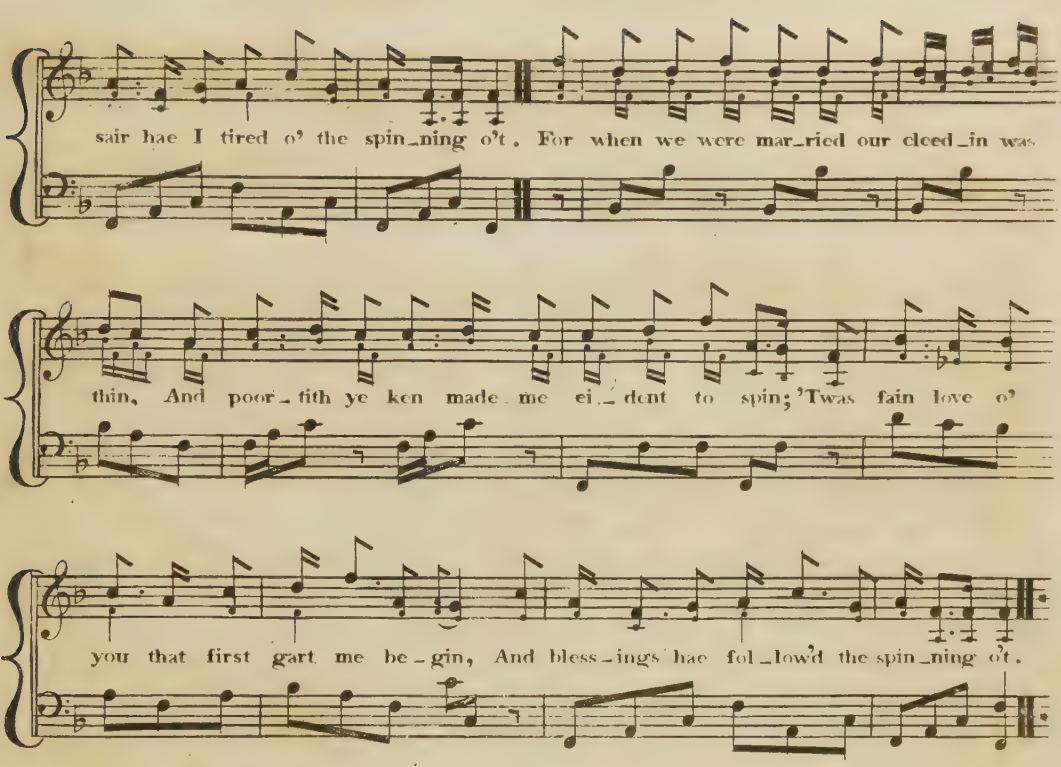

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whar the heath-er grows,
Ca' them whar the bur-nie rows, My bon-nie dear-ie. 'Twas in the
bon-nie month o' June, When the woods a-bout us hung; When a' the
flow'rs were in their bloom, The night-in-gale sung clear-ly.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves so sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blind my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

THE SPINNING O'T.


Now, San-dy, the win-ter's cauld blasts are a-wa, And sim-mer we've
seen the be-gin-ning o't; I've lang, lang, been wea-ried o' frost and o' snaw, And

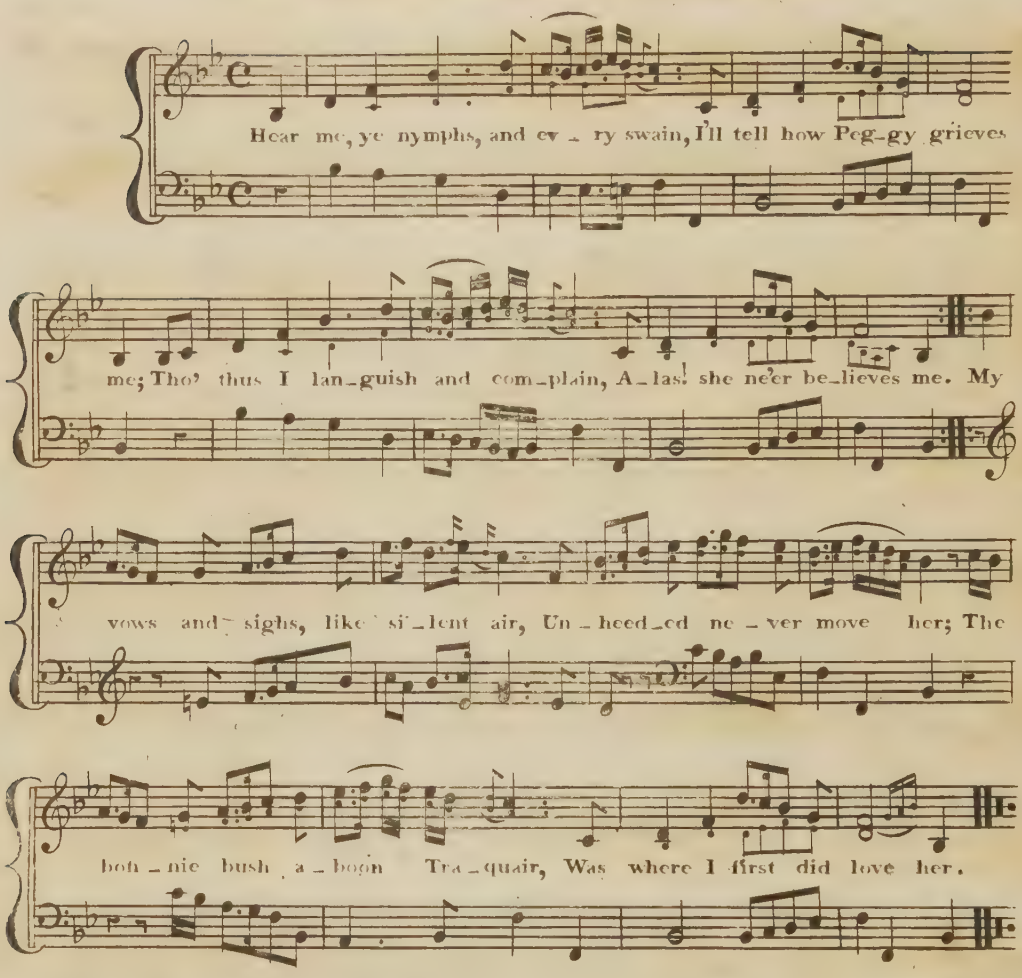

sair hae I tired o' the spin-ning o't. For when we were mar-ried our cleed-in was
thin, And poor-fith ye ken made me ei-dent to spin; 'Twas fain love o'
you that first gart me be-gin, And bless-ings hae fol-low'd the spin-ning o't.

The mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
When ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be it thaw,
My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
But now we've a pantry, baith muckle and fu'
O' ilka thing guid for to gang in the mu';
A barrel o' ale, wi' some maut for to brew,
To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,
Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
As little think on the beginning o't:
O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
Far less we hae seen wad made us fu' blythe;
But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',
And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;
But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
Fu' neat and fu' clean, gae to kirk or to ha',
And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',
Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

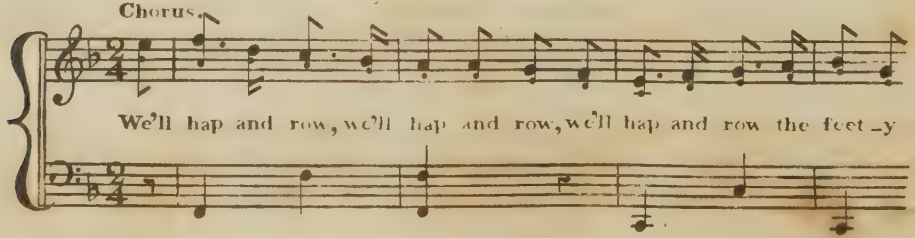
THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

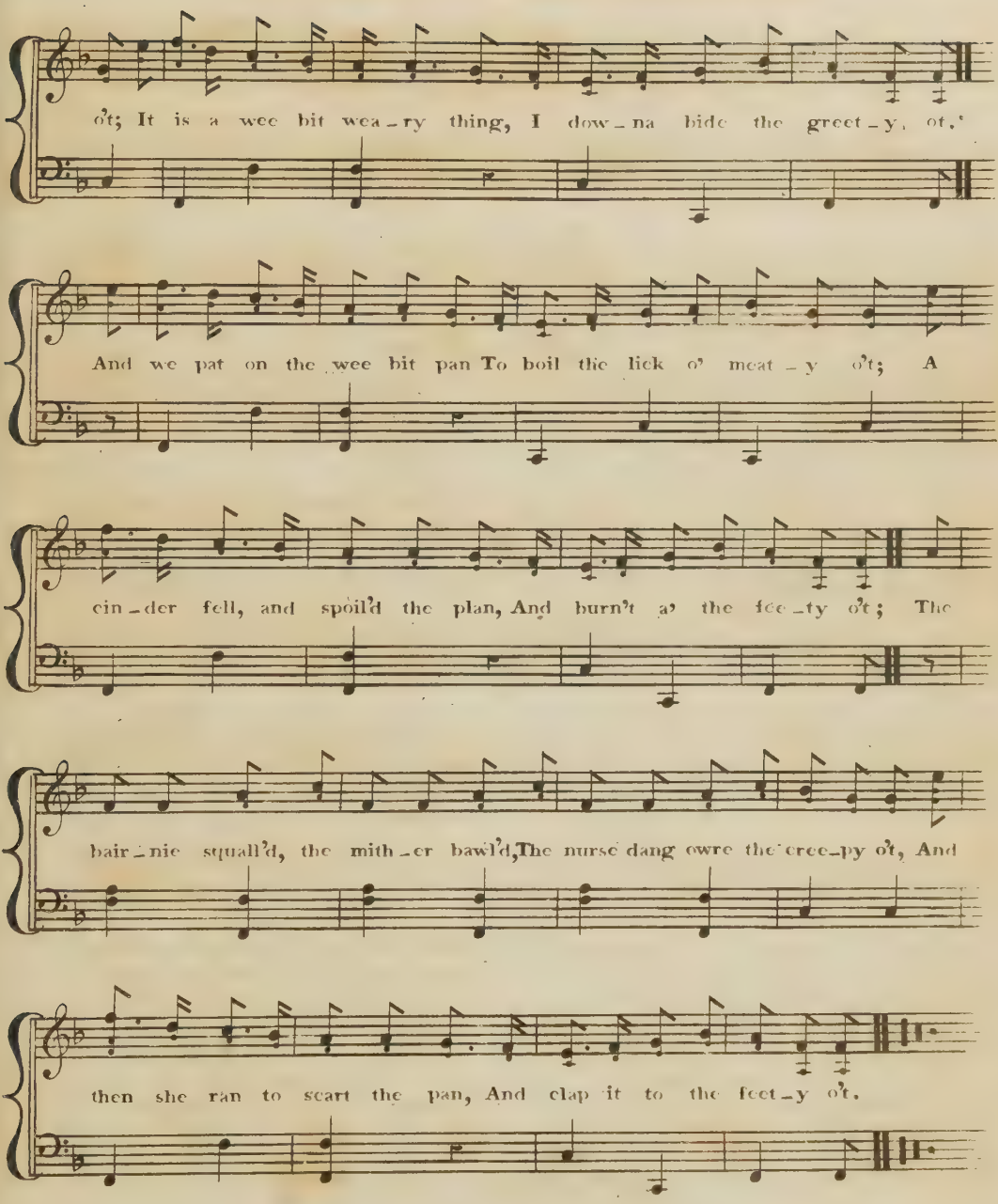

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves
me; Tho' thus I lan-guish and com-plain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My
vows and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver move her; The
bon-nie bush a-boon Tra-quair, Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad;
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
It's sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then, let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

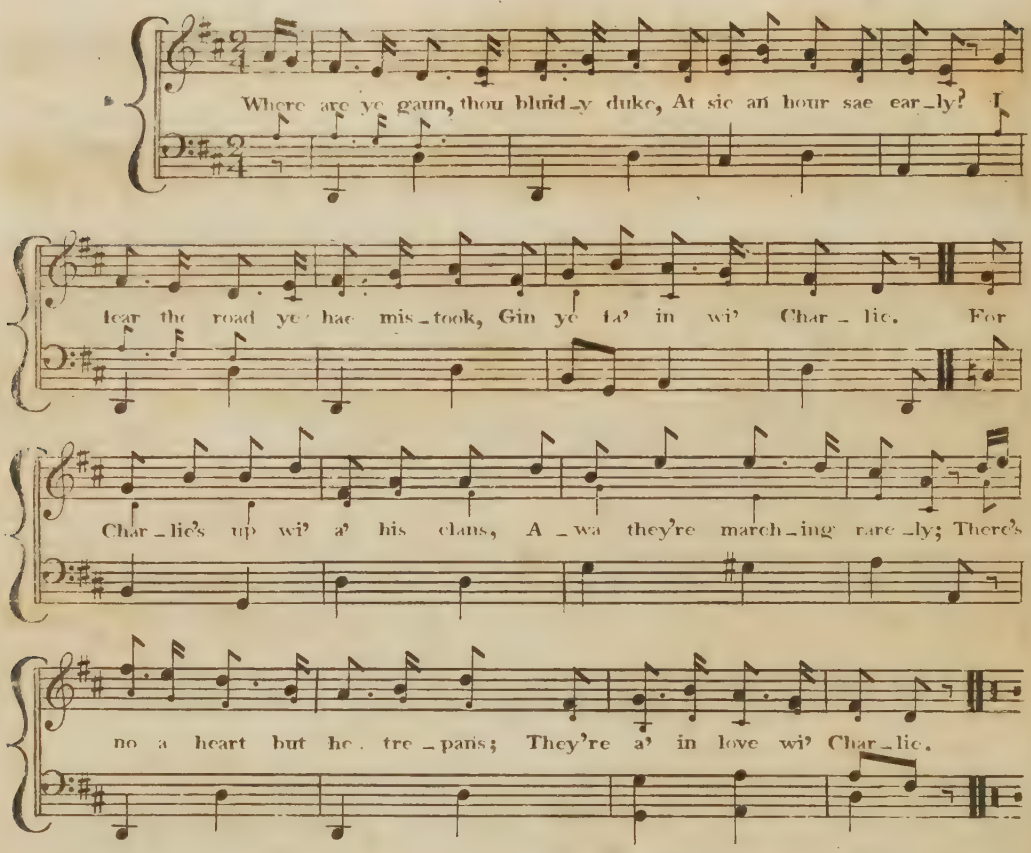
HAP AND ROW THE FEETY O'T.




o't; It is a wee bit wea-ry thing, I dow-na bide the greet-y, ot,'
And we pat on the wee bit pan To boil the lick o' meat-y o't; A
cin-der fell, and spoil'd the plan, And burn't a' the fee-ty o't; The
bair-nie squall'd, the mith-er bawl'd, The nurse dang owre the cree-py o't, And
then she ran to scart the pan, And clap it to the feet-y o't.

Fu' sair it grat, the poor wee brat,
And ay it kick't the feety o't,
'Till poor wee elf, it tir'd itself,
And then began the sleepy o't,
The skirling brat nae parritch gat,
When it gaed to the sleepy o't;
Tis waesome true, instead o'ts mou,
They're round about the feety o't.
We'll hap and row, &c.

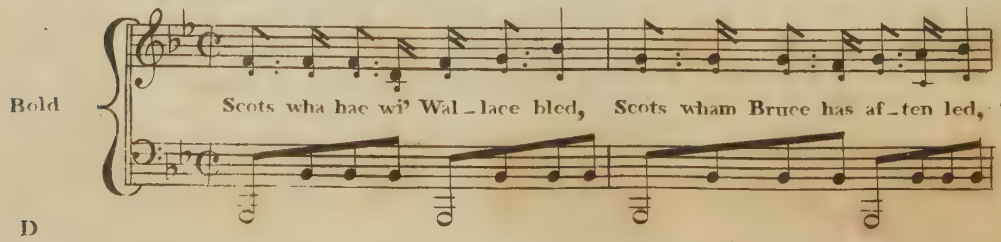
WHERE ARE YE GAUN, THOU BLUIDY DUKE?

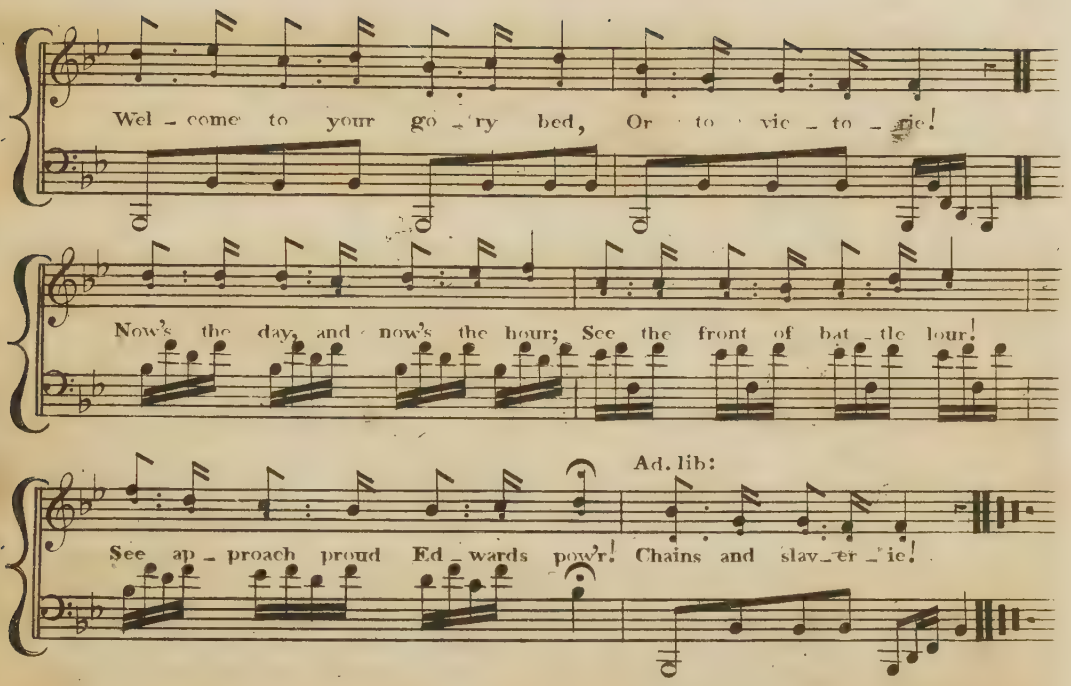

Where are ye gaun, thou bluid-y duke, At sic an hour sae ear-ly? I
fear the road ye hae mis-took, Gin ye ta' in wi' Char-lie. For
Char-lie's up wi' a' his clans, A-wa they're march-ing rare-ly; There's
no a heart but he. tre-pans; They're a' in love wi' Char-lie.

He's marching on to Lon'on town,
To kick yon doited carlie;
Wha but a king should wear a crown?
An' wha is king but Charlie?
Wha now dare say he was to blame?
Or, wha dare cry a parley?
Let him gae back the road he came,
Nae coward hearts for Charlie.

Our Highland and our lawland maids,
O but they like him dearly!
And weel they like the tartan plaids
That's buckled on for Charlie.
The bruilzie now is weel begun,
Then heart an' han' till't fairly;
Wi' Highland sword an' Highland gun,
We'll mak' a road for Charlie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.




Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lour!
Ad. lib:
See ap - proach proud Ed - wards pow'r! Chains and slav - er - ie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a cowards grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Coward! turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Let him on' wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! do, or die!

WATERLOO. Same Air.

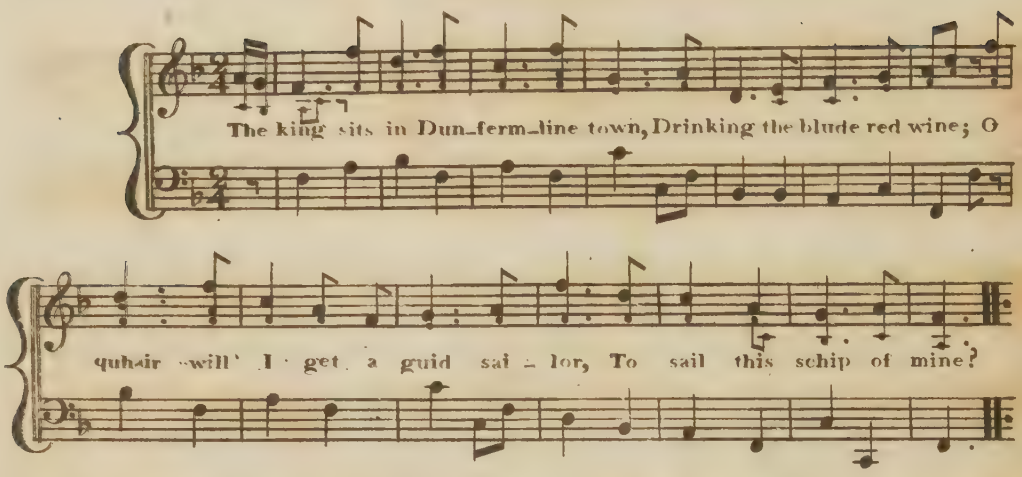
Revolving time has brought the day,
That beams with glory's brightest ray,
In hist'ry's page, or poets lay
The day of Waterloo!
Each British heart with ardour burns,
As this resplendent day returns,
While humbled France in secret mourns
The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high,
While rapture beams in every eye!
Let shouts of triumph rend the sky,
The toast be Waterloo!
To all who can the honor claim,
From Wellington's immortal name
To the humblest son of martial fame,
Who fought at Waterloo!

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again;
But altered be the joyous strain;
To those, the cup now silent drain,
Who fell at Waterloo!
Soft sigh, ye breezes, o'er the grave,
Where rests the relics of the brave!
And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave,
Who sleep on Waterloo!

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed,
The olive rears its peaceful head,
Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed
At glorious Waterloo.
In freedom's sacred cause to die!
In victory's embrace to lie!
Who would not breathe his latest sigh,
Like those at Waterloo!

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.



Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt knee,
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The tear blinded his ee.

O quha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid done to me?
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the sea.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sae, my master dear,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
That we wull come to harme.

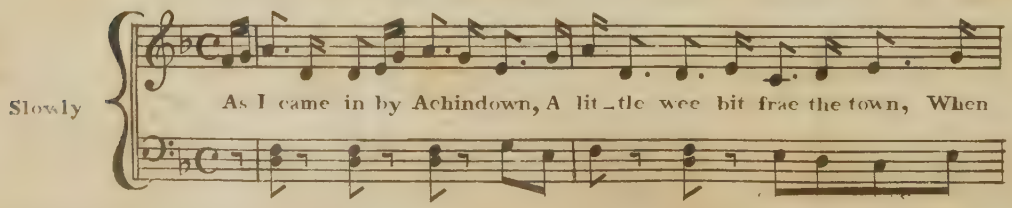
O our Scotch nobles were richt laith,
To weet their cork heel'd shoone;
Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat thair heads aboone.

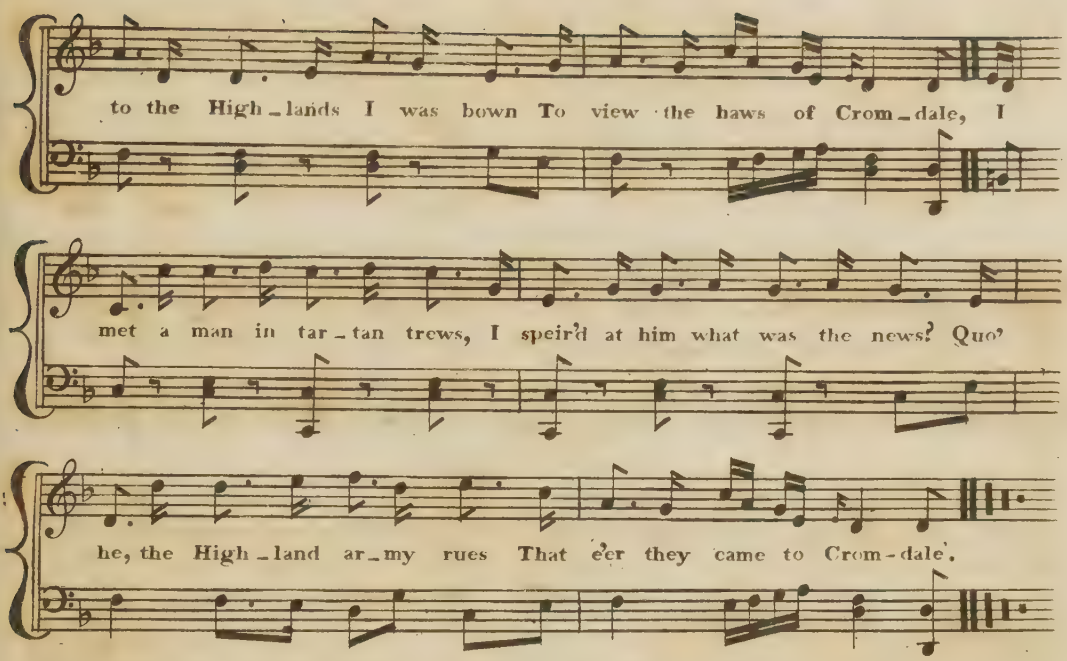
O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip;
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.




to the High-lands I was bown To view the haws of Crom-dale, I
met a man in tar-tan trews, I speir'd at him what was the news? Quo'
he, the High-land ar-my rues That e'er they came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The English horse, they were so rude
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood;
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sure we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas! my lord, you're not so strong;
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day
And see the haws of Cromdale.

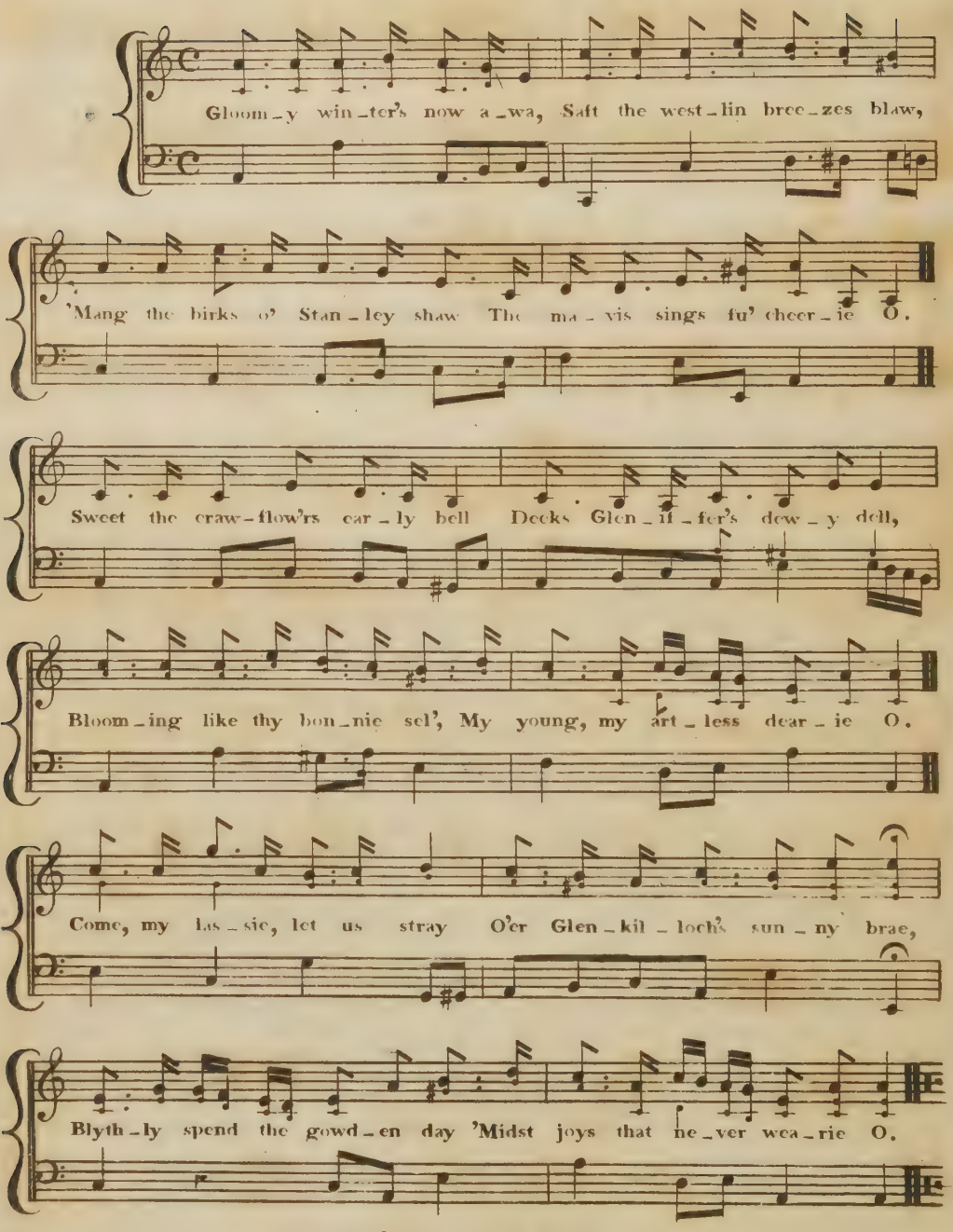
They were at dinner every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O! then they fought most vehmently
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Mc Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
Mc Intosh play'd a bonny game
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Mc Gregors fought like lions bold,
Mc Phersons none could them controul,
Mc Lauchlans fought like loyal souls
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

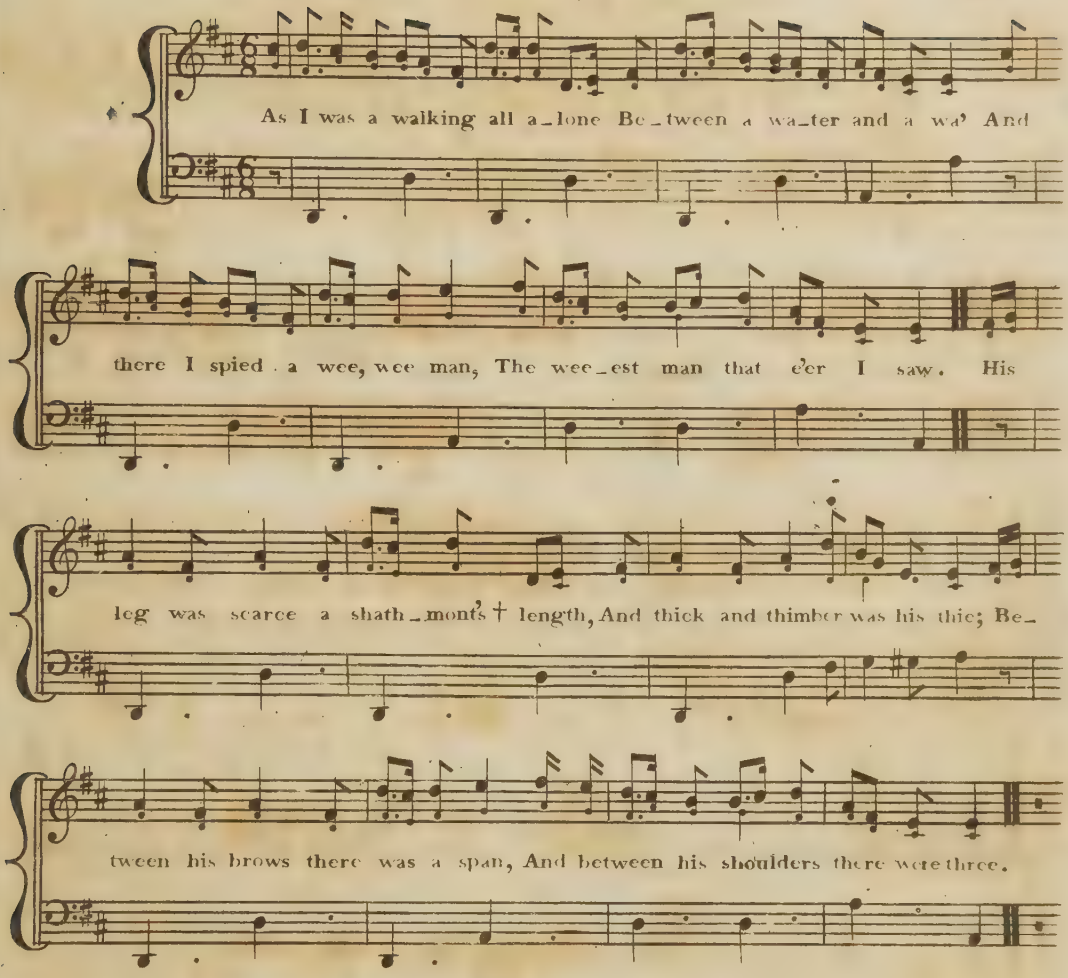
Mc Leans, Mc Dougals, and Mc Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lies on the plain
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.


Gloom-y win-ter's now a-wa, Saft the west-lin bree-zes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ie O.
Sweet the craw-flow'rs ear-ly bell Decks Glen-if-fer's dew-y dell,
Bloom-ing like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie O.
Come, my las-sie, let us stray O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae,
Blyth-ly spend the gowd-en day 'Midst joys that ne-ver wea-rie O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the bank sae briery O:
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheery O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.


As I was a walking all a-lone Be-tween a wa-ter and a wa' And
there I spied a wee, wee man, The wee-est man that e'er I saw. His
leg was scarce a shath-mont's † length, And thick and thimber was his thie; Be-
tween his brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there were three.

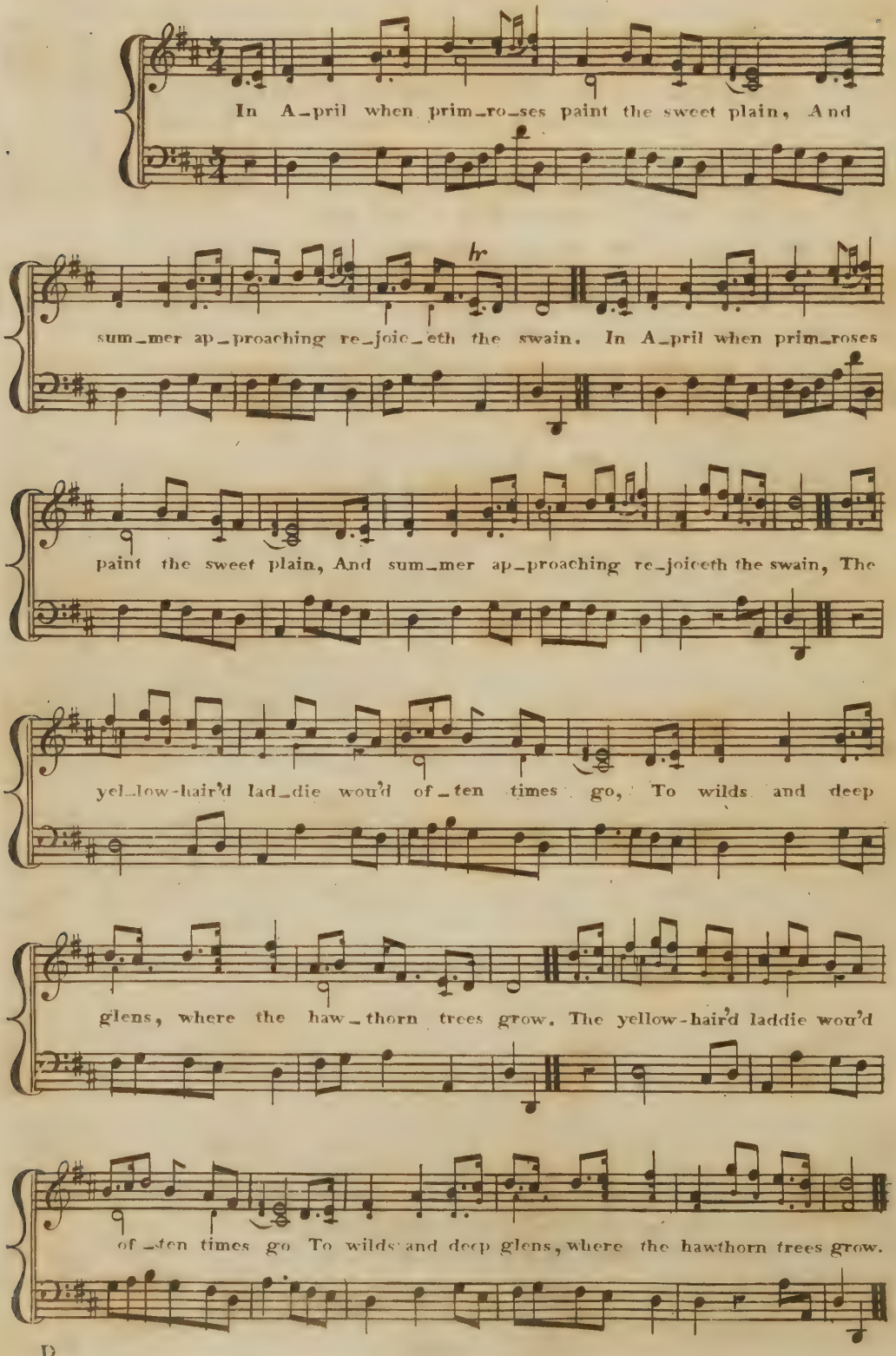
He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Tho' I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna lifted it to my knee.
O wee, wee man, but thou be strong!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?
My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.
Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the bonny beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',
But, in the twinkling of an e'e,
My wee, wee man, was clean awa.

† Shathmont in old Scotch, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.


In A-pril when prim-ro-ses paint the sweet plain, And
hr
sum-mer ap-proaching re-joic-eth the swain. In A-pril when prim-roses
paint the sweet plain, And sum-mer ap-proaching re-joiceth the swain, The
yel-low-hair'd lad-die wou'd of-ten times go, To wilds and deep
glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow. The yellow-hair'd laddie wou'd
of-ten times go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so saft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung; tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

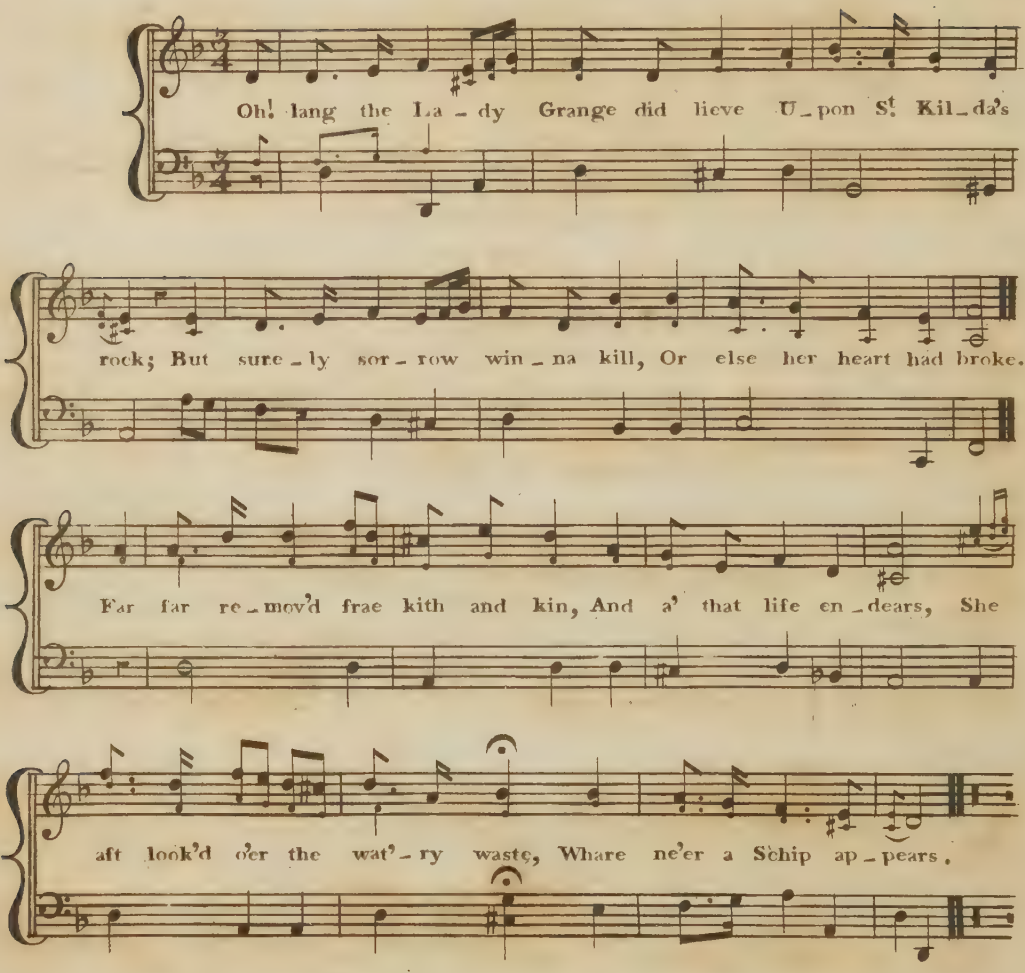
THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Same Air.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,
Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;
And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ewes are new clipped they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, altho' I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind and help me.
They winna bught in, &c.

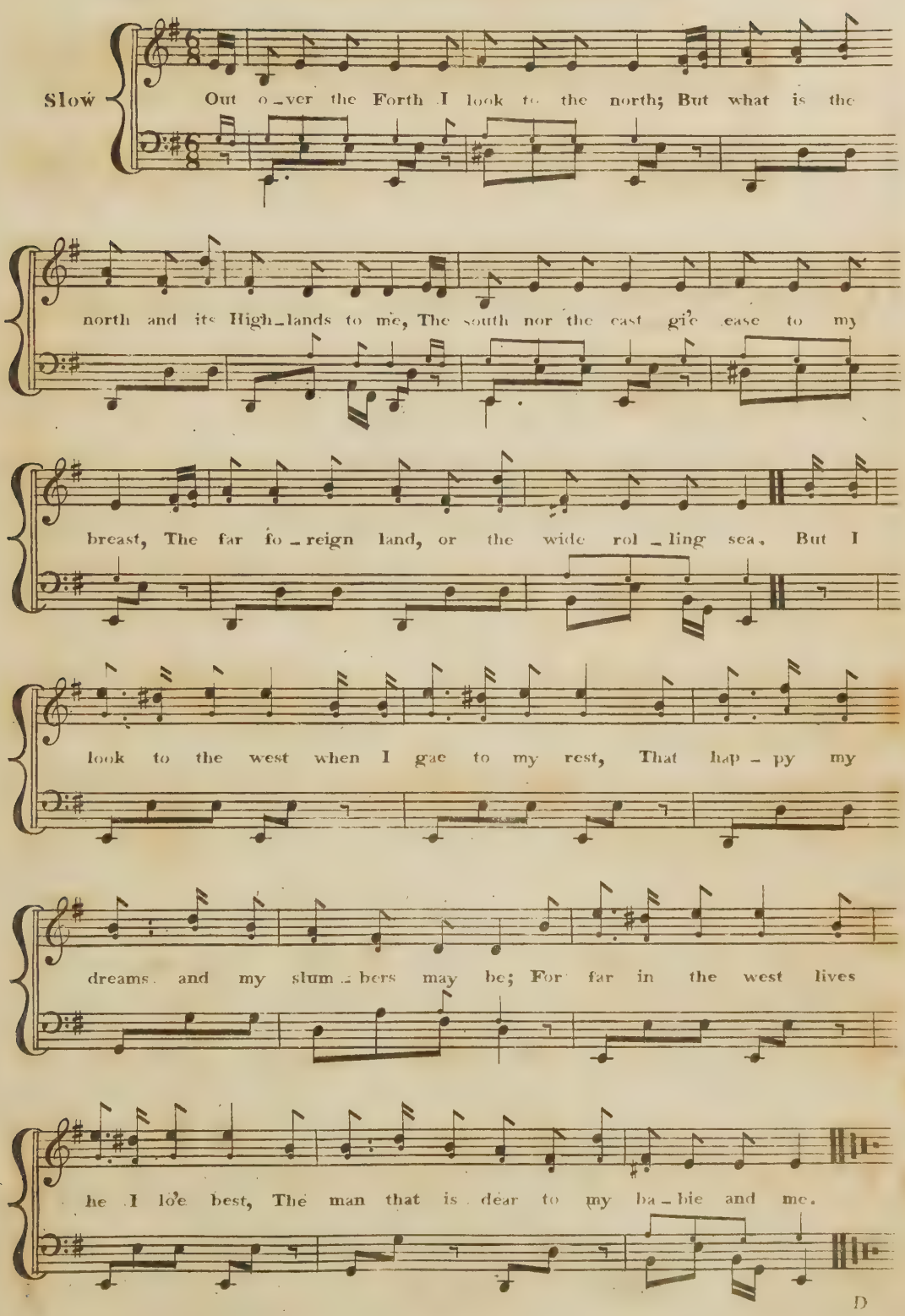
The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;
The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirn:
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd be sour,
I'll crack wi' my love for ae ha'f hour;
It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,
When the yellow-hair'd laddie my Guidman shall be.


Oh! lang the La-dy Grange did lieve U-pon St. Kil-da's
rock; But sure-ly sor-row win-na kill, Or else her heart had broke.
Far far re-mov'd frae kith and kin, And a' that life en-dears, She
aft look'd o'er the wat'-ry waste, Whare ne'er a Schip ap-pears.

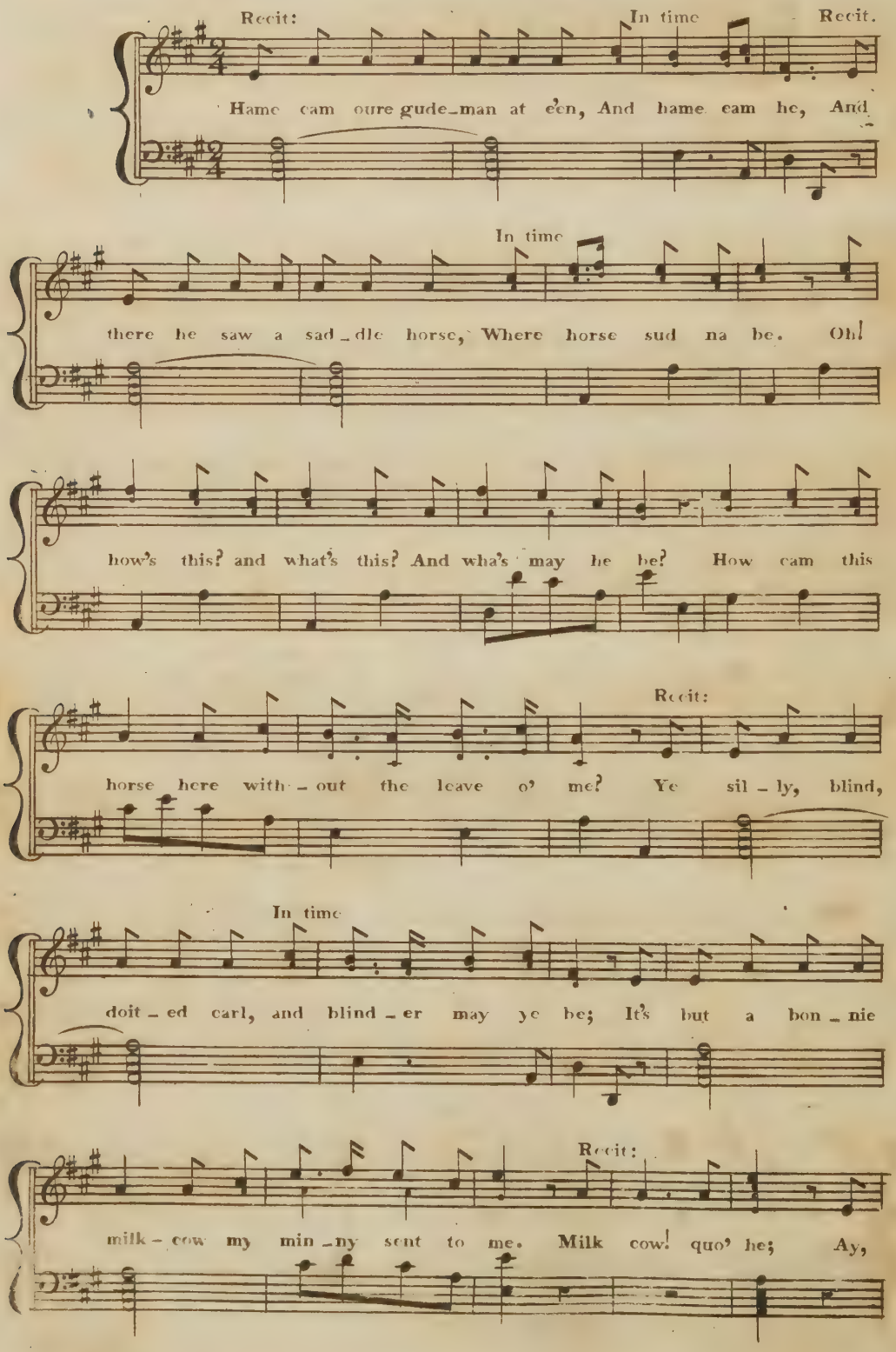
O! is it for my faither's* crime
That I'm thus banish't far?
Or was it ony faut o' mine
That kindled civil war?
Mc Leod and Lovat, weel I trow,
Hae wroght this treacherie;
But wherefore has their cruel spite
Faen on helpless me?

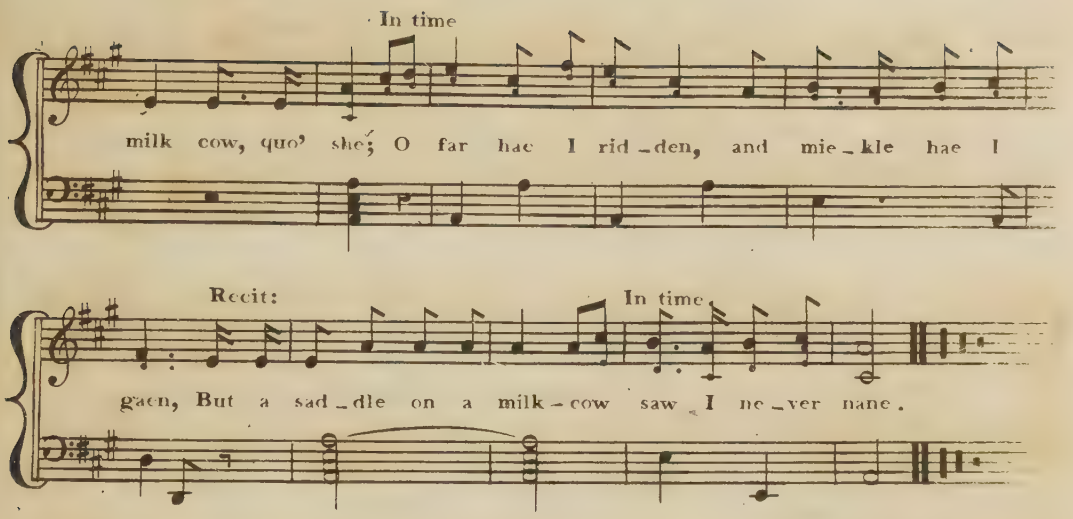
And thus she murned; fair Ladye Grange
Thus sped her life away;
The mornin sun it brought nae joy;
And night did close the day;
And nought was heard but sea-birds cry
To cheer her solitude,
Or the raging billows roar
That broke o'er rocks so rude.

At length a fav'ring wind did bring
An auld and worthy pair,
Whase kindest charitie
Her sorrows a' did share.
They taught her pridefu' heart to bend
Aneath the chastening rod;
And then she kent her prison walls
Had been a blest abode.

*Chrisly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President.

Slow
Out o-ver the Forth I look to the north; But what is the
north and its High-lands to me, The south nor the east gi'e ease to my
breast, The far fo-reign land, or the wide rol-ling sea. But I
look to the west when I gae to my rest, That hap-py my
dreams and my slum-bers may be; For far in the west lives
he I lo'e best, The man that is dear to my ba-bie and me.

HAME CAM OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.


Recit:
In time
Recit.
Hame cam oure gude_man at e'en, And hame cam he, And
In time
there he saw a sad_dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh!
how's this? and what's this? And wha's may he be? How cam this
Recit:
horse here with_out the leave o' me? Ye sil_ly, blind,
In time
doit_ed carl, and blind_er may ye be; It's but a bon_nie
Recit:
milk_cow my min_ny sent to me. Milk cow! quo' he; Ay,

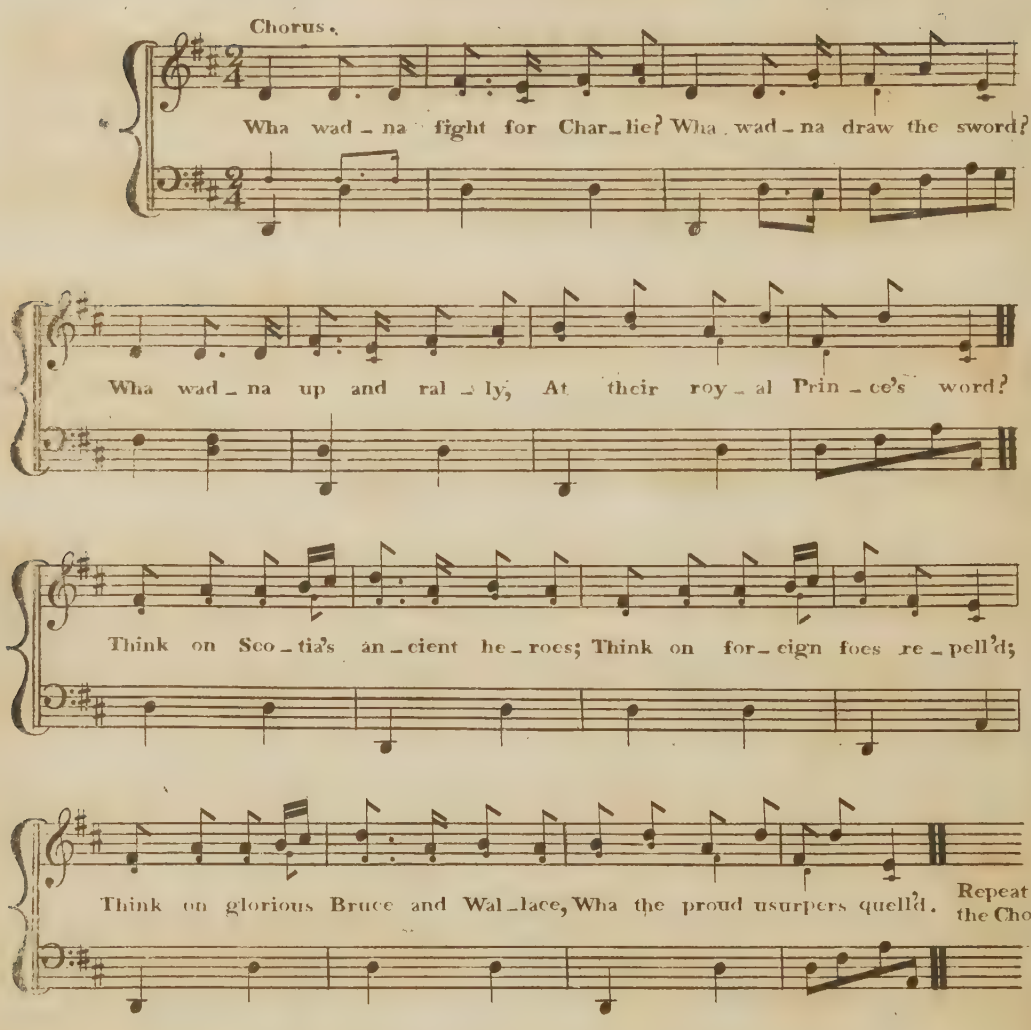


Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a siller gun,
Whar nae sic gun sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam this gun here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye stupid auld doited carl,
Ye're unco blind I see;
It's but a bonnie parritch-stick
My Minnie sent to me.
Parritch-stick! quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and miekle hae I seen,
But siller munted parritch-sticks
Saw I never nane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,
And there he saw a feather-cap,
Whar nae cap sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam this bannet here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye're a silly auld donard bodie,
And unco blind I see;
It's but a tappit clocken hen
My minnie sent to me.
A clocken hen! quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,
But white cockauds on clocken hens
Saw I never nane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,
And ben gaed he,
And there he spied a' Hieland plaid,
Whar nae plaid sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam this to be?
How cam the plaid here
Without the leave o' me?
Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman,
And dinna angered be;
It cam wi' cousin M^c Intosh
Frae the north countrie.
Your cousin! quo' he; aye cousin, quo she;
Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,
Ye're hidin tories in the house
Without the leave o' me.

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.


Chorus.
Wha wad-na fight for Char-lie? Wha wad-na draw the sword?
Wha wad-na up and ral-ly, At their roy-al Prin-ce's word?
Think on Sco-tia's an-cient he-roes; Think on for-eign foes re-pell'd;
Think on glorious Bruce and Wal-lace, Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.
Repeat the Chos

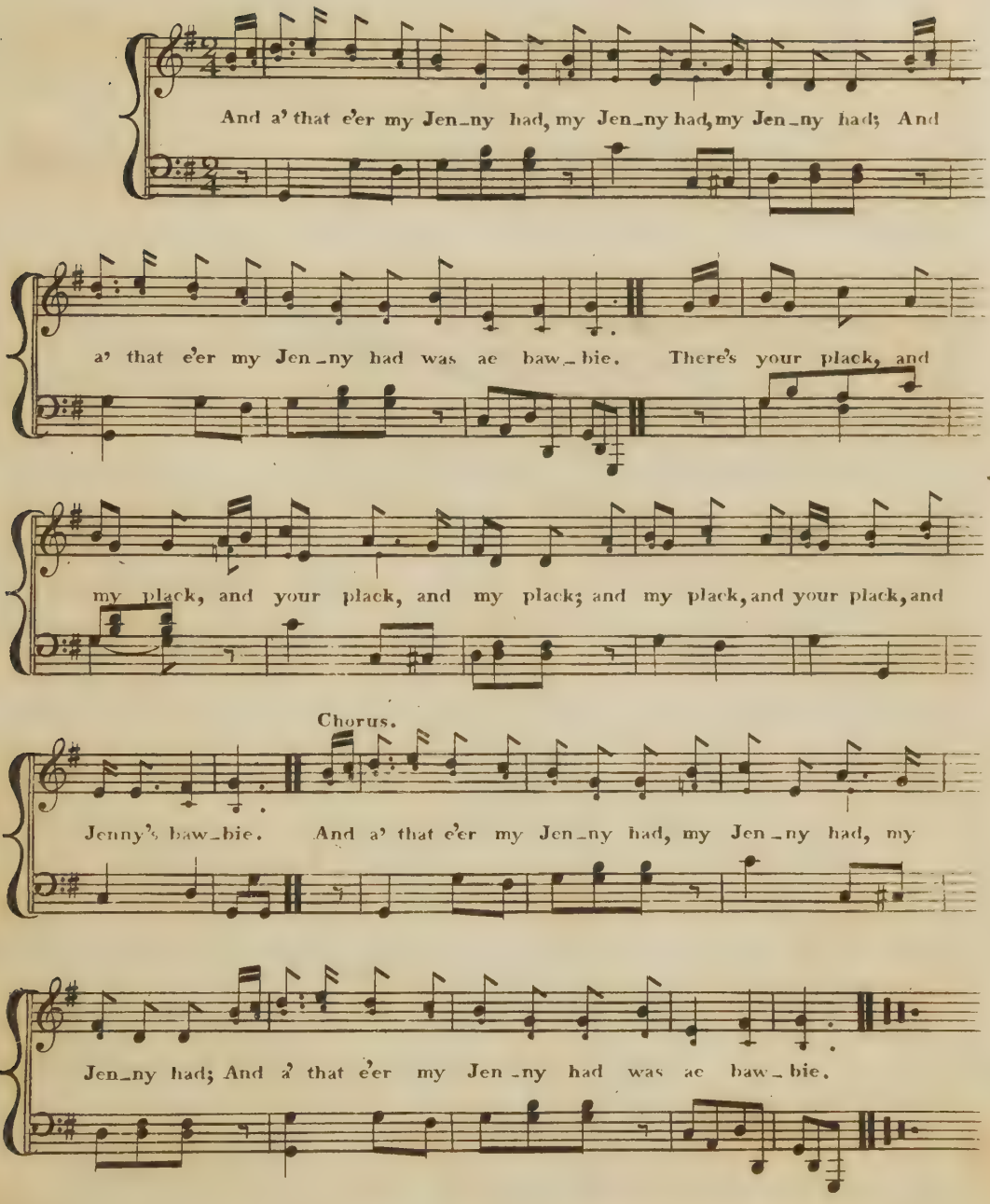
Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;
Rouse ye heroes of the north;
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
Tis your Prince that leads you forth.
Wha wadna fight, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day.
Wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengary and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broad swords glancing,
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Wha wadna fight, &c.

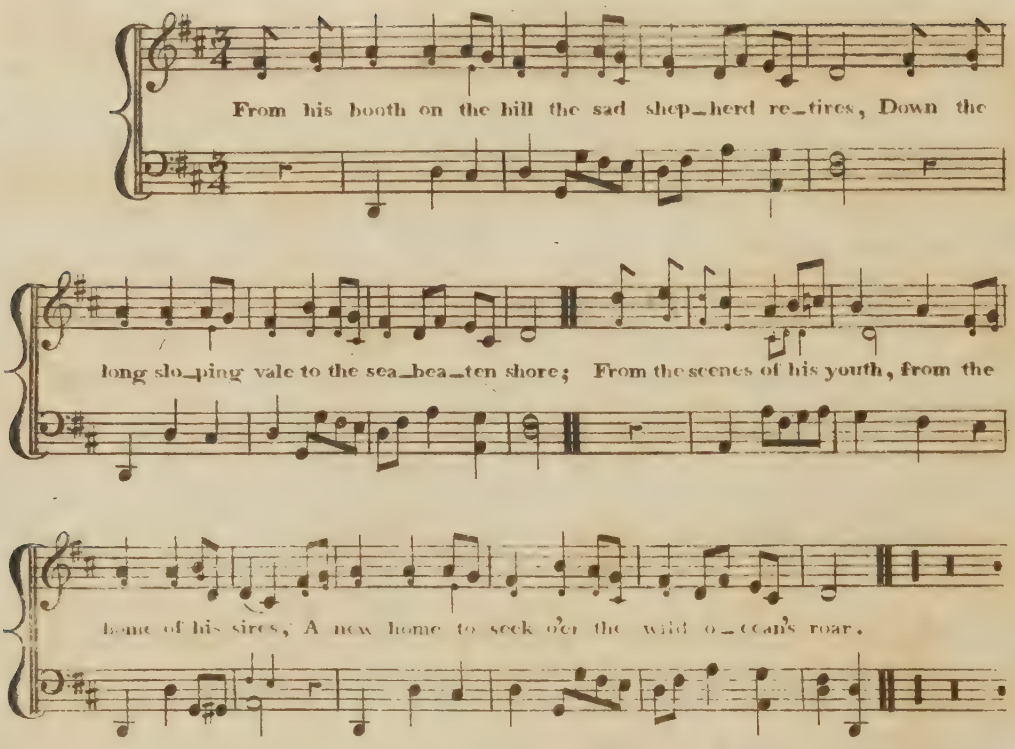
Now our prince has rear'd his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scotish lion rallies,
Let us strike for prince and laws.
Wha wadna fight, &c.

JENNY'S BAWBIE.


And a' that e'er my Jen_ny had, my Jen_ny had, my Jen_ny had; And
a' that e'er my Jen_ny had was ae baw_bie. There's your plack, and
my plack, and your plack, and my plack; and my plack, and your plack, and
Chorus.
Jenny's baw_bie. And a' that e'er my Jen_ny had, my Jen_ny had, my
Jen_ny had; And a' that e'er my Jen_ny had was ae baw_bie.

We'll pit it a' in the penny_pig,
The penny_pig, the penny_pig;
We'll pit it a' in the penny_pig,
And birl't a' three.
And a' that e'er, &c.

THE EMIGRANT.

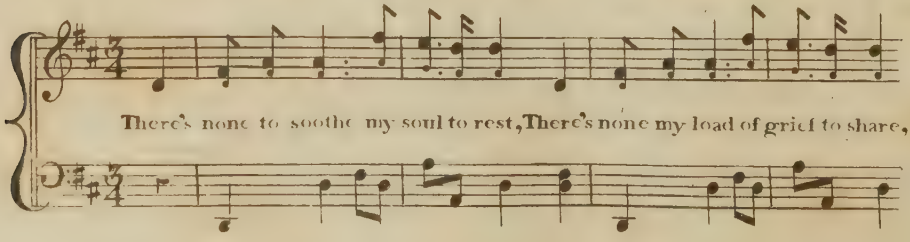

From his booth on the hill the sad shep_herd re_tires, Down the
long slo_ping vale to the sea_bea_ten shore; From the scenes of his youth, from the
home of his sires, A new home to seek o'er the wild o_cean's roar.

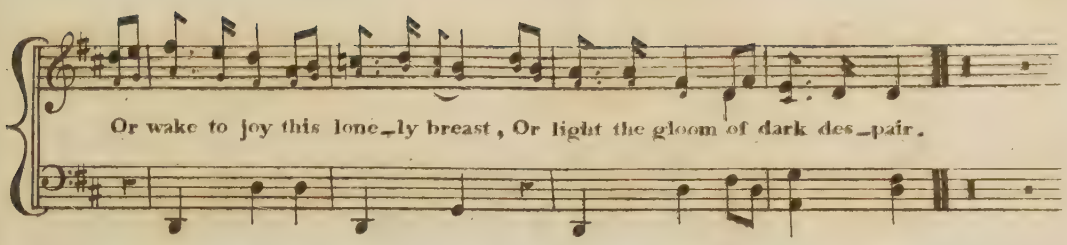
On his arm hung his partner of joy and of woe;
On her cheek the smile strove to oppose the big tear:
'Twas vain; for the past still return'd to her view,
And the future was darken'd with sorrow and care.

By their side the dear pledges of love cheerful smil'd,
For they knew not the cause why their fond father mourn'd;
And the old shepherd dog, as he follow'd, howl'd wild,
And oft to the dear lonely mansion return'd.

O hard, cruel Lordling, thy mandate's severe,
That sends yon sad band o'er the wide western wave;
O'er thy bier weeping Pity shall ne'er shed a tear,
Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave.

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.



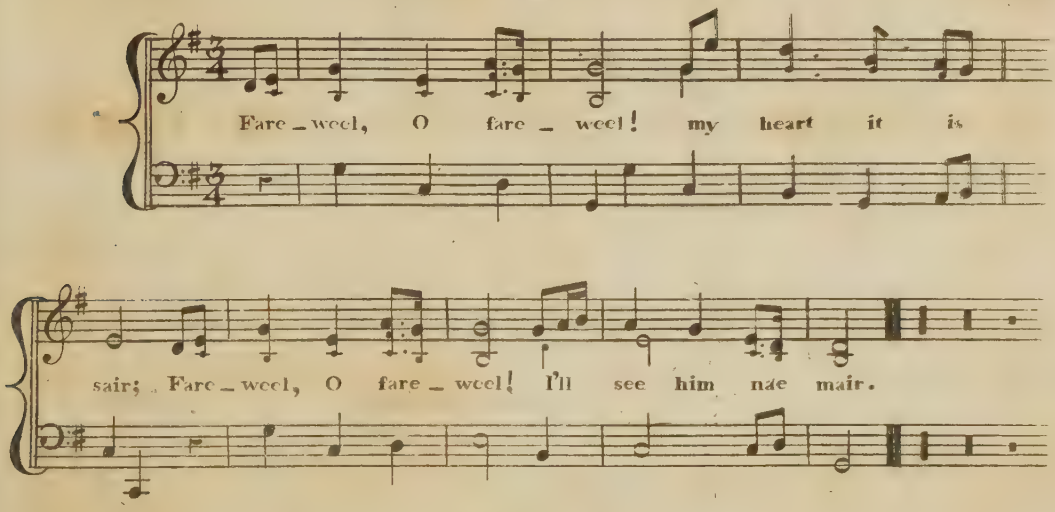


Oft to the winds my grief I tell;
They bear along the mournful tale
To dreary echo's rocky cell,
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my ear.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

FAREWEEL, O FAREWEEL!



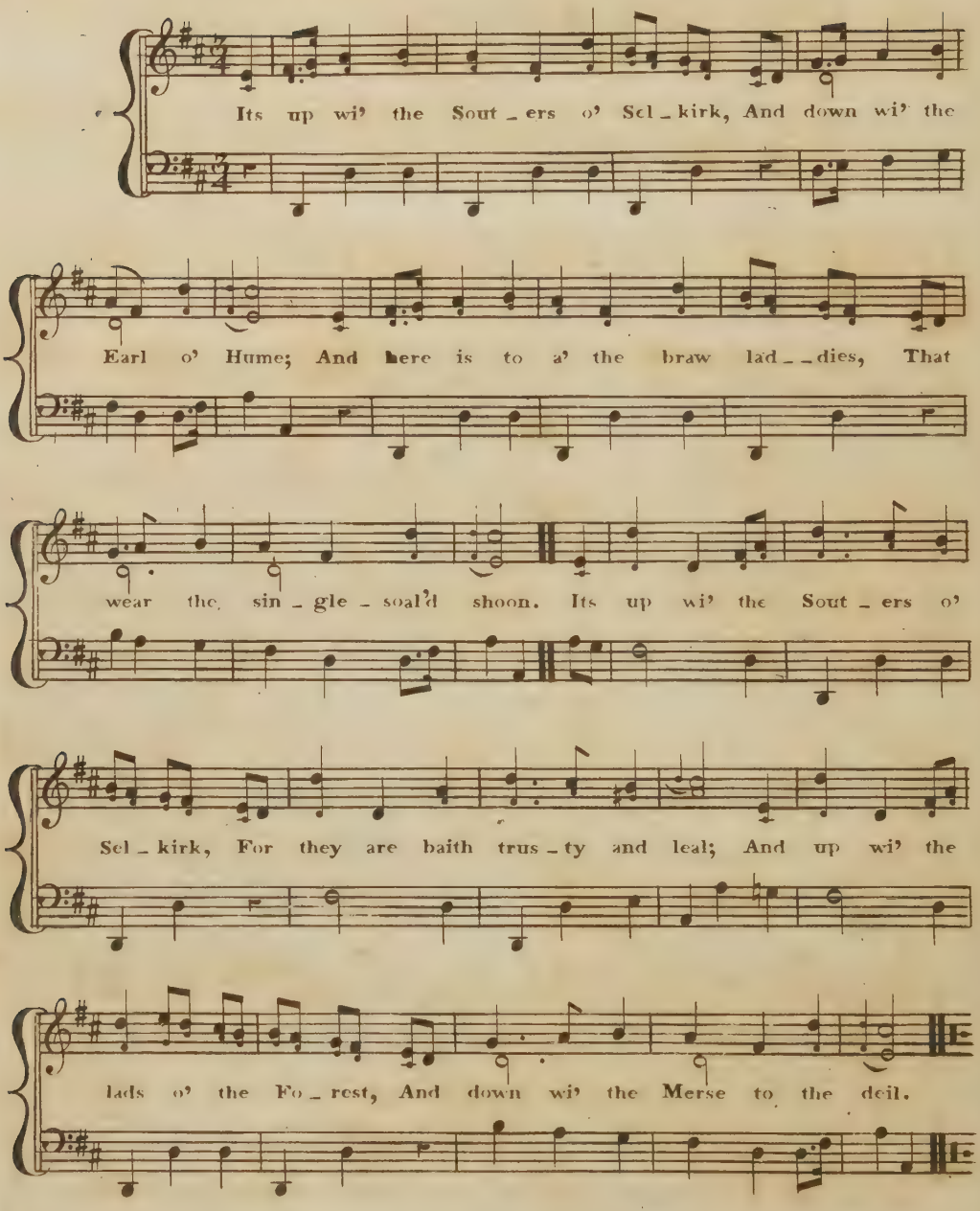
Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang, but nae mair;
I maun-na repine,
But my heart it is sair.

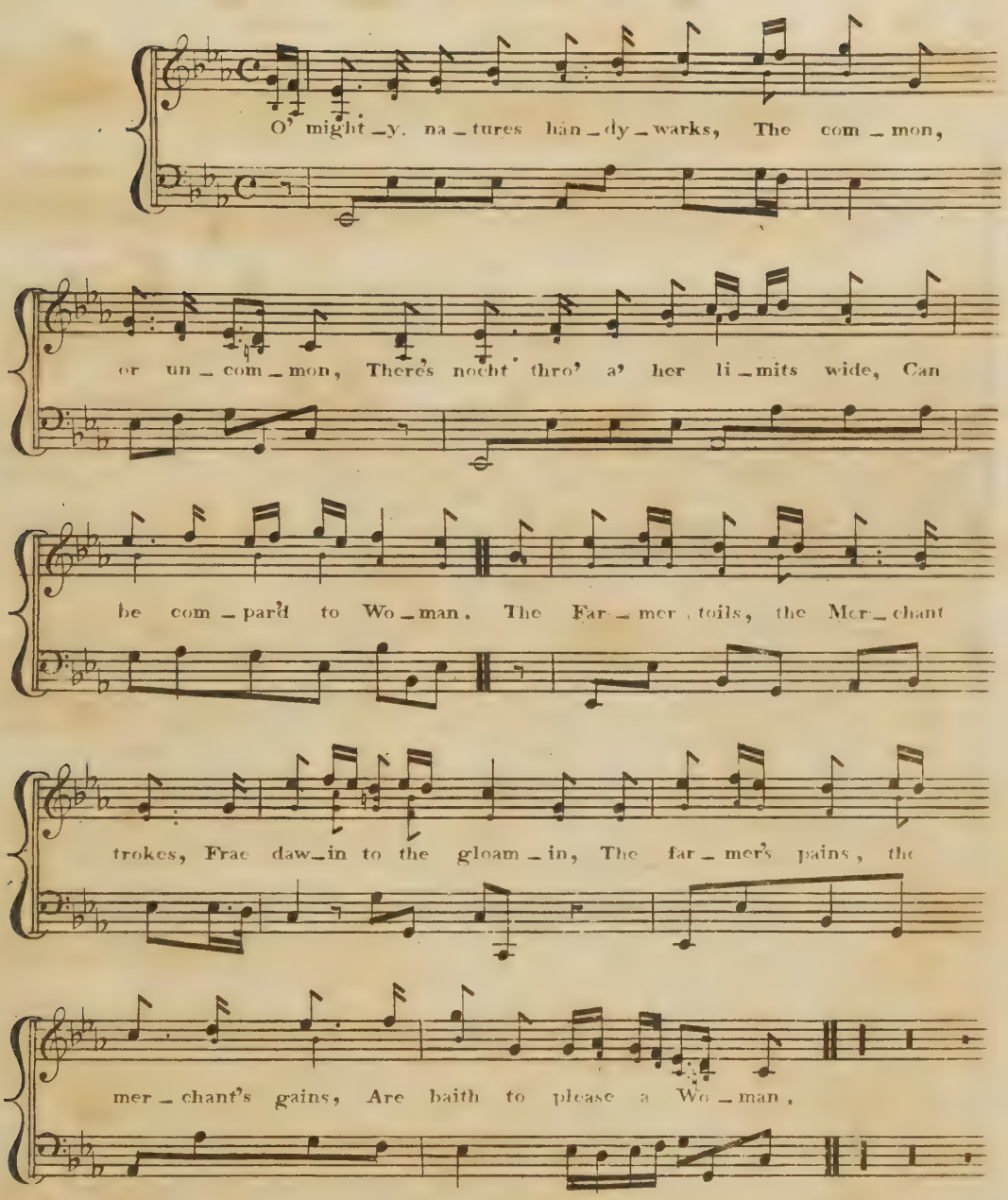
His staff's at the wa,
Toom, toom is his chair!
The bannet an' a'!
And I maun be here.

But, O! he's at rest,
Why sud I compleen?
Gin my saul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

O! to meet him again
Whar hearts ne'er were sair,
O! to meet him again,
To part never mair.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

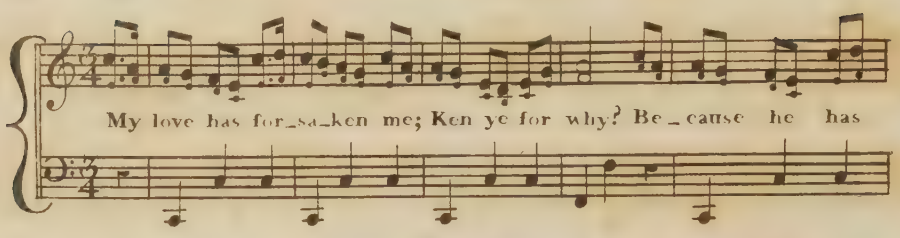

Its up wi' the Sout _ ers o' Sel _ kirk, And down wi' the
Earl o' Hume; And here is to a' the braw lad _ _ dies, That
wear the sin _ gle _ soal'd shoon. Its up wi' the Sout _ ers o'
Sel _ kirk, For they are baith trus _ ty and leal; And up wi' the
lads o' the Fo _ rest, And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
Fye upon yellow and green;
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single soal'd sheen.
Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

O' might_y. na_tures hán_dy_warks, The com_mon,
or un_com_mon, There's nocht thro' a' her li_mits wide, Can
be com_par'd to Wo_man. The Far_mer toils, the Mer_chant
trokes, Frae daw_in to the gloam_in, The far_mer's pains, the
mer_chant's gains, Are baith to please a Wo_man.

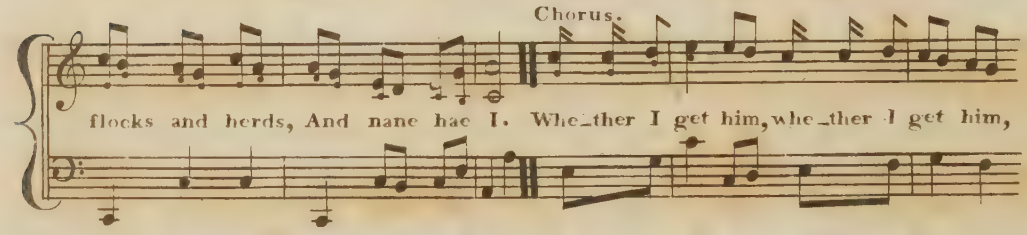
The Sailor spreads the daring sail,
Thro' angry seas a foaming;
The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
He gies, to please a Woman.
The Sodger fights o'er crimson fields,
In distant climates roaming;
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
Before all-conquering Woman.

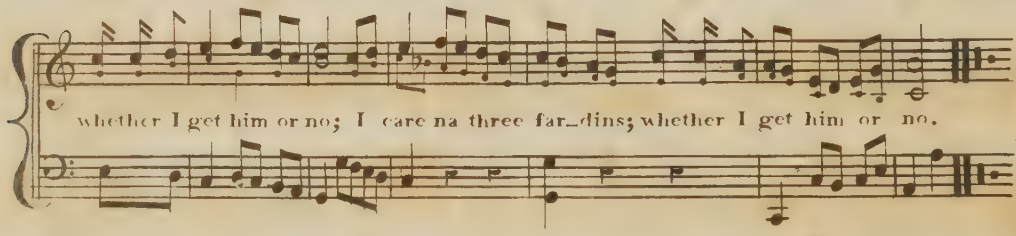
A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,
Wi' other men in common,
He flings aside his crown, and kneels
A subject to a Woman.
Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,
Barbarian, Greek or Roman;
It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
Without my goddess, Woman.

MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.



Chorus.



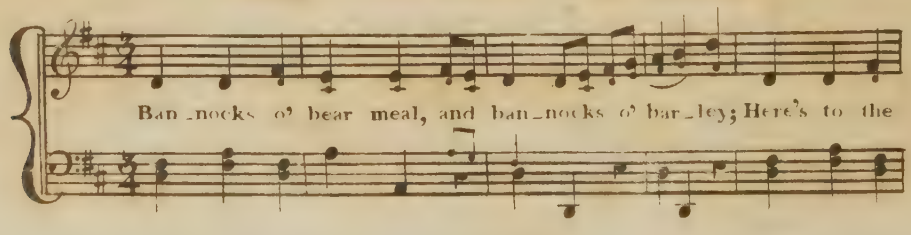


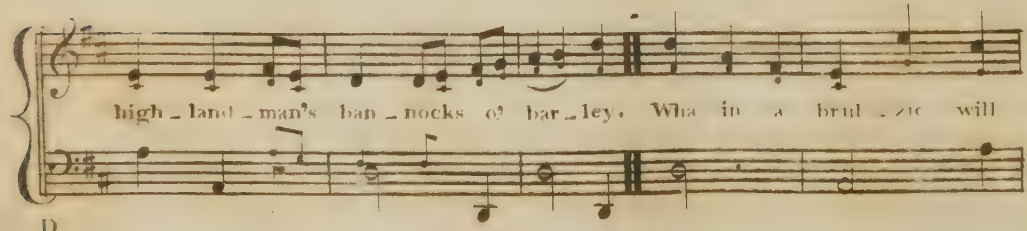
Alas! that e'er poortith
On leal hearts should fa;
For love it turns cauldrife,
And soon flies awa.
But whether I get him, &c.

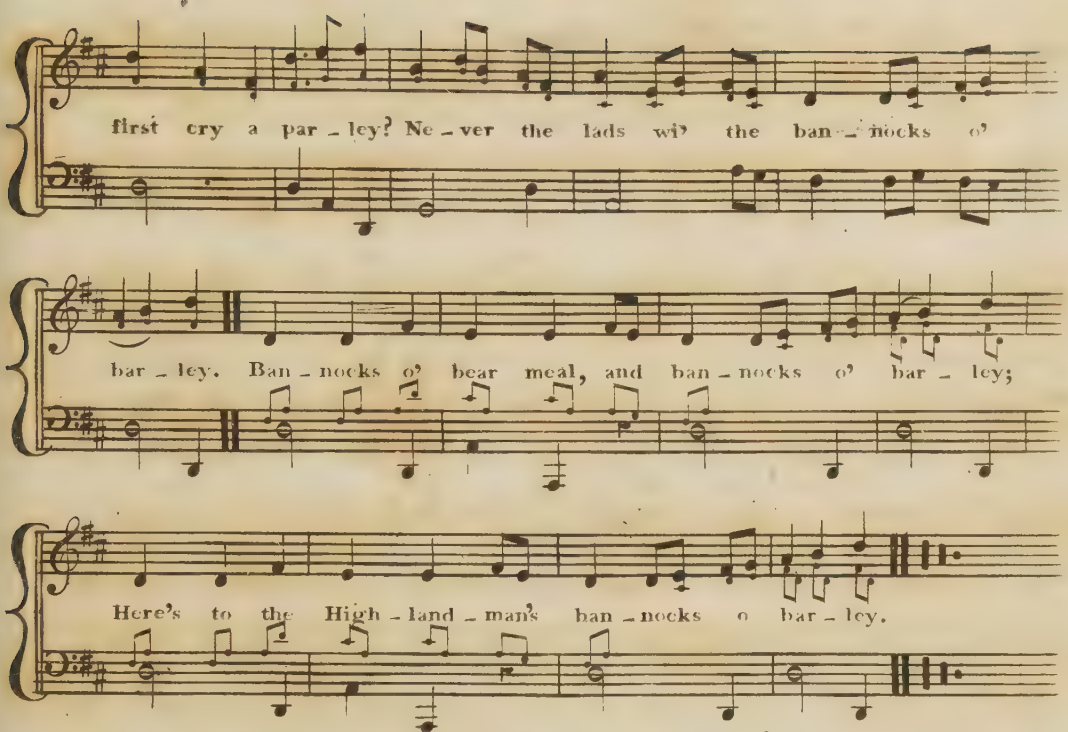
The fairest o' maidens,
If poor they may be,
Will aft sit fu' waefu'
Wi' the tear in their ee.
Whether I get him, &c.

He vow'd, and he promis'd,
And I did believe;
But, since that he's faithless,
'Tis folly to grieve.
Whether I get him, &c.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.






first cry a par - ley? Ne - ver the lads wi' the ban - nocks o'
bar - ley. Ban - nocks o' bear meal, and ban - nocks o' bar - ley;
Here's to the High - land - man's ban - nocks o bar - ley.

Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?
Wha was it cow'd the English loons rarely?
And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?
Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

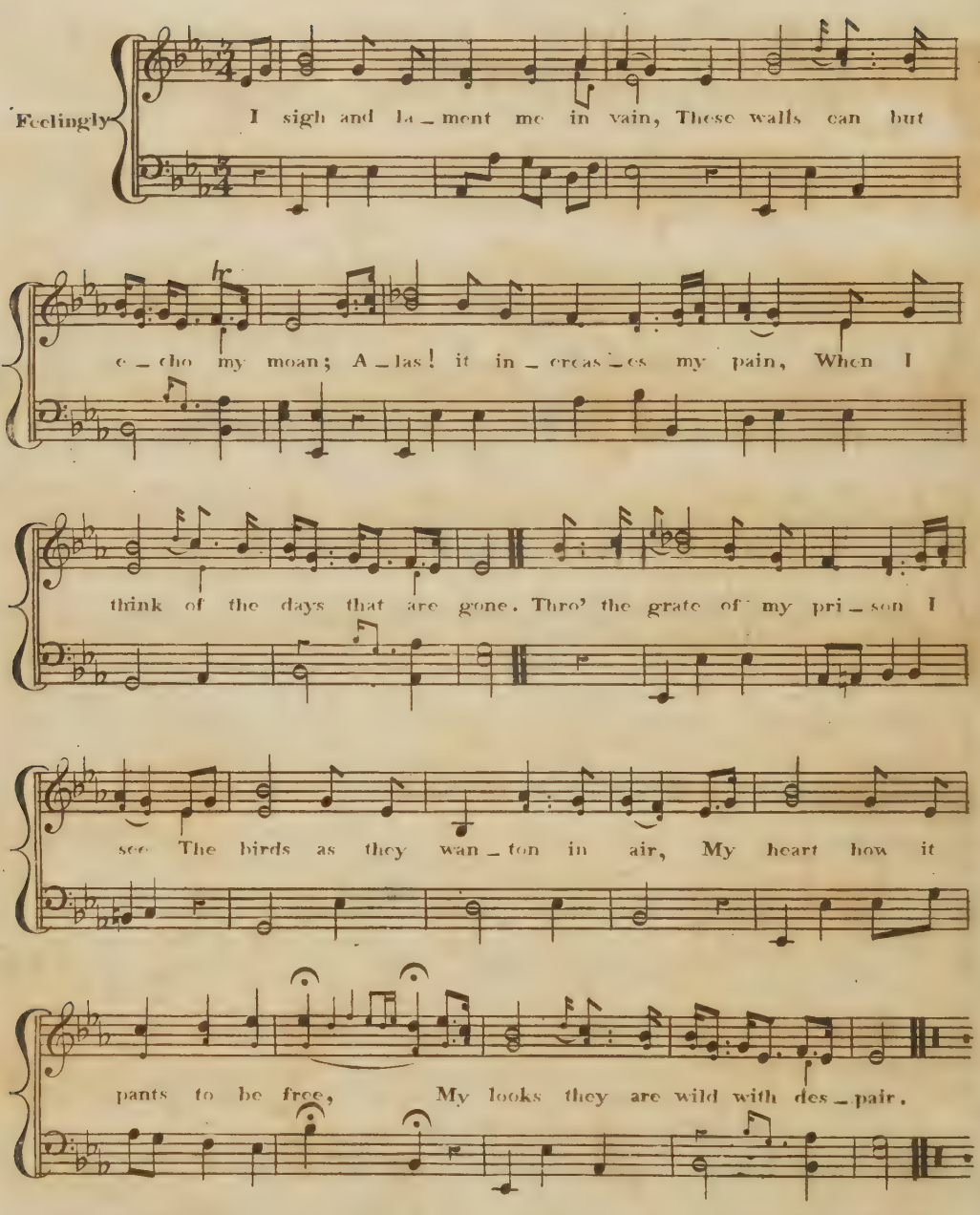
Wha was't, when hope was blasted fairly,
Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?
And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed fu' sairly?
Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha for auld Geordie, at Egypt and Maida,
Scotland's proud banner sae fearless display'd a?
Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade a?
Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha on the Waterloo-heights waukened early?
Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,
Charged back the faemen, an' stude their grund fairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c

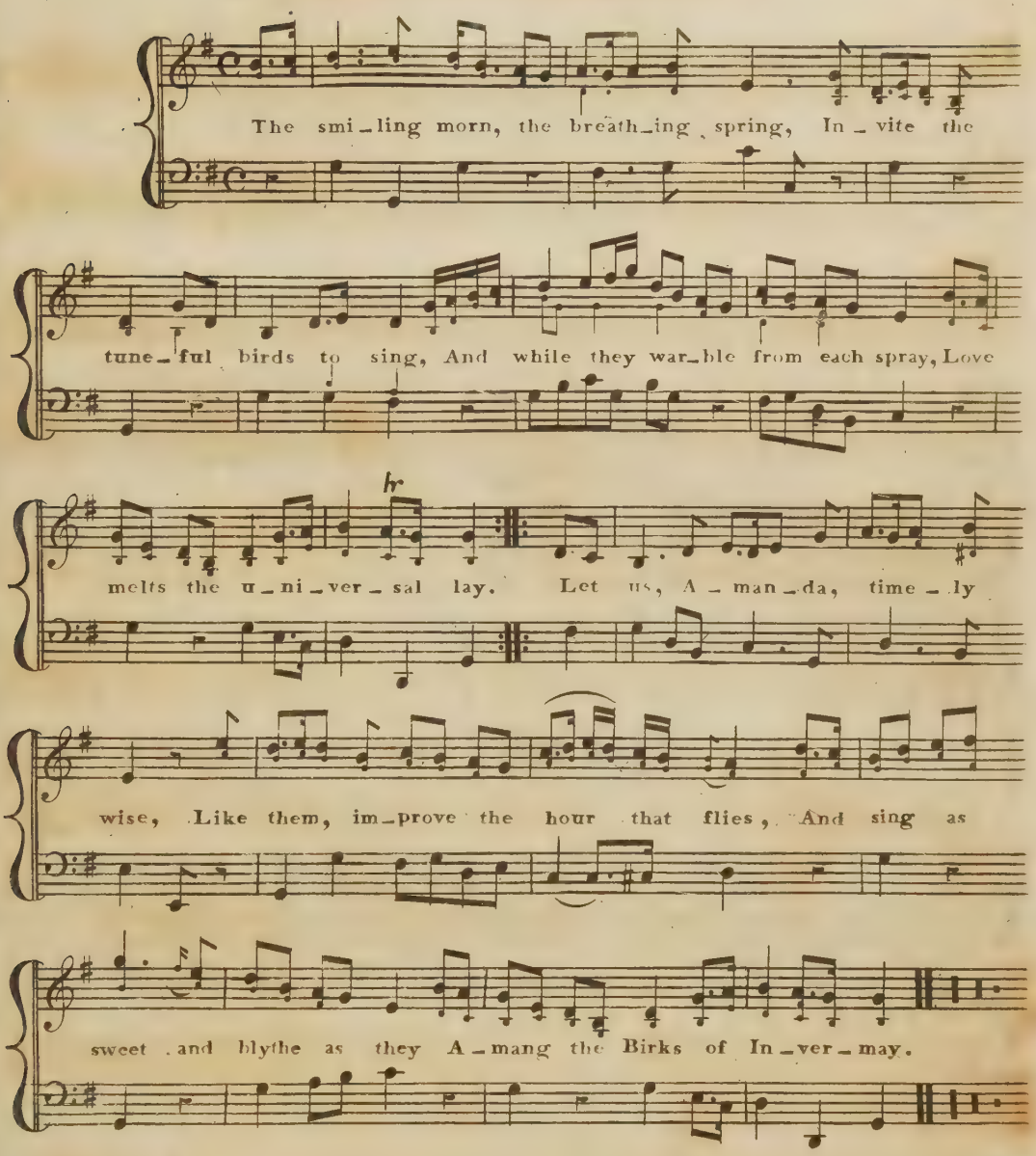
Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,
Poured like the bleeze o' their ain mountain heather?
Wha frae the Eagles wing plucked its last feather?
Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.


Feelingly
I sigh and la_ment me in vain, These walls can but
e_cho my moan; A_las! it in_creas_es my pain, When I
think of the days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my pri_son I
see The birds as they wan_ton in air, My heart how it
pants to be free, My looks they are wild with des_pair.

Above tho' oppress by my Fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell.
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
O Mary! prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

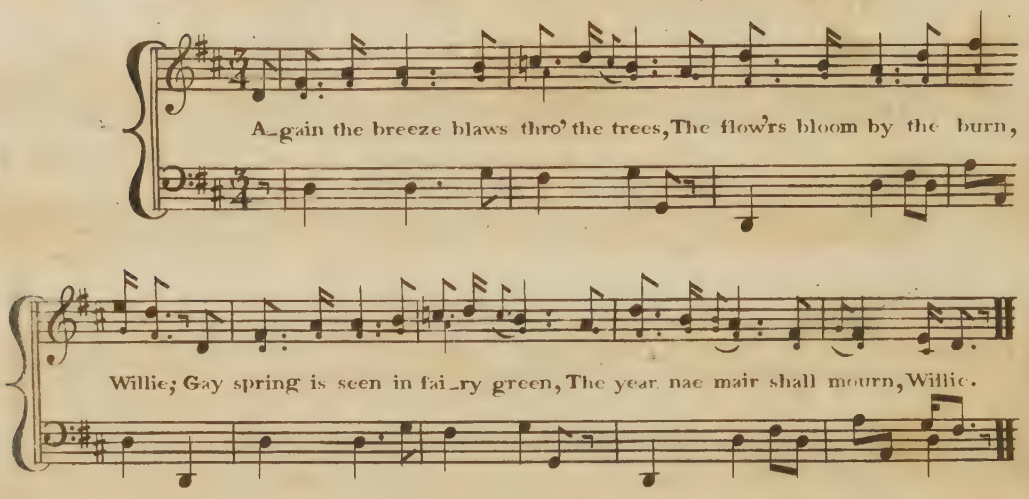

The smi_ling morn, the breath_ing spring, In_vite the
tune_ful birds to sing, And while they war_ble from each spray, Love
melts the u_ni_ver_sal lay. Let us, A_man_da, time_ly
wise, Like them, im_prove the hour that flies, And sing as
sweet and blythe as they A_mang the Birks of In_ver_may.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile-kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray
About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they,
Amang the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Invermay.

O! WILT THOU THINK ON ME, WILLIE?


A-gain the breeze blaws thro' the trees, The flow'rs bloom by the burn,
Willie; Gay spring is seen in fai-ry green, The year nae mair shall mourn, Willie.

The tender buds hang on the woods,
An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;
Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair;
She whids along the lea, Willie,
Thro' dewy show'rs the lavrock tow'rs,
An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

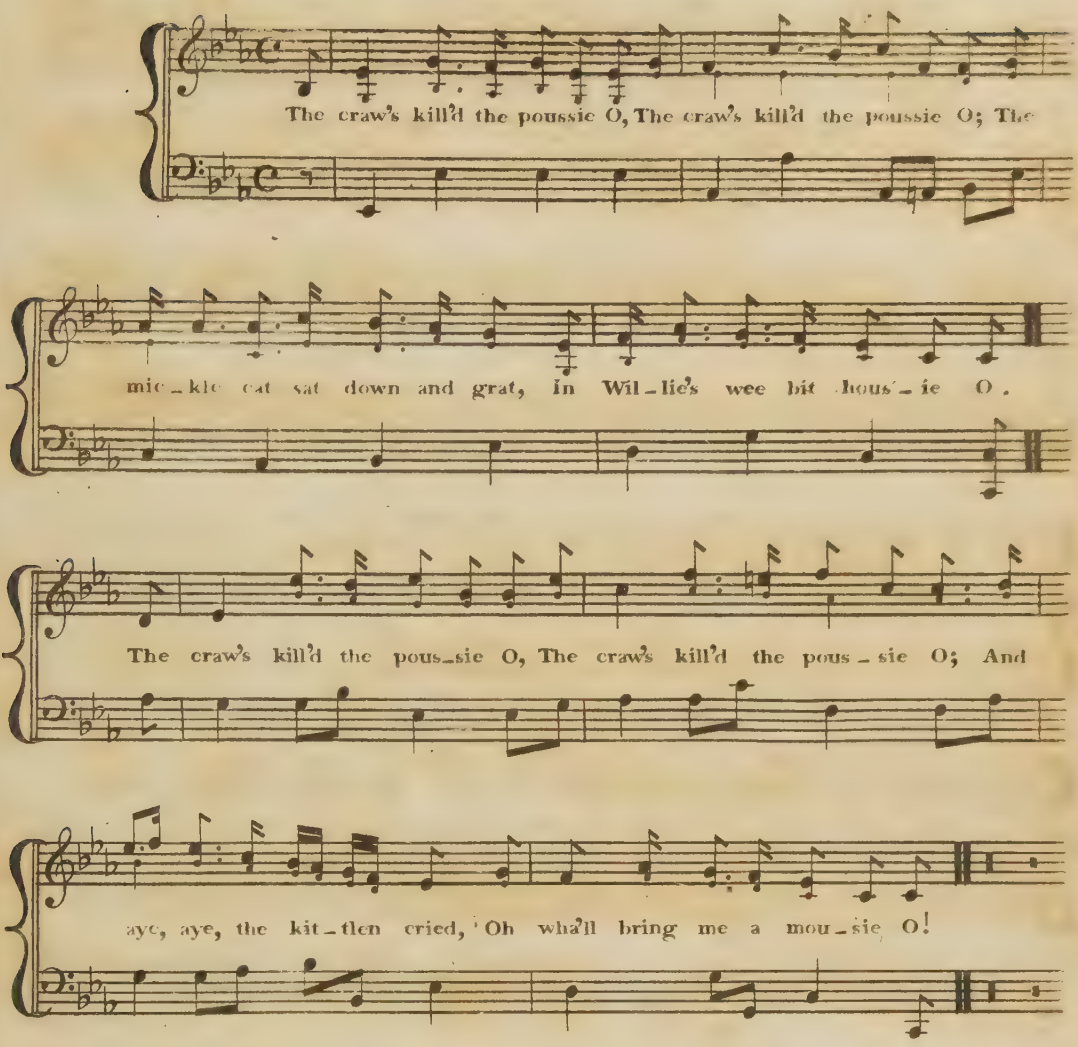
When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,
What pleasure can they gie, Willie?
My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;
It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae bye,
That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;
Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang;
It's a' for loving thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart,
That heart nae mair is free, Willie;
Then, O! be kind, sin' now its thine,
I had nae mair to gie, Willie.

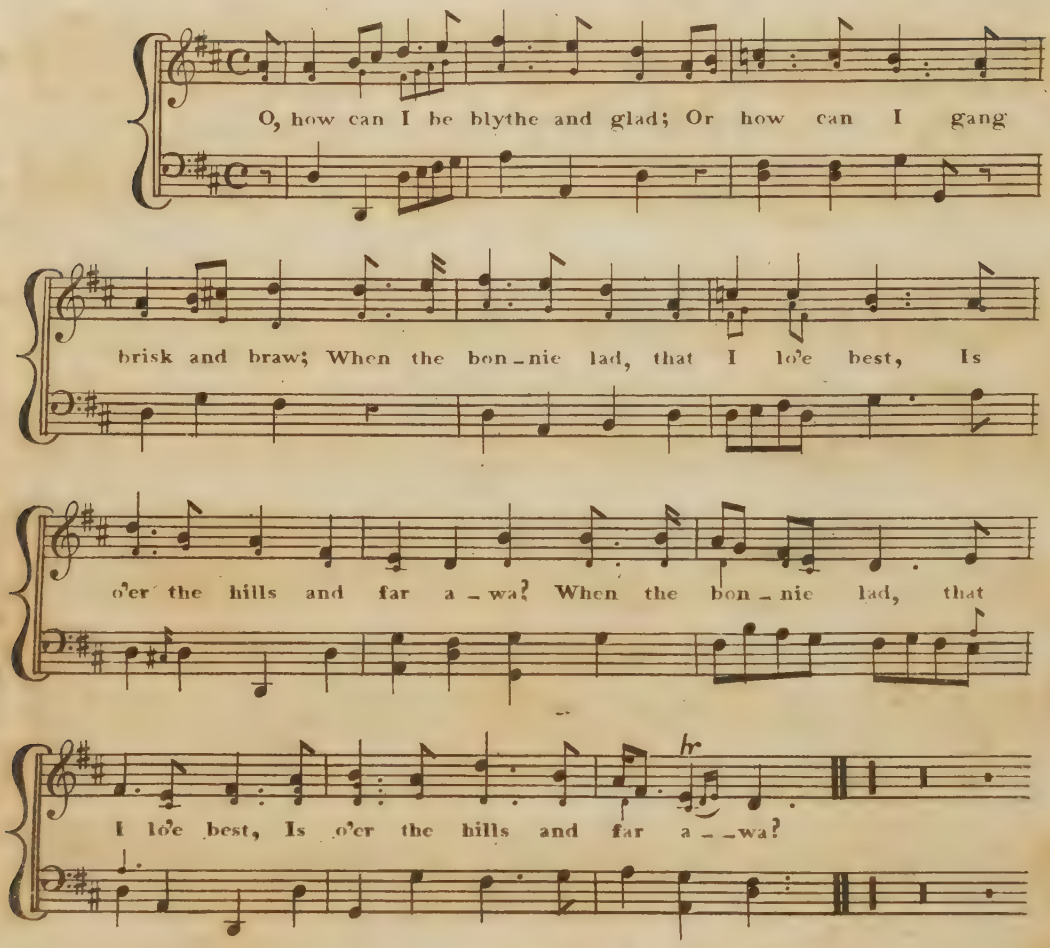
But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed
A wealthier bride than me, Willie;
Now nought can heal the wound I feel,
But lay me down an' die, Willie.

Fareweel ye braes and happier days!
By crystal-winding Cree, Willie;
When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
O wilt thou think on me, Willie.


The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; The
mic-kle cat sat down and grat, In Wil-lie's wee bit hous'-ie O.
The craw's kill'd the pous-sie O, The craw's kill'd the pous-sie O; And
aye, aye, the kit-ten cried, 'Oh wha'll bring me a mou-sie O!

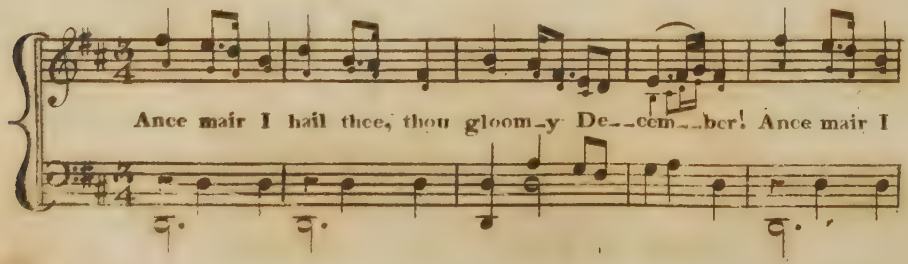
Comin' by the rockie O,
Comin' by the rockie O,
A picket out the pickle meal,
And play'd me wi' the pockie O.
The Colly dog he sat and growl'd,
But never stirr'd the poussie O;
But, waur than a', the mickle craw
Has taen and kill'd our poussie O.

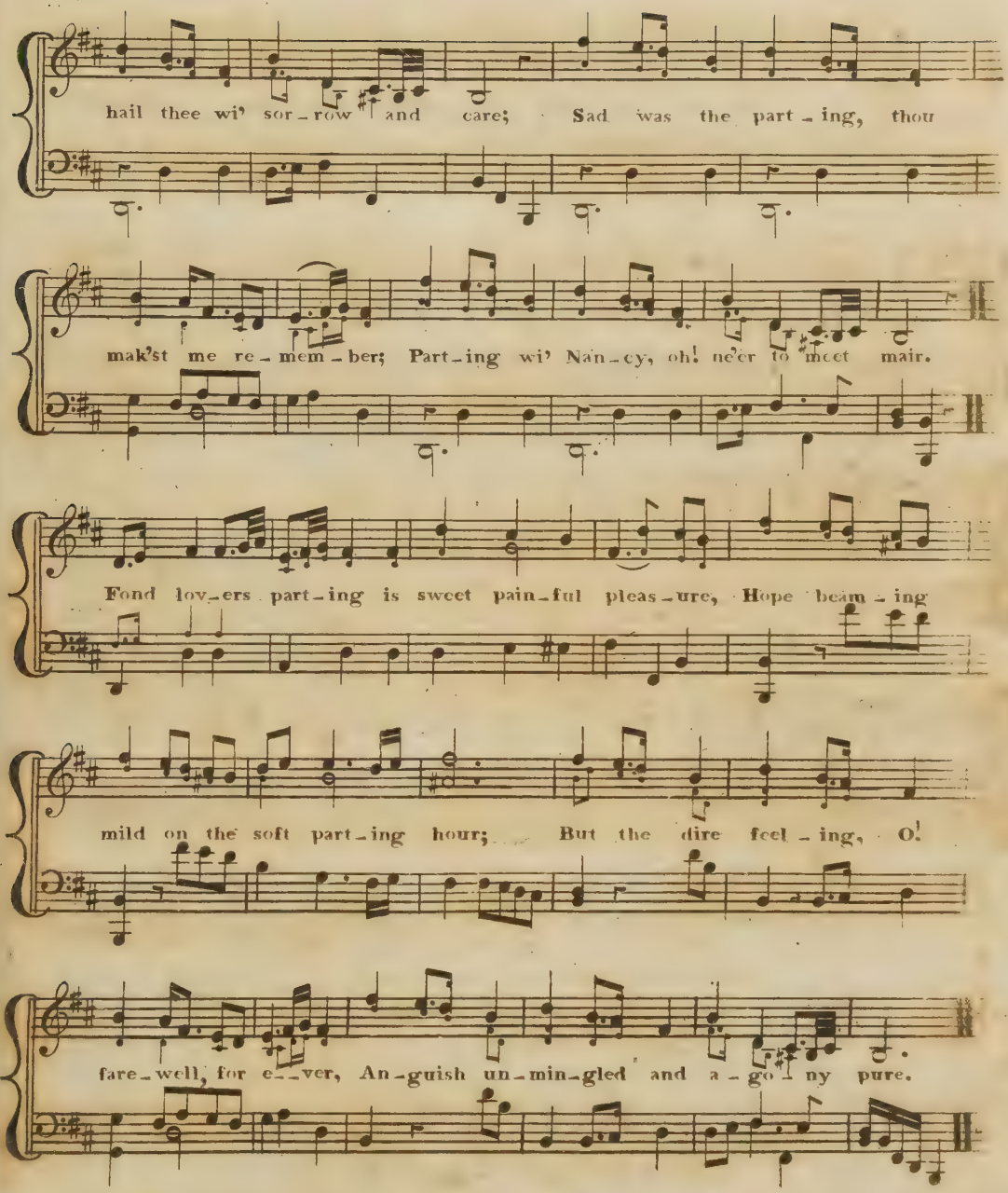
THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.


O, how can I be blythe and glad; Or how can I gang
brisk and braw; When the bon-nie lad, that I lo'e best, Is
o'er the hills and far a-wa? When the bon-nie lad, that
I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far a--wa?

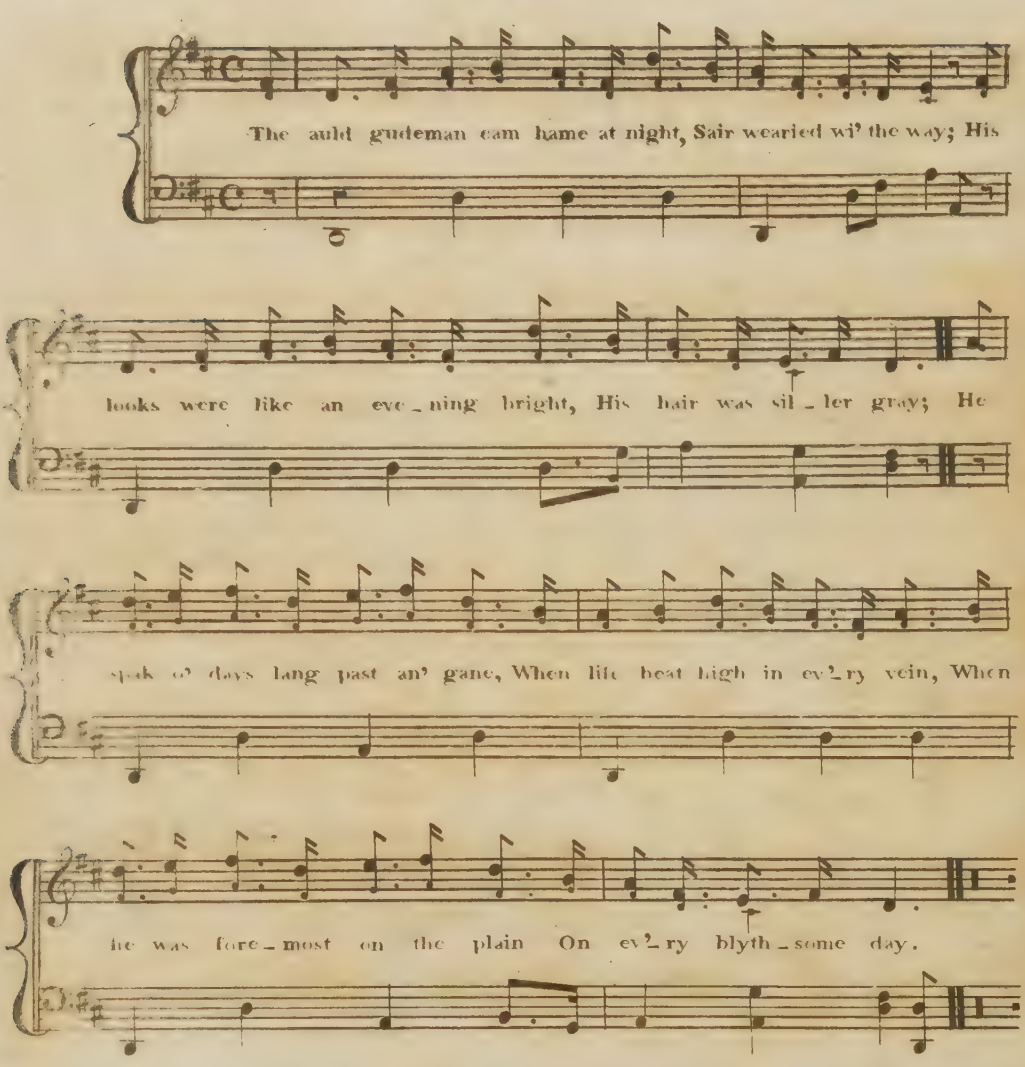
A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will, &c.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.



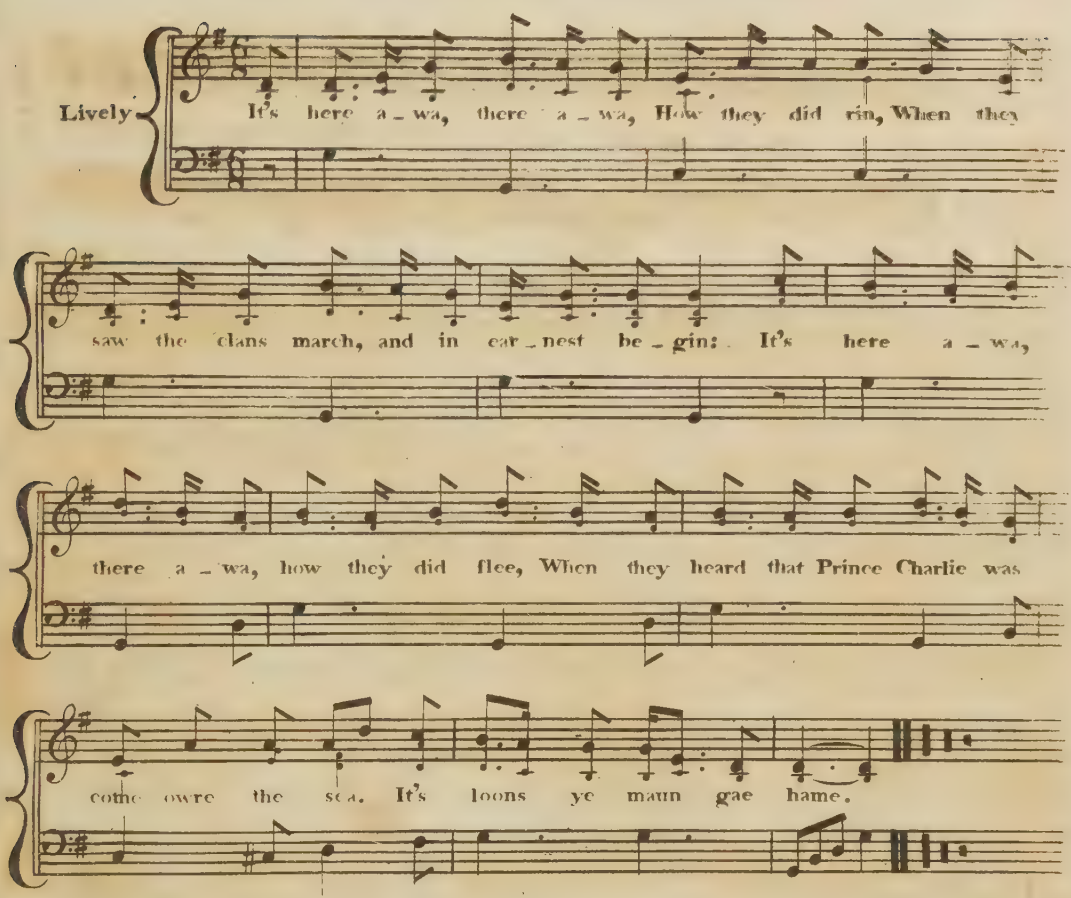

hail thee wi' sor-row and care; Sad was the part-ing, thou
mak'st me re-mem-ber; Part-ing wi' Nan-cy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lov-ers part-ing is sweet pain-ful pleas-ure, Hope beam-ing
mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O!
fare-well, for e--ver, An-guish un-min-gled and a-go-ny pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting, thou makes me remember;
Parting wi' Nancy; oh! ne'er to meet mair.


The auld gudeman cam hame at night, Sair wearied wi' the way; His
looks were like an eve_ning bright, His hair was sil_ler gray; He
spak o' days lang past an' gane, When life beat high in ev'_ry vein, When
he was fore_most on the plain On ev'_ry blyth_some day.

The life o' man's a winter day;
Look back, 'tis gane as soon;
But yet his pleasures halve the way,
An' fly before 'tis noon.
But conscious virtue still maintains
The honest heart thro' toils an' pains,
An' hope o' better days remains,
An' hauds the heart aboon.

LOONS YE MAUN GAE HAME.

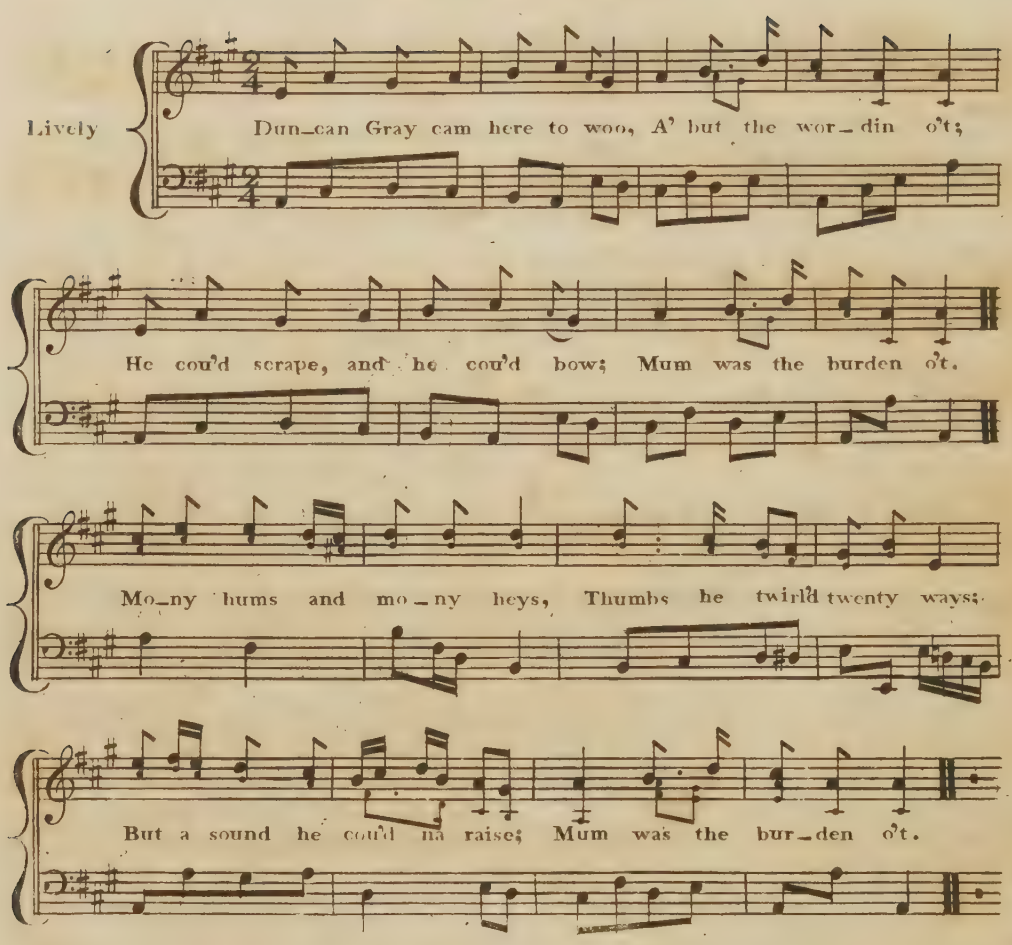

Lively
It's here a-wa, there a-wa, How they did rin, When they
saw the clans march, and in ear-nest be-gin: It's here a-wa,
there a-wa, how they did flee, When they heard that Prince Charlie was
come owre the sea. It's loons ye maun gae hame.

They got to their feet, just as sure as a gun,
When-e'er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come.
"Haste, haste ye awa"; quo the auld wives wi' glee;
"O joy to the day Charlie cam owre the sea."
An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa,
For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';
Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifu' e'e,
For Charlie at last has come over the sea.
An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Our lang Scotish miles they will tire ye right sair,
An', aiblins, in mosses an' bogs ye will lair;
But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sea.
An' loons ye maun gae hame.

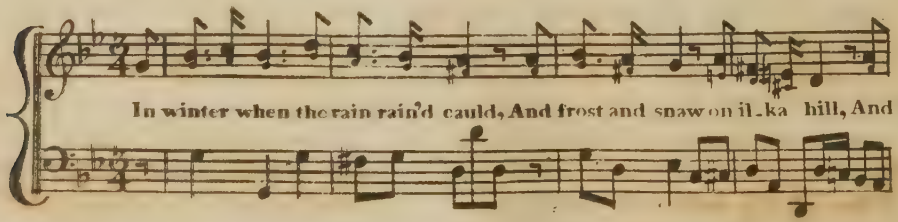
DUNCAN GRAY.

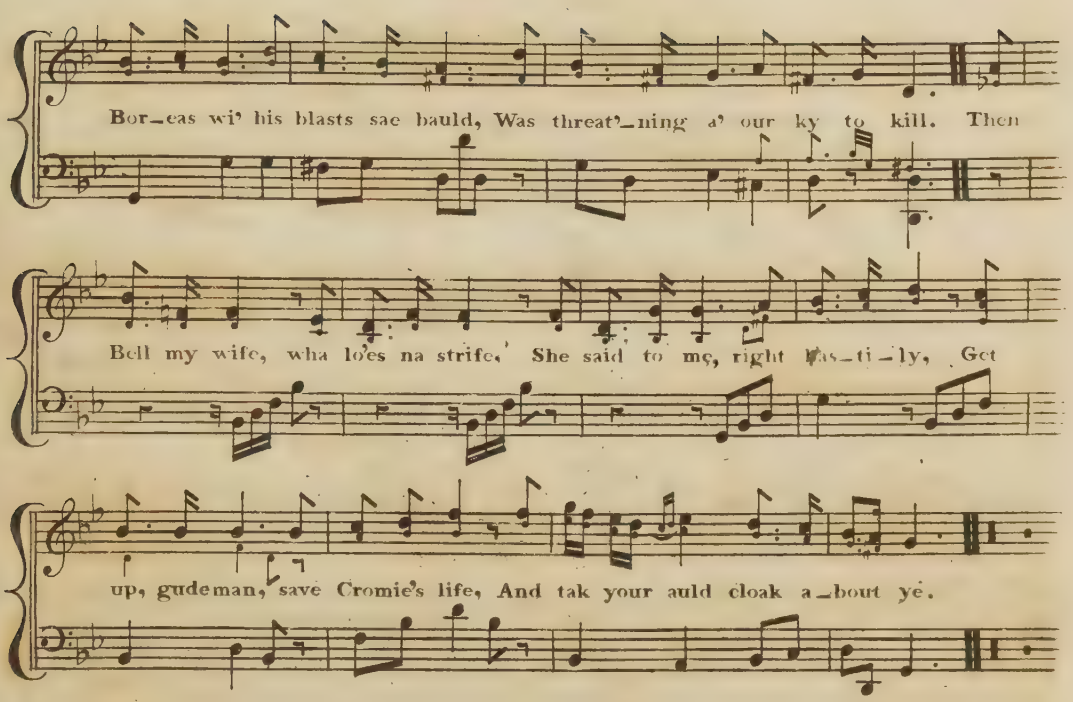

Lively
Dun_can Gray cam here to woo, A' but the wor_din o't;
He cou'd scrape, and he cou'd bow; Mum was the burden o't.
Mo_ny hums and mo_ny heys, Thumbs he twirl'd twenty ways;
But a sound he cou'd na raise; Mum was the bur_den o't.

Meg was blythe and Meg was bra,
Hech, hey, the wooin o't;
She had scorned ane or twa,
And ne'er tuik the ruen fort—
"Dummy lad, now ye'll can spay,
Tell me wha for life I'll hae?"
He has written Duncan Gray;
Fair fa' the wordin o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,
Hech, hey, the wooin o't;
Dearth o' words it was nae crime;
Hech, hey, the wooin o't;
Duncan yellow gow'd cou'd tell,
Walth had he o' maut an' meal,
She wad find the words hersell,
Hech, hey, the wooin o't.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.




Bor–eas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'–ning a' our ky to kill. Then
Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife, She said to me, right has–ti–ly, Get
up, gudeman, save Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a–bout ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kyne;
Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

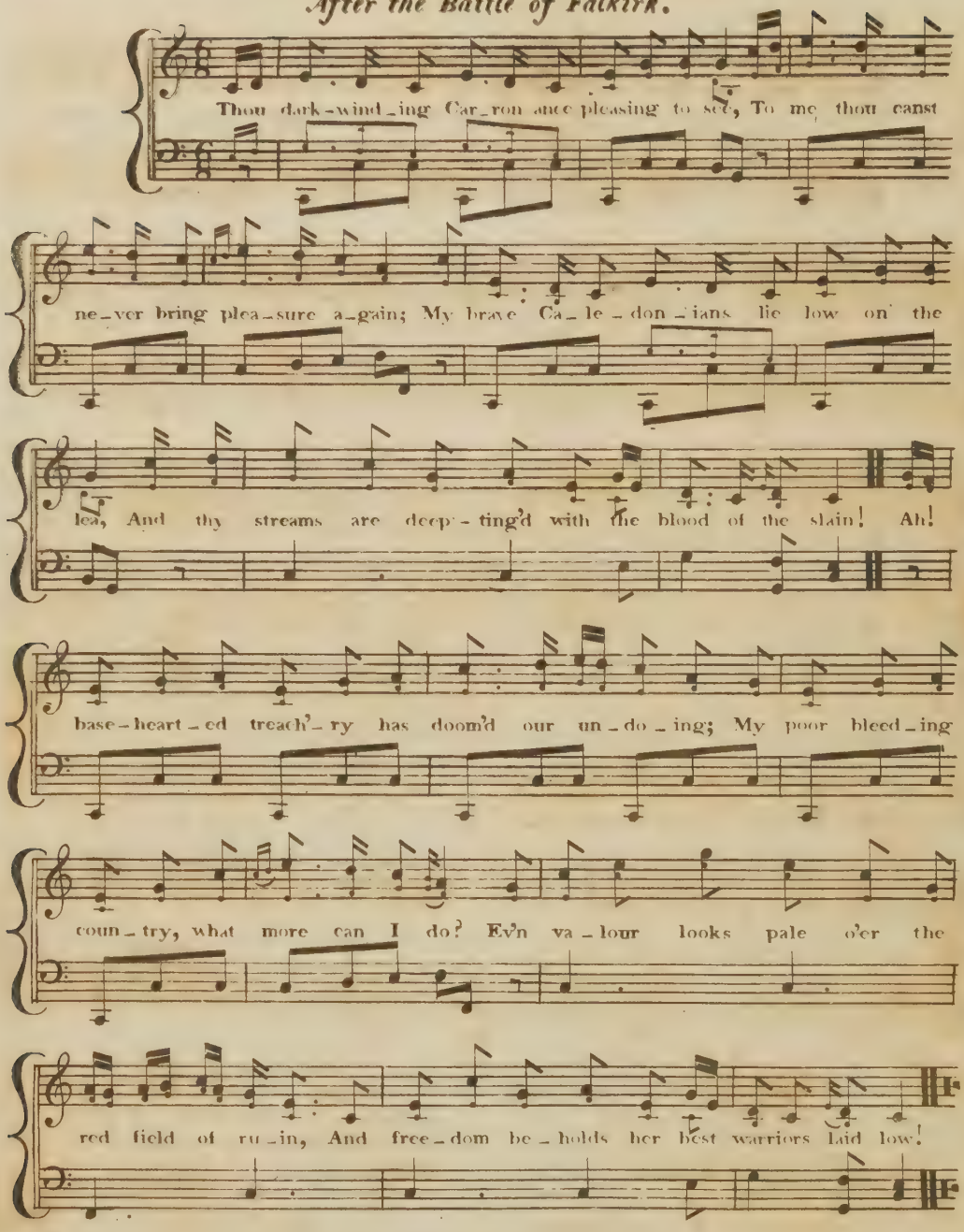
In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurkling in the ase?
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

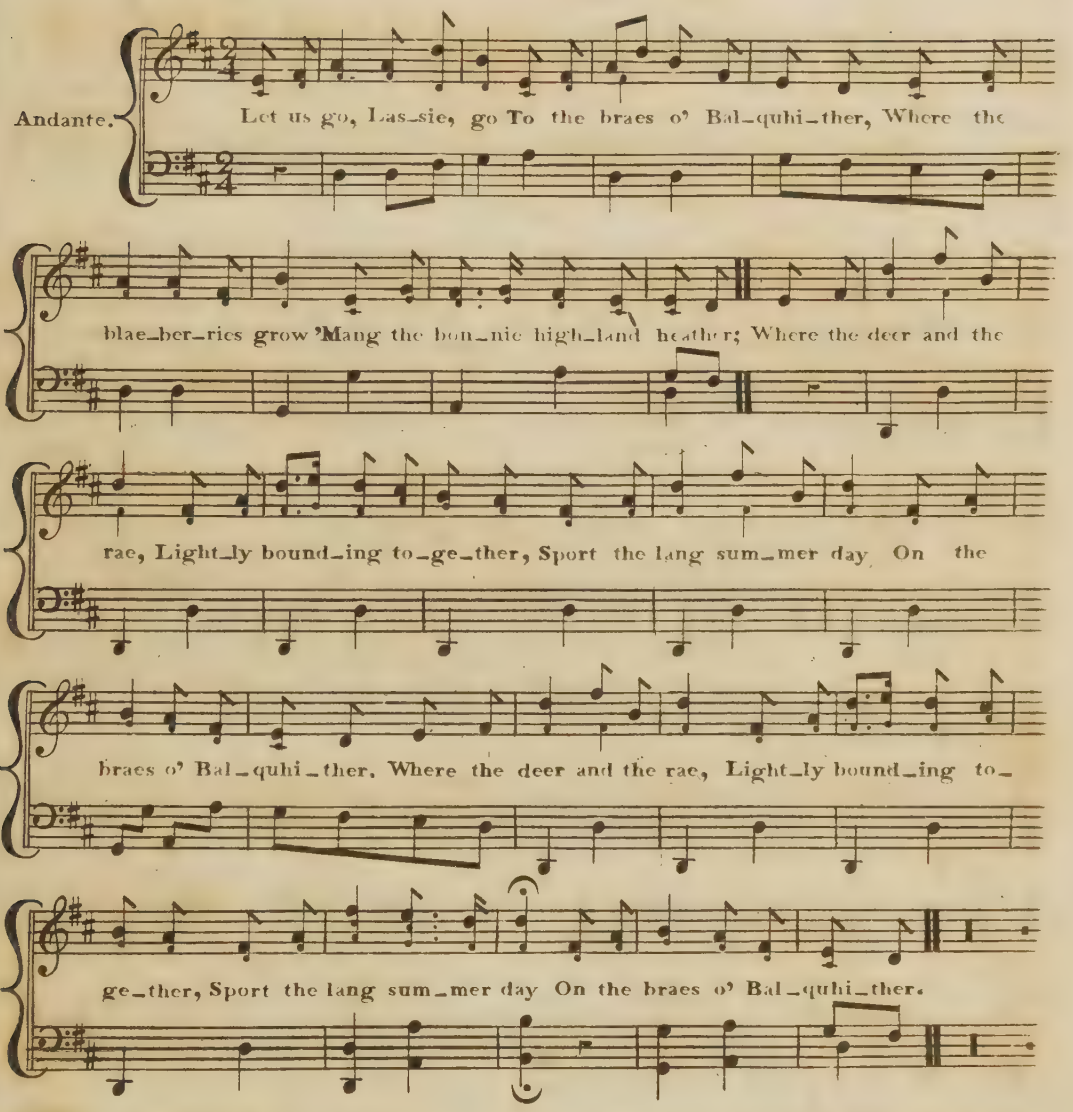
Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we ha'e had, between us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE

After the Battle of Falkirk.

Thou dark-wind-ing Car-ron once pleasing to see, To me thou canst
ne-ver bring plea-sure a-gain; My brave Ca-le-don-ians lie low on the
lea, And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain! Ah!
base-heart-ed treach'-ry has doom'd our un-do-ing; My poor bleed-ing
coun-try, what more can I do? Ev'n va-lour looks pale o'er the
red field of ru-in, And free-dom be-holds her best warriors laid low!

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, farewell!
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave!
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die:
On thy wrongs, O my Country! indignant I ponder;
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

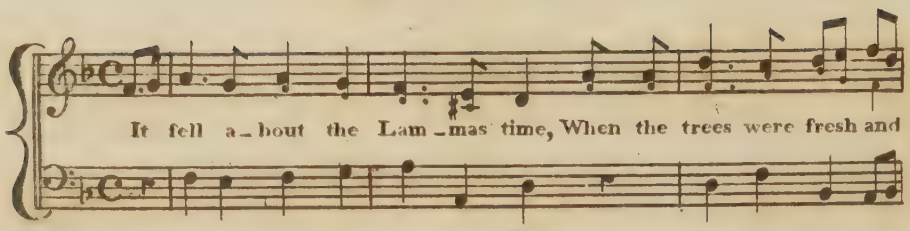

Andante.
Let us go, Las-sie, go To the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther, Where the
blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie high-land heather; Where the deer and the
rae, Light-ly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the
braes o' Bal-quhi-ther, Where the deer and the rae, Light-ly bound-ing to-
ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther.

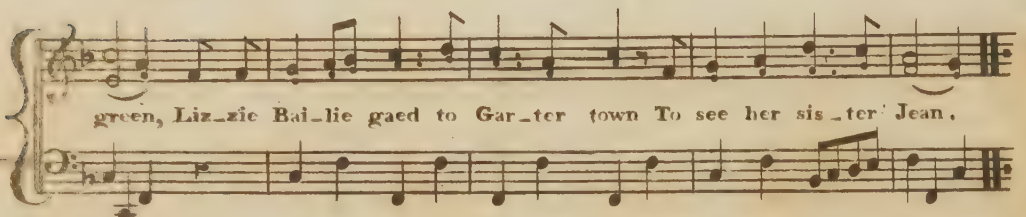
I will twine thee a bow'r
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range thro' the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the lin
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

LIZZIE BAILIE.





She'd no been lang in Garter town
Till she met wi' Duncan Graham,
Wha kindly there saluted her,
And wad convey her hame.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Ye's hae a tartan plaidie,
Gin ye will gang alang wi' me
And be a Higland Lady.

I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin;
Your mither weel can want ye.

And she's cast aff her heigh-heel'd shoon,
Made o' the morroco leather,
And she's put on the Highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather.

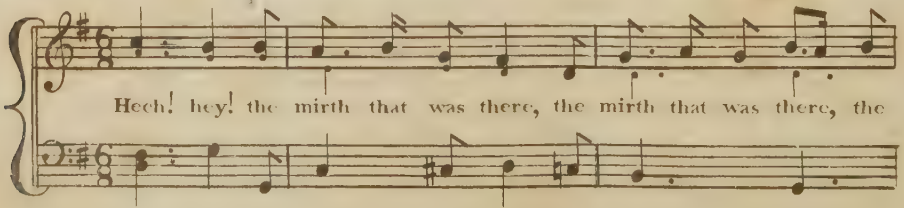
And she's put aff her lowland braws,
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on the worset gown,
To skip amang the breckin.

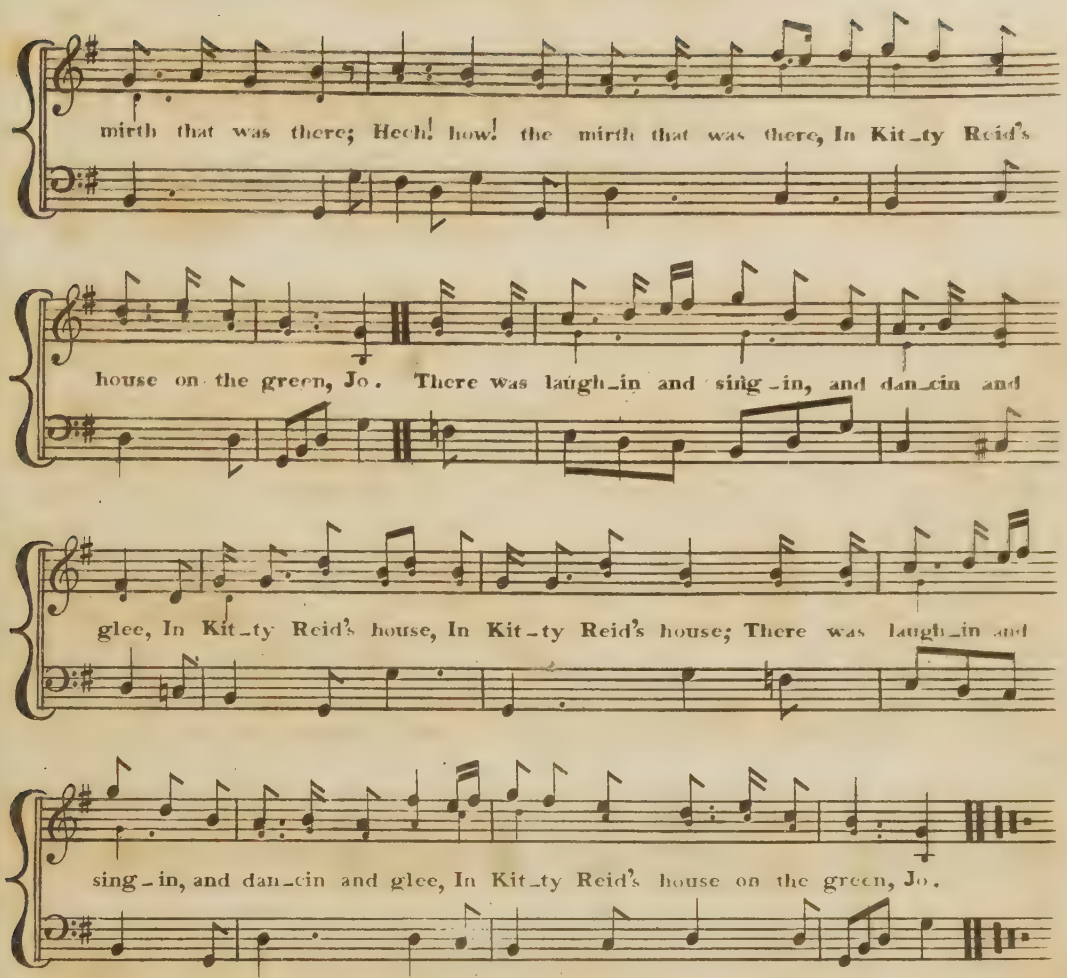
She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady,
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,
And wear a tartan plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary,
And ayeshelooked back and cried,
Farewell to Castlecarry!

Now, wae be to you, logger-heads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sic a bonny lass
Bauld Duncan Graham to marry!

KITTY REID'S HOUSE ON THE GREEN, &c.

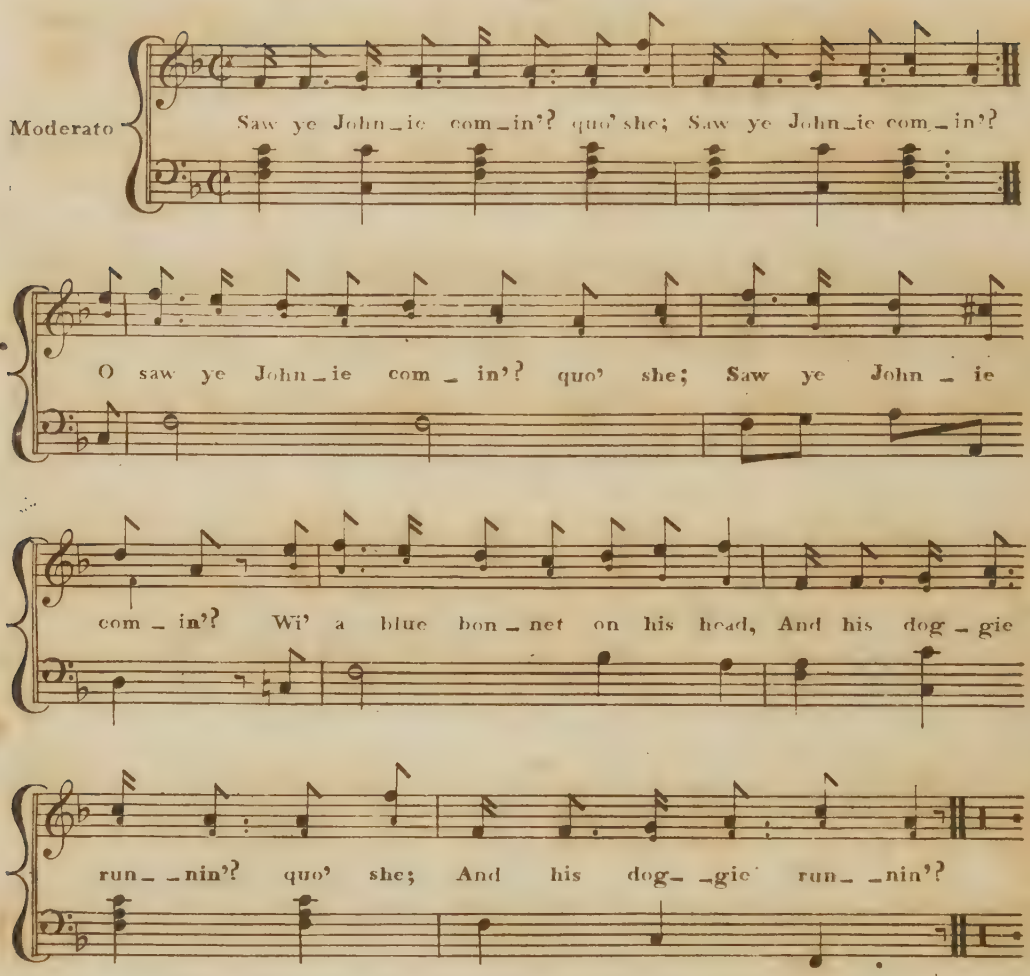



mirth that was there; Hech! how! the mirth that was there, In Kit-ty Reid's
house on the green, Jo. There was laugh-in and sing-in, and dan-cin and
glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house, In Kit-ty Reid's house; There was laugh-in and
sing-in, and dan-cin and glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
The fright that was there;
Hech! how! the fright that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
An' a' body thought the lift it wad fa',
An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa,
Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The dule that was there;
The birds and beasts it wauken'd them a'
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
The Piper, the Fidler, auld Kitty, and a';
The Kye fell a routin, the cocks they did craw,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

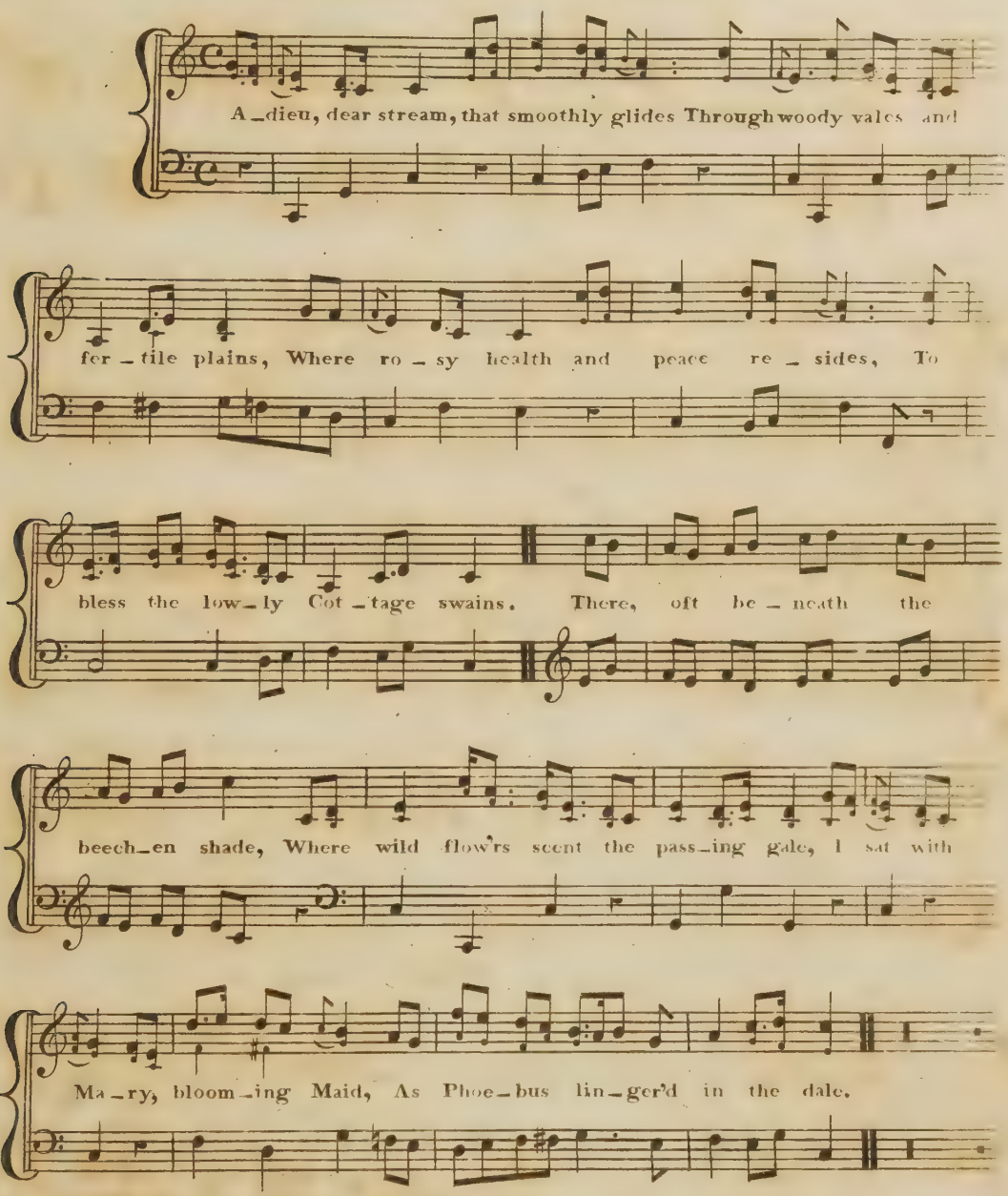
SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'?


Moderato
Saw ye John_ie com_in'? quo' she; Saw ye John_ie com_in'?
O saw ye John_ie com_in'? quo' she; Saw ye John_ie
com_in'? Wi' a blue bon_net on his head, And his dog_gie
run_ _nin'? quo' she; And his dog_ _gie run_ _nin'?

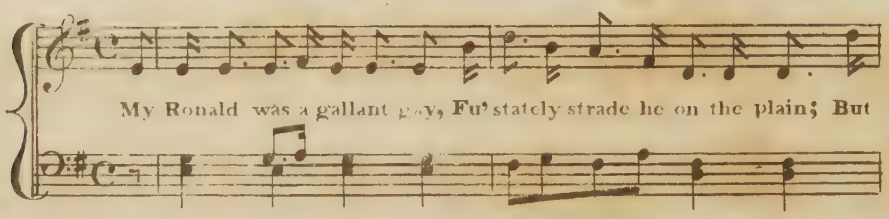
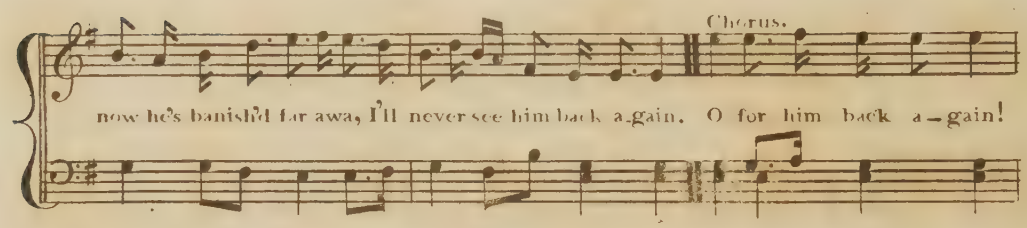
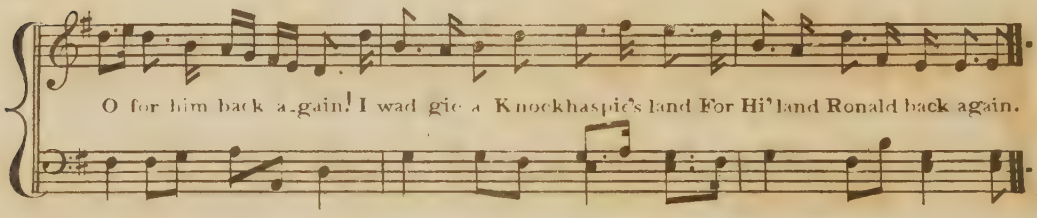
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him,
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk of mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Weel do I lo'e him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
Crack wi' me at e'en.


A-dieu, dear stream, that smoothly glides Through woody vales and
fer-tile plains, Where ro-sy health and peace re-sides, To
bless the low-ly Cot-tage swains. There, oft be-neath the
beech-en shade, Where wild flow'rs scent the pass-ing gale, I sat with
Ma-ry, bloom-ing Maid, As Phoe-bus lin-ger'd in the dale.

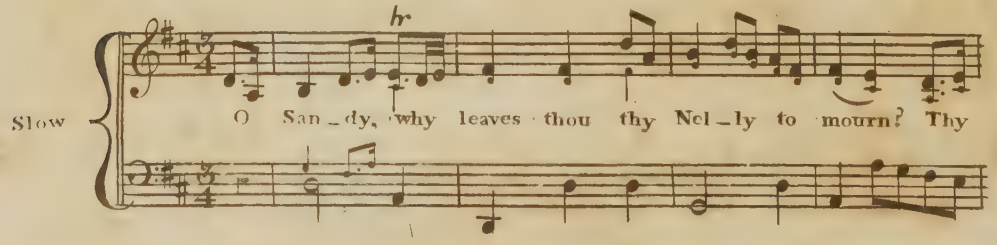
No more along thy flowery side,
I'll view the fishes eager spring
To catch the fly, which on thy tide,
Skims unconcern'd, with playful wing.
Those scenes for ever I'll hold dear,
Tho' hoary Ocean roll between,
And oft at eve will shed the tear,
And heave the bursting sigh unseen.

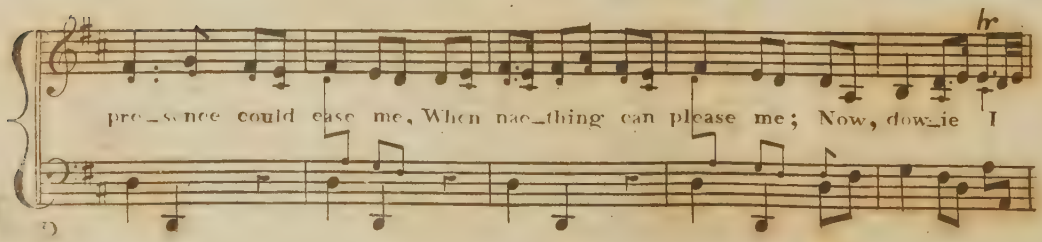
MY RONALD WAS A GALLANT GAY.



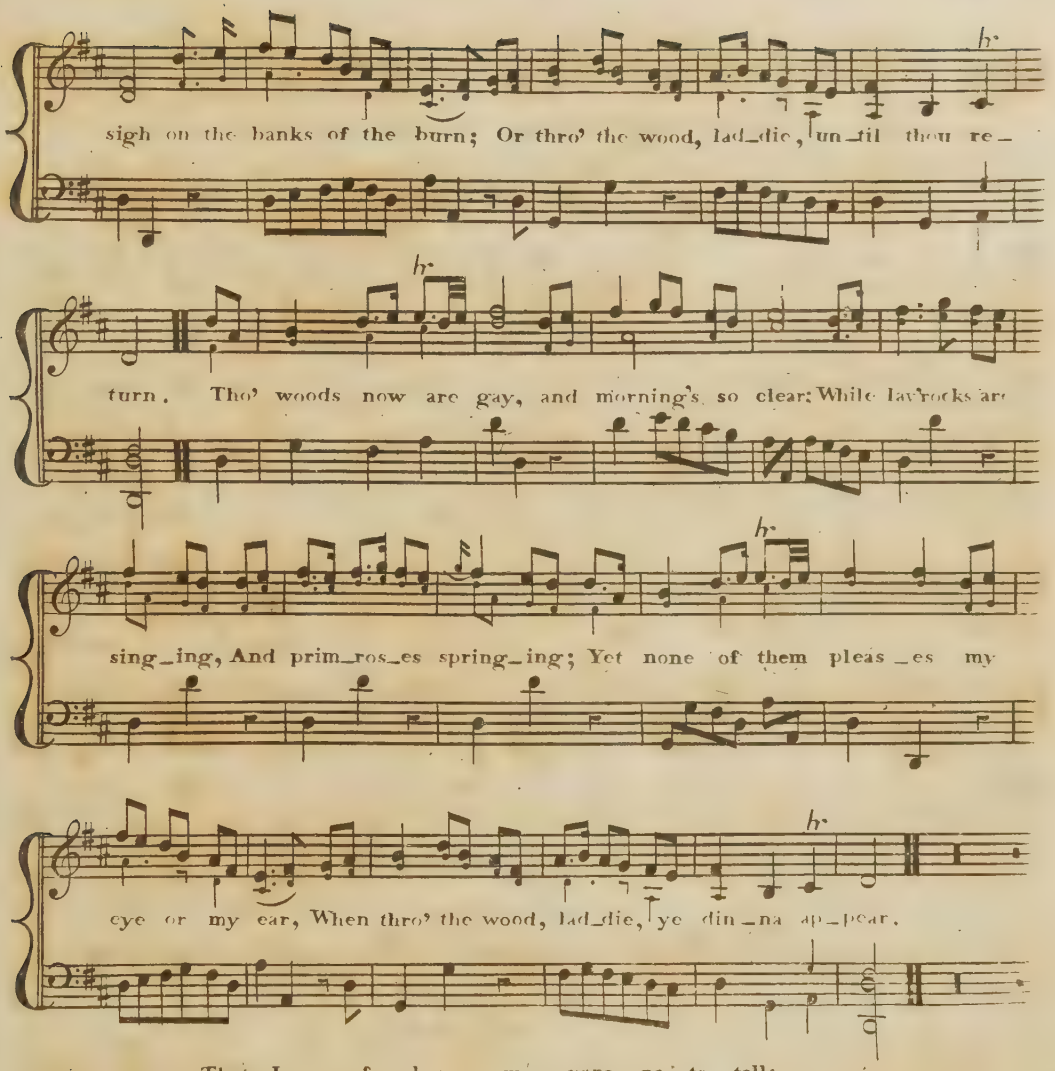
When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Ronald back again.
O for him, &c.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

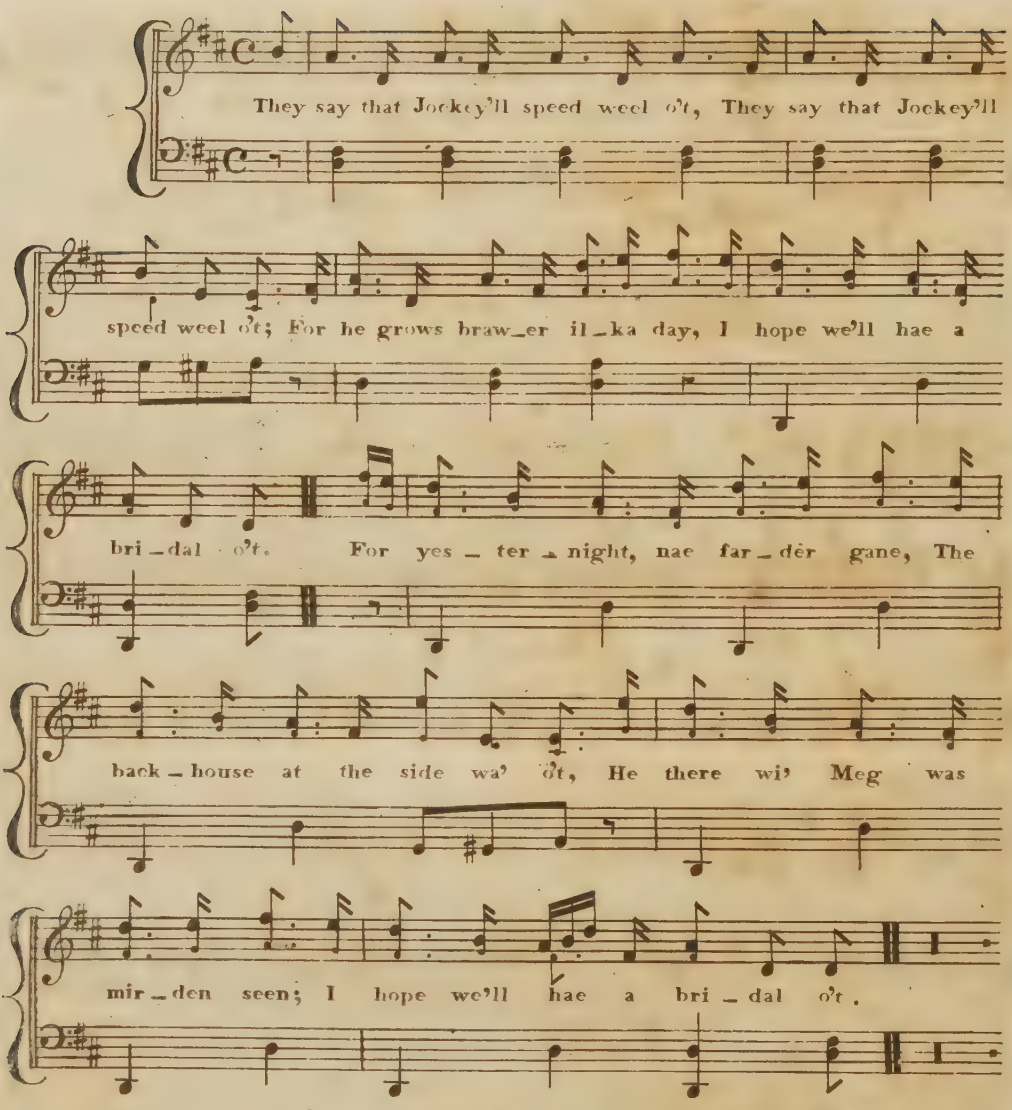





sigh on the banks of the burn; Or thro' the wood, lad-die, un-til thou re-
turn. Tho' woods now are gay, and morning's so clear; While lav'rocks are
sing-ing, And prim-ros-es spring-ing; Yet none of them pleas-es my
eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, lad-die, ye din-na ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith evening and morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood laddie, I wander mysell,
Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste, haste here tomorrow;
For I live in anguish, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and stray.

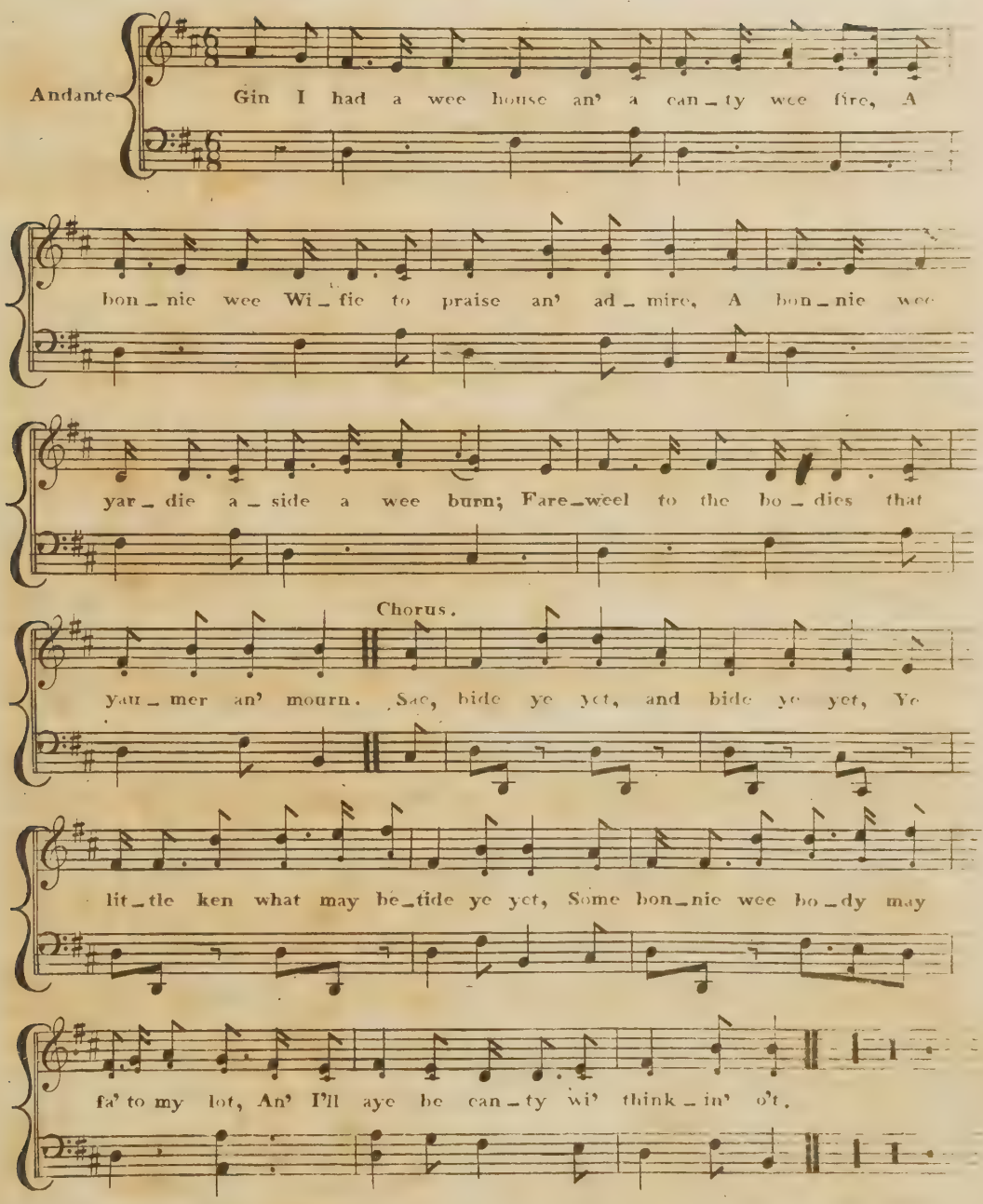
THE BRIDAL O'T.


They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Jockey'll
speed weel o't; For he grows braw_er il_ka day, I hope we'll hae a
bri_dal o't. For yes_ter_night, nae far_dèr gane, The
back_house at the side wa' o't, He there wi' Meg was
mir_den seen; I hope we'll hae a bri_dal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
Altho' there should betide ill o't,
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't,
And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't;
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Altho' that they should guide ill o't.
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
The end that held the keeks sae clean
Is now become the teemest o't.

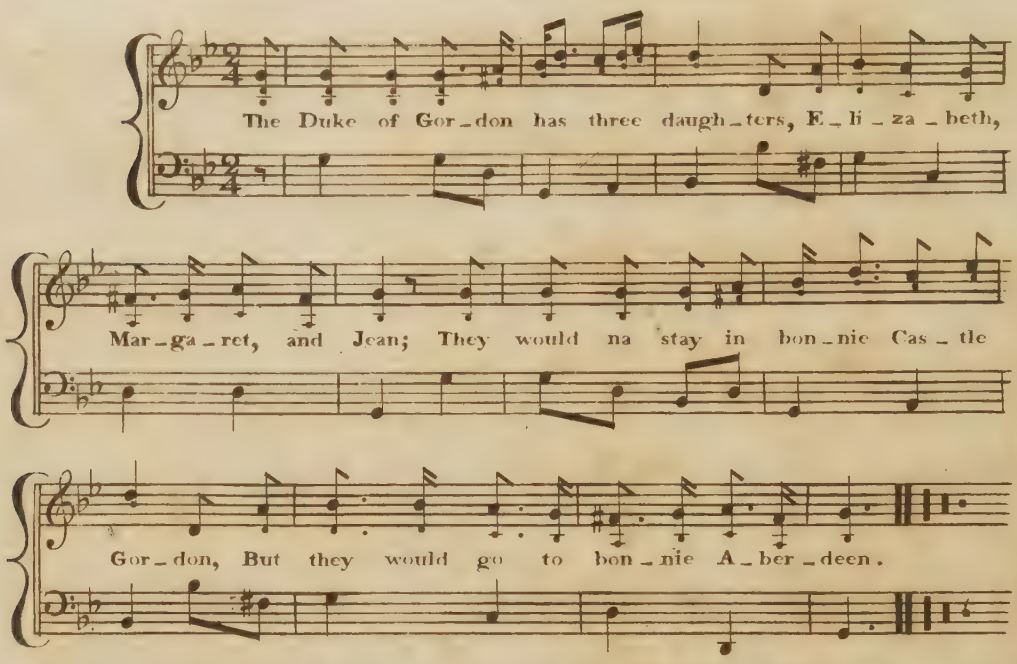
The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashin o't.
The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't.


Andante
Gin I had a wee house an' a can_ty wee fire, A
bon_nie wee Wi_fie to praise an' ad_mire, A bon_nie wee
yar_die a_side a wee burn; Fare_weel to the bo_dies that
Chorus.
yau_mer an' mourn. Sae, bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, Ye
lit_tle ken what may be_tide ye yet, Some bon_nie wee bo_dy may
fa' to my lot, An' I'll aye be can_ty wi' think_in' o't.

When I gang afield and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee Wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
Wi' a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry Papa, or Daddy, to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be
A diffrence atween my wee Wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her, an' clap her, until she be pleas'd.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.


The Duke of Gor_don has three daugh_ters, E_li_za_beth,
Mar_ga_ret, and Jean; They would na stay in bon_nie Cas_tle
Gor_don, But they would go to bon_nie A_ber_deen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Cap! Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Cap! Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey,
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only ane,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father!
O pardon us! they did say,
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae.

And when he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie
Training up his men.

O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die,
For taking awa my daughter Jean,
Hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

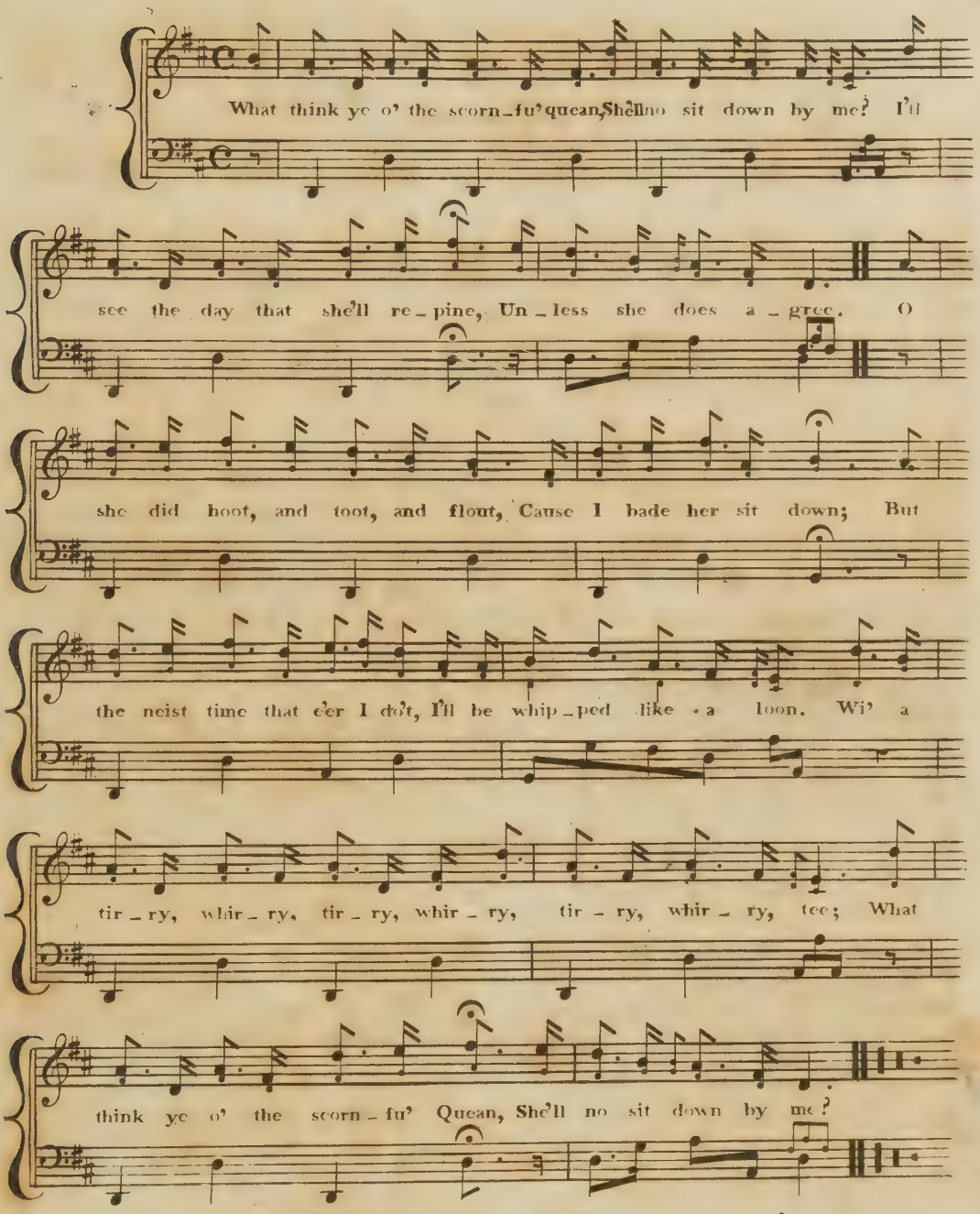
I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

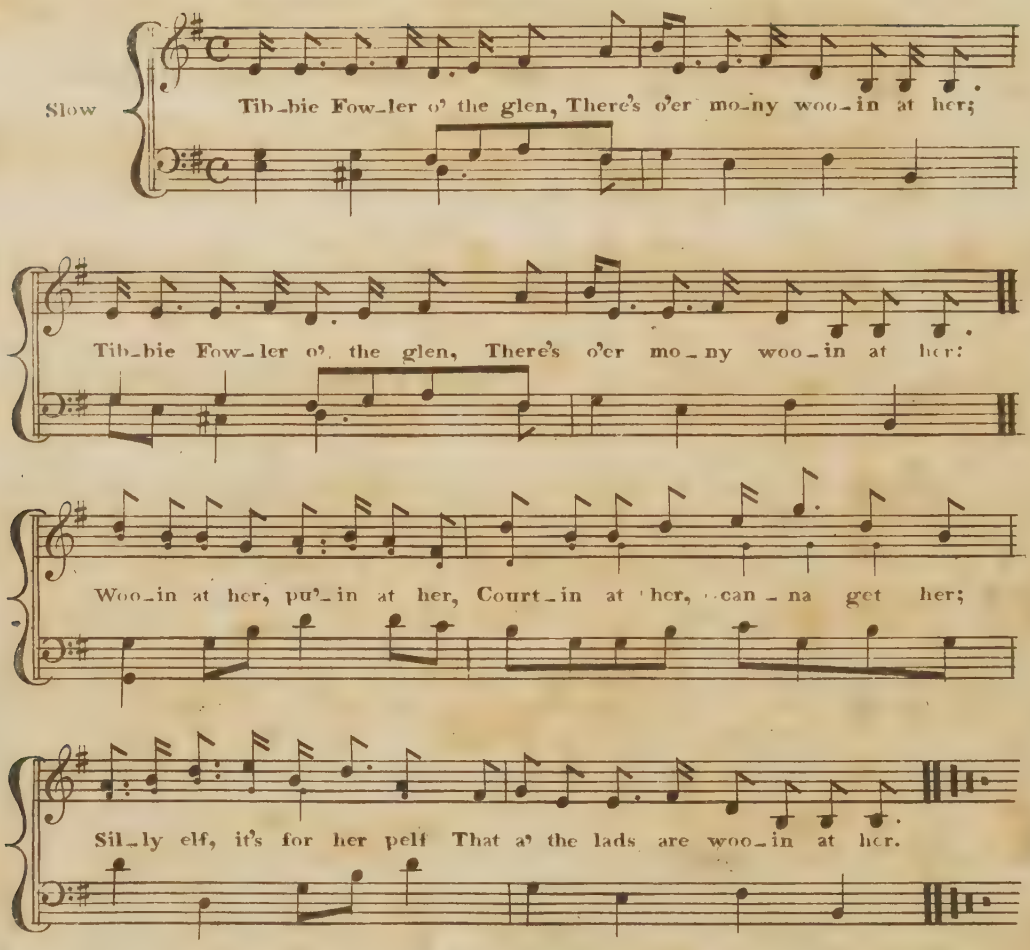
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This penance I'll tak wi';
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon
All this and mair I will dree.

Lady Jean had not been married
Not a year but only three,
Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,
And a third upon her knee.

O, but I'm weary of wandering!
O, but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.


What think ye o' the scorn-fu' quean, She'll no sit down by me? I'll
see the day that she'll re-pine, Un-less she does a-gree. O
she did hoot, and toot, and flout, Cause I bade her sit down; But
the neist time that e'er I do't, I'll be whip-ped like a loon. Wi' a
tir-ry, whir-ry, tir-ry, whir-ry, tir-ry, whir-ry, tee; What
think ye o' the scorn-fu' Quean, She'll no sit down by me?

I laid my head upo' my loof,
I did na care a strae;
I ken'd fu' weel, that in a joof
Stand lang she wad na sae.
At last a blythsome lass did cry,
Come, Sandy, gie's a sang;
O now, Meg Dorts, I'll fairly try,
Your heart-strings for to twang.
Wi' a tirry, &c.


Slow
Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her;
Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her:
Woo-in at her, pu'-in at her, Court-in at her, can-na get her;
Sil-ly elf, it's for her pelf That a' the lads are woo-in at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
Ten came rowin o'er the water,
Twa came down the lang dyke-side;
There's twa and thirty wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

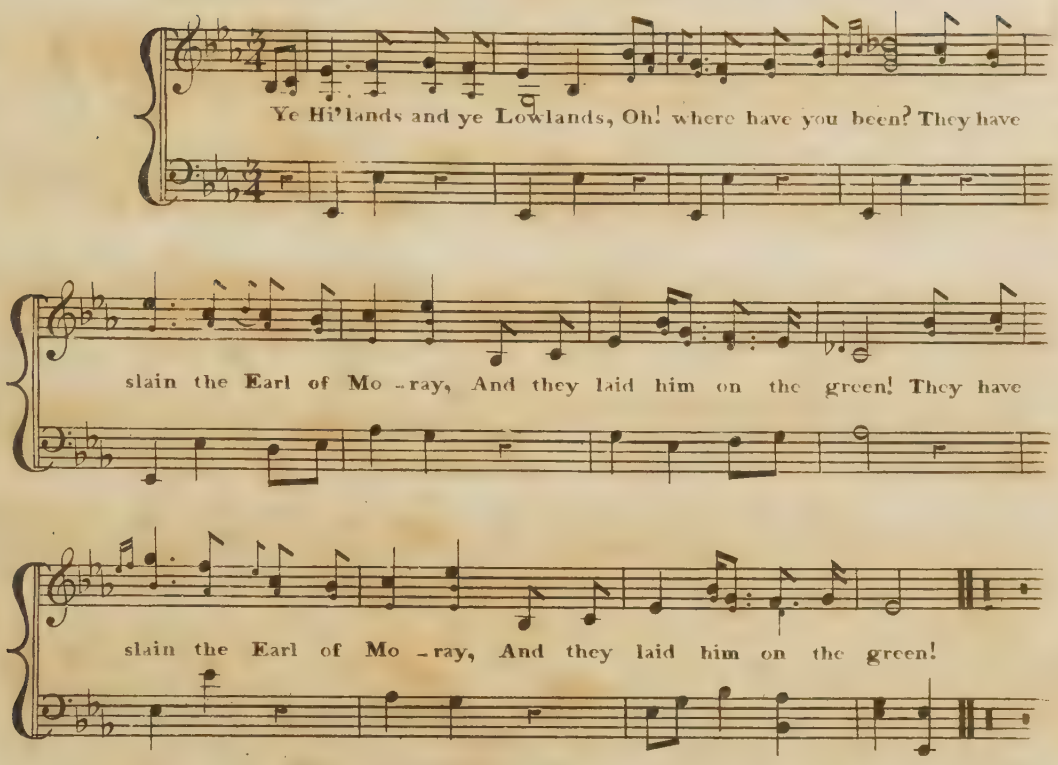
There's seven butt, and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door;
There's ane and forty wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

She sits queen amang them a'
Ilka chield expects to get her;
Gin she but let her thimble fa',
They're like to knock their heads thegether.
Wooin at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooin at her.
Wooin at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
An' she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upon Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooin at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
An' she want the penny siller,
A flie may fell her in the air,
Before a man be even till her.
Wooin at her, &c.


Ye Hi'lands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you been? They have
slain the Earl of Mo - ray, And they laid him on the green! They have
slain the Earl of Mo - ray, And they laid him on the green!

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.
I bade, &c.

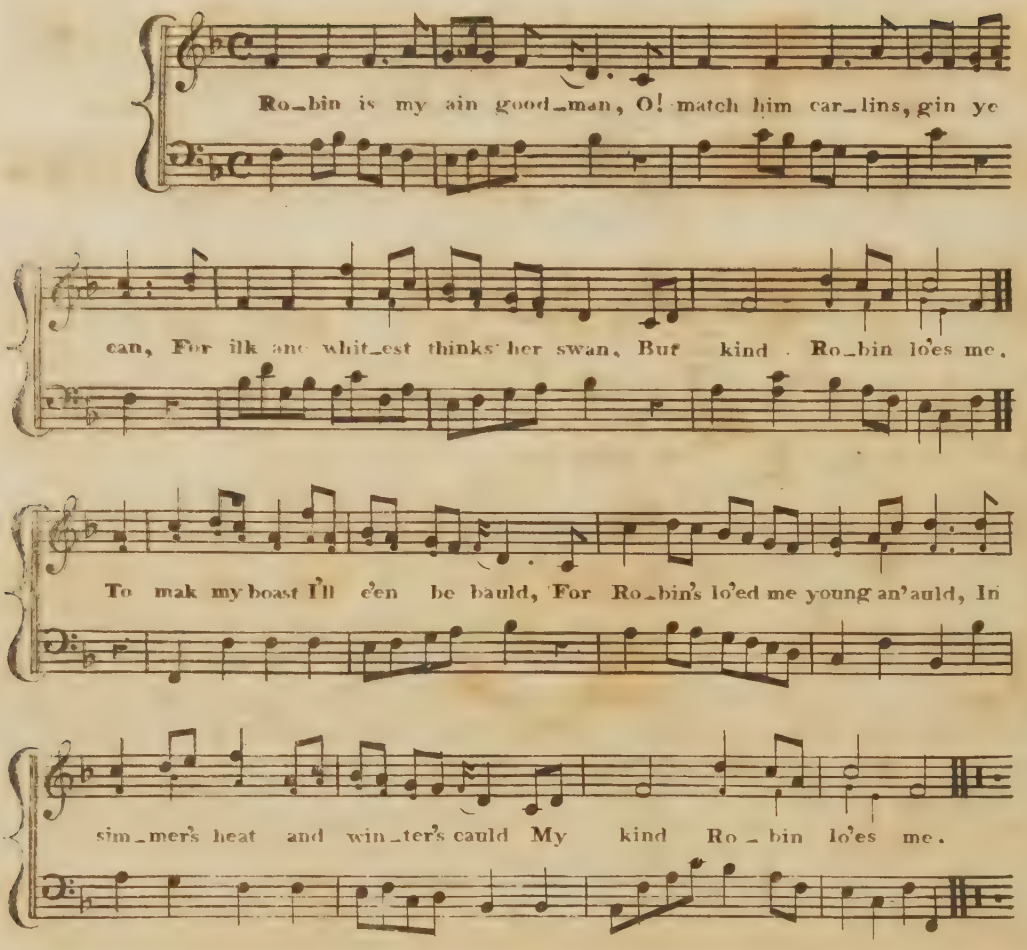
He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba' —
And the bonny Earl of Moray
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring —
And the bonny Earl of Moray,
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove —
And the bonny Earl of Moray
Oh! he was the Queen's true love.
And the, &c.

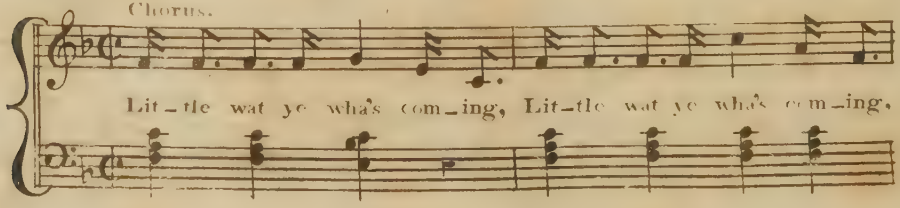
Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the Castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Moray
Come sounding through the town.
Ere she, &c.

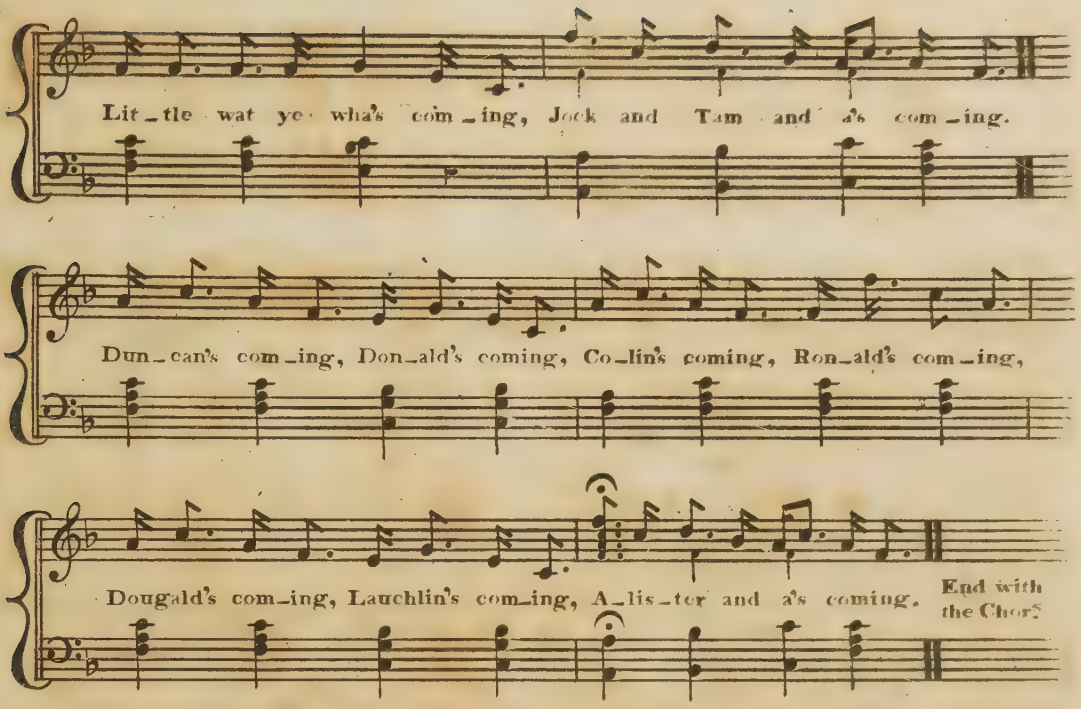
KIND ROBIN LOES ME.


Ro-bin is my ain good-man, O! match him car-lins, gin ye
can, For ilk ane whit-est thinks her swan, But kind Ro-bin loes me.
To mak my boast I'll e'en be bauld, For Ro-bin's lo'ed me young an' auld, In
sim-mer's heat and win-ter's cauld My kind Ro-bin lo'es me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en,
Wi' pleasure glancin in his een;
He tells me a' he's heard an' seen,
And syne how he loes me.
There's some hae land, and some hae gowd,
And some wad hae them gin they cou'd,
But a' I wish o' warld's guid
Is Robin aye to lo'e me.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.




Lit_tle wat ye wha's com_ing, Jock and Tam and a's com_ing.
Dun_can's com_ing, Don_ald's coming, Co_lin's coming, Ron_ald's com_ing,
Dougald's com_ing, Lauchlin's com_ing, A_lis_ter and a's coming.
End with the Chor.

The Laird o' Mac-Intosh is comin,
Mc Crabie and Mc Leod is comin,
Mc Kenzie and Mc Pherson's comin,
And a' the wild Mc Craws comin.
Hark how the Clans are crying!
See how the plaids are flying!
There's Keppoch and Clanronald,
Wi' a' the Sandies, and the Donalds.

Atholes men they are comin,
Perth's men they are comin,
Glengary's men they're comin,
And a' the noble Grants are comin
The strang, the great, are comin on,
Lochiel, Lovat, Fergusson,
Appin, Cluny, and Maclean,
The big, the wee, the fat, the lean.

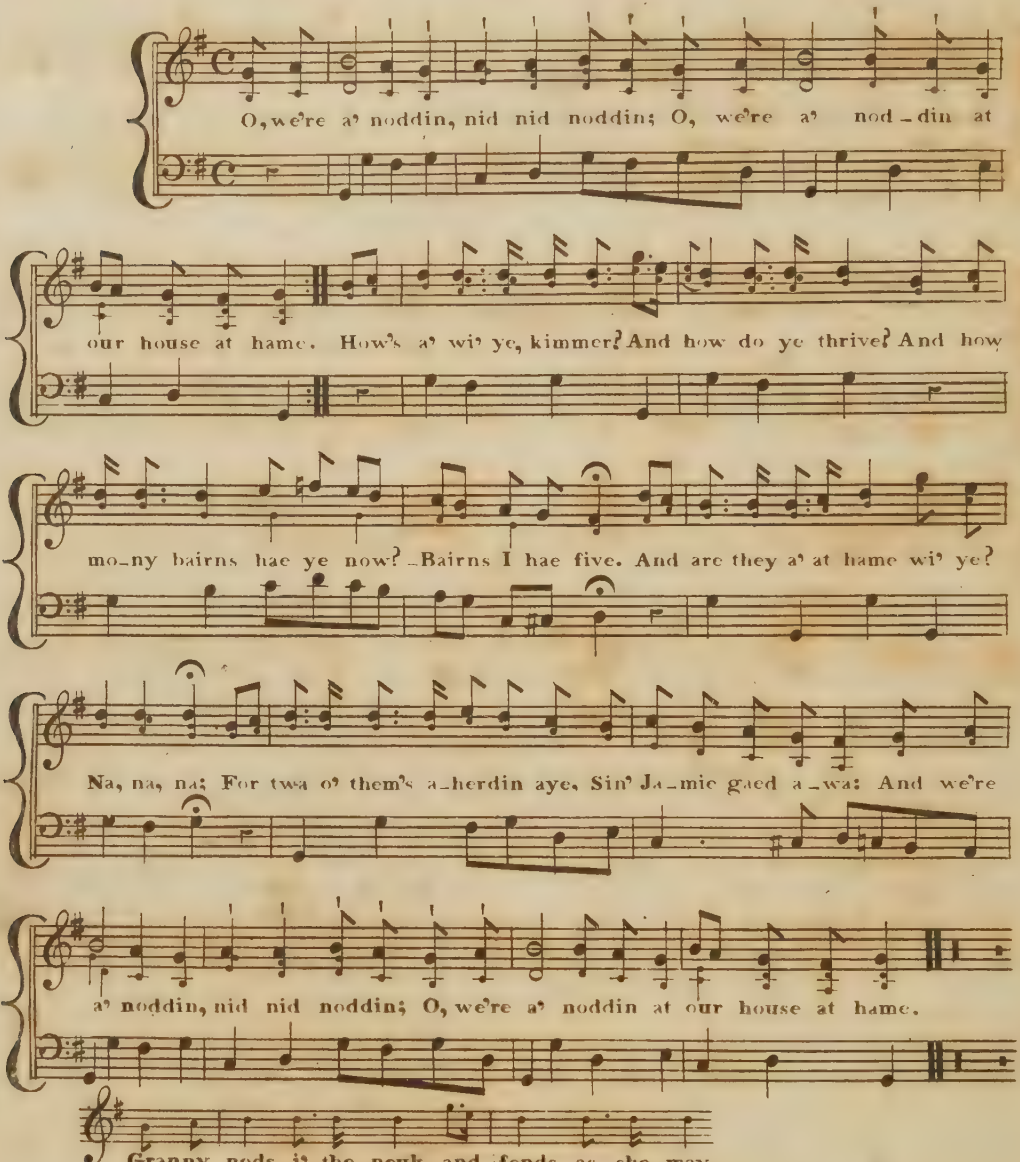
Nithsdale's comin, Kenmure's comin,
Derwentwater and Foster's comin,
Borland and Mac-Gregor's comin,
Mac-Gillavry and a's comin.
Mony a bonny Lord I see,
Cromarty and Ogilvie,
Lewie Gordon and Glenbucket,
The Whigs were ne'er in sic a racket.

Wigton, Nairne, Withrington,
Earl Mar, depend upon,
There's Elcho, and Balmerino,
Kilmarnock's band we a' know;
Brave Kenmure he's comin,
Carnwarth he is runnin,
Primrose too o' Dunnypaice,
And mony mair will rin the race.

Lords and Lairds, and a's comin,
Borland and his men's comin;
Blythe Cowhill he is comin,
And ilka Dunnywastle's comin,
Hark, now, the clans are near!
Wi' Pipers playing loud and clear,
The Whigs will find its nae fun,
When they fa' in wi' Donald Gun.

O! bravely do the lads fight,
Whan they ken they're in the right;
And, oh! it is a bonny sight
To see the hieland Clans comin!
They gloom, they glow'r, they luik sae big,
At every stroke they fell a whig—
They maun rin, or they'll be dead,
For a' the hieland Clans are comin.

WE'RE A' NODDIN AT OUR HOUSE AT HAME.


O, we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' nod-din at
our house at hame. How's a' wi' ye, kimmer? And how do ye thrive? And how
mo-ny bairns hae ye now? Bairns I hae five. And are they a' at hame wi' ye?
Na, na, na: For twa o' them's a-herdin aye, Sin' Ja-mie gaed a-wa: And we're
a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Granny nods i' the neuk, and fends as she may,
And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day,
Vow! but she was bonnie, and vow! but she was braw,
And she had routh o' wooers ance, I's warrant, great an' sma':
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too;
She sits i' the corner suppin' a' the broo;
And when the bit bairnies wad e'en hae their share,
She gi'es them the ladle, but ne'er a drap's there:
For she's aye noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive;
They say th' French is rinnin' for't, and we'll hae peace belyve.*
The bear's i' the brier, and the hay's i' the stack,
And a' will be right wi's gin Jamie were cum back:
For we're a' noddin, &c.

* Soon.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.